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12

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WITH

SIXTY-TWO PORTRAITS.

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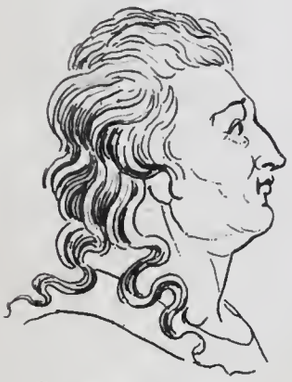
Queen Antoinette

Louis XVI.

Monsieur



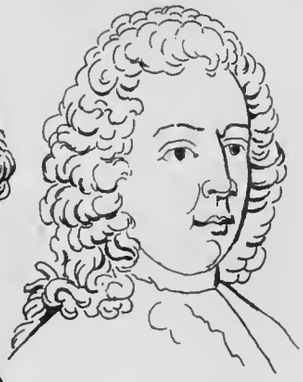
Comte D'Artois

P. Conti

P. Conde

Duke d'Orleans

St. CMaurpas



Lomenie

Abbe Maury

Mad. Tallien

Napoleon

Josephine

Mad. Recamier

Published 25th March 1807 by I. Budd Pall Mall.

CHARACTERS,

MORAL AND POLITICAL,

OF THE

PRINCIPAL PERSONAGES

THROUGHOUT THE

FRENCH REVOLUTION,

THE CONSULATE, AND THE VIRTUOUS IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT WHICH FOLLOWED IT:

WITH

THEIR PORTRAITS,

Reduced from the Original Paintings in the Museum at Paris.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

THE CAITIFF OF CORSICA,

An Historical Drama.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LACKINGTON, ALLEN, AND CO., TEMPLE OF THE MUSES, FINSBURY SQUARE.

1808.

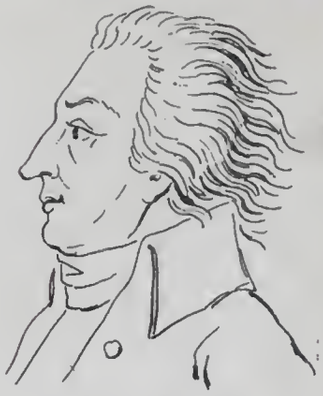
Printed by Cox, Son, and Baylis,
Great Queen Street.

Mirabeau

Fayette

Cambaceres

Le Brun

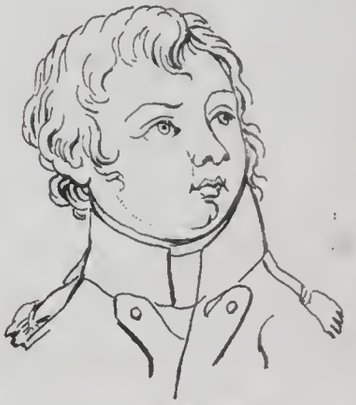


Manuel

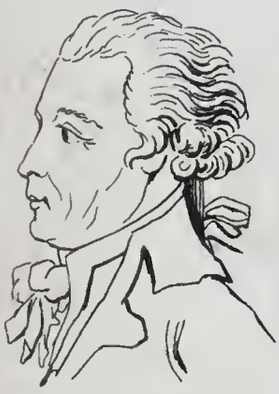
T. Paine

Bailly

Santerre



Bernave

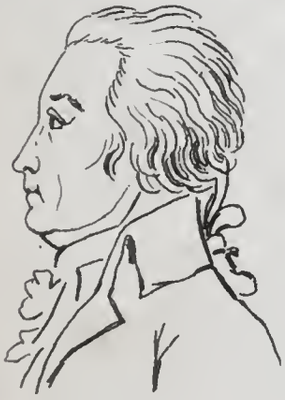


Tallien

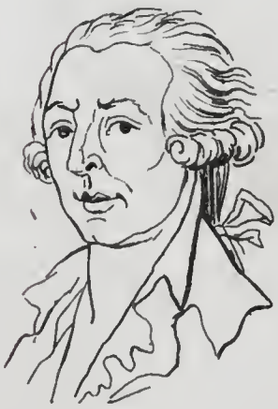
Rœderer

Clootz

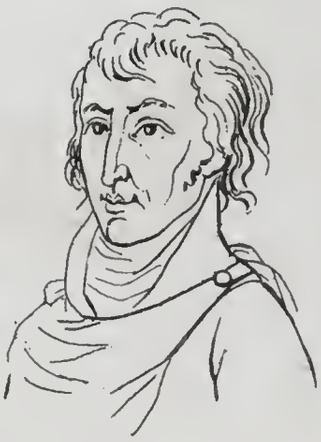
Rabaut St. Etienne



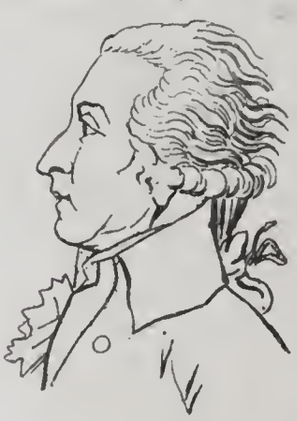
Gorsas



Chaumet



Collet d'Herbois



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SKETCH OF THE LIVES

OF THE

MOST RENOWNED

REGICIDES AND FRENETICS

OF THE

FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BARRAS.

BARRAS, sprung from one of the most ancient and noble families in France, was born 1755, at Foxemphoux, now in the department of Var. He entered the dragoons very early in life, and was sent to the Isle of France. From thence he went to Pondicherry, where he was made prisoner by the English. He afterwards served at the Cape of Good Hope. On his return, he became a noted rake, and plunged in every sort of libertinism, by which means he was soon obliged to live in a garret. At the breaking out of the Revolution, Barras became one of the most conspicuous personages, and supported his character throughout the whole. He voted for the death of the King, and was commissioner at Toulon when that town and port were in

 the

the hands of the English and Spaniards. It was here that Salicetti recommended Buonaparté to him, and he gave the latter the command of a brigade at the siege. When the place surrendered, Barras appointed him to put in execution the horrid decree against the poor inhabitants (to put a *tenth* of them to death). Barras, on his return to Paris, became Director, and at the tumult of St. Antoine, he again employed Buonaparté to command the artillery, and he was so well satisfied with his service, that he gave him his *mistress*, the Countess Beauharnois, who is now the chaste Josephine and paragon of the age. Barras continued in the Directory till Buonaparté returned from Egypt, when he sent his benefactor into private exile, where he remains deservedly unnoticed and disregarded.

LA FAYETTE,

Born of a noble family, was early entered in the army. He was appointed second in command of the French troops sent to assist the Americans against their mother country. After the peace he returned to France, and soon after accused Mr. de Calonne of having appropriated some royal domains to his own use, and also of having purloined several millions out of the royal treasury.

La Fayette was the first who proposed to draw up the Declaration of Rights, which he himself composed

posed July 1789, and sent to the assembly with these words: " The citizens acquire a new force " when they are unanimous. It is sufficient for a " nation to know liberty in order to love it; and " to be free, she has only to will it!"

After the recal of Necker, Bailly was elected mayor of Paris, and La Fayette appointed commander in chief of the National Guards.

On that ever memorable day, 5th October 1789, a deputation waited on La Fayette, and said, " We " will go to Versailles, and fetch the King to Paris, " &c." La Fayette immediately marched to Versailles with his battalions.

At the grand confederation on the 14th July 1790, the King being appointed for that day absolute and supreme commander of all the National Guards, delegated his command and authority to La Fayette, who was that day generalissimo of six millions of armed men.

When the constitution was completed, La Fayette resigned his command, with a view, as is presumed, of being solicited by the people. Accordingly he was named to the command of the Army of the North, when soon seeing his influence at Paris was on the decline, he thought it prudent to desert his army and the nation, which would no longer confide in him. He was arrested by the Austrians, and sent to Olmutz, and was confined in the castle near five years, when he was set at liberty, and con-

ducted to Hamburgh in September 1797, with his wife and two daughters, with an intention to embark for America. He afterwards obtained leave to return to France, where he cringes to the usurper of the day, in order to end his life in servile disgrace.

SANTERRE

Was a brewer in the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, which gave him an opportunity of employing a great number of persons of the lowest class, who considered him as a man of consequence. In 1789, he distinguished himself in all the tumults of the people with Legendre and others. When the National Guards were organized, he was made commander of a brigade, and marched, at its head, against the Louvre: and it was remarked, that of all the corps which acted on that day, Santerre's was the most regular and orderly. His insolent conduct attracted the esteem of Egalité, who associated with him, and had him in his circles and parties of pleasure. He was shortly after appointed commander in chief of the National Guards; and on January 21st, 1793, he conducted his King to the scaffold, where he behaved with the grossest barbarity towards that unfortunate monarch; for when he began to address the populace with, "O "my people," Santerre stopped him by crying, "You

"You are come here to *die*, and not to *speak*." Then he ordered the drums to beat.

Santerre was appointed general, and sent against the Vendeans. He was once imprisoned in the reign of Robespierre, but obtained his liberty and retired into obscurity; but appeared again, and was chosen member of the five hundred. His history is nearly of the same cast as that of Masanello, a fisherman at Naples: he became commander of 150,000 men, who revolted against the viceroy of Spain. He is now a bankrupt, and in the greatest distress.

DUKE OF ORLEANS, EGALITE,

Was the first prince of the blood. While Duke of Chartres, he married the daughter of the Duke of Penthièvre. His father, at his death, left about 20,000,000 of livres in his chest, which he expended: this gave him an opportunity of completing the overthrow of the kingdom. The Prince of Lamballe, his brother-in-law, an amiable young man, newly married, being an obstacle to his ambition, he led him into every debauch he could, and then bribed his own surgeons to poison instead of curing him: by this means he got him out of the world.

When it was proposed to abolish titles, Philip d'Orleans was the first to support the measure, by adopting

adopting for himself the name of Egalité. He discovered to the mob where the back stairs were that led to the King's and Queen's apartments. He indulged in every human vice, and became so odious, that he was exiled to Marseilles; from thence he was brought before the revolutionary tribunal at Paris, and guillotined, 17th November 1793, aged 46 years. He was of middle stature, but robust.

BARRERE,

Advocate in the parliament of Toulouse, applied himself closely to the study of history and politics. He was deputed to the States General in 1789, and published a paper entitled *The Point of Day*. He was afterwards a member of the National Convention, and began to distinguish himself in debating against Brissot's proposition to defer the judgment of the King. Barrere said, "The tree "of liberty cannot flourish till it be sprinkled with "the blood of a tyrant."

At the fall of the Brissotine party, Barrere succeeded Brissot as orator and reporter of the committee of public safety, in which post he attained the highest reputation. He was looked upon as the first minister of Robespierre; but having incurred the displeasure of the committee, he was denounced, and, in March, 1795, arrested, on the motion of Legendre, and was condemned to be transported to Guiane,

ane, with Billaud de Varennes, Collot d'Herbois, and Vadier. Being protected by the Directory, he found means to escape, and remained in obscurity for some time. He wrote two popular works, *Montesquieu peint d'après ses Ouvrages*, and *La Pensée du Gouvernement*. Barrere said, the guillotine was the stamp of assignats; and once gaily remarked to Robespierre, "We have just struck off money in "the Square of the Revolution."

Barrere is now about 50 years old, and being dragged from his obscurity, and patronised by Buonaparté, has proved one of his warmest sycophants, for which he was appointed censor royal of the press.

RABAUT DE ST. ETIENNE

Was born at Nimes, where he was a protestant minister. He was a zealous republican, and declared in the Convention, that "We must renew "the minds of the people, change the ideas, the "laws, the customs, men, things, and words; "lastly, every thing, that we may re-create all "afresh." In 1793, conceiving that Robespierre was jealous of him, he absconded, and soon after he was denounced, arrested, and condemned to death.

CARRIER.

CARRIER.

Jean Baptiste Carrier, born at Zolai, near Aurillac, in 1756, was bred to the law, and deputed to the National Convention. He was sent into the Vendée with Tallien. The cruelties of these men in that country will never be forgotten. The number of their victims is not known; thousands and tens of thousands were shot without trial; as many children were taken from the cradles, with the bayonet stuck through their bodies; and many more tied in barges, and large boats of his own invention, and sunk in the Loire. In 1793, Carrier was tried for these dreadful enormities, and guillotined.

DANTON,

Born at Arien-sur-Aube, 1759, was bred to the law, and was called the Ajax of the Revolution, on account of his being the most courageous, and possessing the greatest talents of any who were his coadjutors; which circumstance brought upon him the envy of Robespierre, who, by intrigue, contrived to bring him and eight others to the guillotine. When France was closely beset by the combined forces, Danton urged it as the duty of the Convention, to make a requisition of every thing necessary, adding, that "it seemed the wheel of "the revolution moved slowly; add," says he, "a new handle to it, and I will answer for its "going on rapidly." When he was arrested, and Fouquier Tinville, the public accuser, interrogated

gated him according to custom, concerning his name, place of abode, and profession, he answered, " I am Danton, well known as *deputy to* " *the Convention*; my *residence* will shortly be in " the grave, but my *name* will live in history."

CHAUMETTE,

Born at Nevis, whose atrocities, during his short reign in the revolution, so far eclipsed Robespierre and Marát, that the latter was obliged to get rid of him as his rival. He was a notary at Paris, and at the breaking out of the revolution, was the first disciple of Camille Desmoulins: he was the most urgent for the condemnation of the Queen, which he enforced strongly on Robespierre; and accused the unfortunate Queen of the most horrid crimes, even in prison.

BOISSY D'ANGLAS

Was born about 1760, of a noble family. At the commencement of the revolution, he distinguished himself by his reply to Mr. Calonne's State of the Finances, and to the Abbé Raynal. At the fall of Robespierre, he began to appear in splendour on the state theatre, and is said to be the institutor of the constitution of 1795; and that of 1793 was

called the Patrician Constitution of Boissy d'Anglas. He was in general respected as a man of sense.

LETOURNEUR,

Born at Grandville, in 1751, was a good mathematician: he entered into the corps of engineers, and was a member of the Convention, and voted for the death of the King; became a Director, and is still living to repent of his sins.

BRISSOT DE WARVILLE,

Born near Chartres, in 1754, was the son of a pastry cook, and bred to the bar, but applied himself solely to writing, and published several works, *viz. Théorie sur les Loix Criminelles.* 2. *Sur la Réforme du Code Criminel.* 3. *Sur la Réparation d'Honneur aux Personnes innocentes accusées.* 4. *Bibliothèque des Loix Criminelles,* 10 *vols.* 5. *Recherche de la Vérité.* He came over to London to establish an academy, and took a house in Newman Street, Oxford Street, for that purpose. In June, 1784, Mr. Cox, Printer of the *Courier de l'Europe**, having learnt his intention of taking *French leave* of this country, arrested him for the expenses of printing his Journal of the State of the Arts and Sciences, which he meant to introduce into his aca-

* Since called the *Courier de Londres,* and now published under the title of *Gazette de la Grande Bretagne.*

demy.

demy. He was liberated in a few hours, upon paying half the sum, and faithfully promising to discharge the whole; but instead of fulfilling his engagement, he immediately escaped to France; where, in consequence of his friend Lafit Comte Pelport being arrested a short time before, and a letter from Brissot being found upon him, he was also arrested, and sent to the Bastille; but soon liberated, through the interest of the Duke de Chartres. Brissot was in friendship with Roland, Condorcet, le Brun, Servent, Monge and Danton. He voted against the death of Louis, and was himself guillotined, Oct. 17, 1794.

SIEYES

Was born at Tregus, in Provence, 1748; was bred to the church, and rose through the different gradations to chancellor and canon of Chartres. He was the intimate friend of d'Alembert, Diderot, Condorcet, Mirabeau, &c. He was the author of the Rights of Man, and voted for the death of the King in these words: "I am for death, without "talking." He went to Holland as plenipotentiary, was a member of the National Institute, and was sent ambassador to Berlin, to favour the intercourse with Buonaparté in Egypt. He returned, after some time, to Paris, and was made a Director. On the return of Buonaparté, he was one of the consuls, then became a dumb senator and tool of an emperor.

BARTHÉLEMI

Was bred to the diplomatic art, his family being always protected by the King. He resided, during the greatest part of the revolution, in Switzerland, as a minister; but he was called to Paris to succeed Letourneur in the Directory. He and Carnot having opposed the other three, were presently expelled, and condemned to banishment. After Buonaparté's re-assumption of supremacy, they returned, and became his humble tools.

TALLIEN

Was the son of a valet-de-chambre, in the family of the Duke of Choiseul, and was placed at a college at Paris as a *serviteur*. He assisted in publishing the *Moniteur*, at 50 livres per week: then he became secretary of the commune of Paris. From that time he was always foremost in all shocks and turbulent commotions. In September, 1792, he appeared at the head of the massacres. When Robespierre was denounced, Tallien cried out, "*I "have a dagger to pierce him to the heart, if the "Convention hesitate to decree his condemnation.*" He voted for the death of the King, and in all cases afterwards seemed to glut himself in the blood of the French as much as Robespierre. He went to Egypt,

and

and returned after Buonaparté; but was taken prisoner in the voyage, and carried to England. He died in Spain, 1805.

MIRABEAU

Was born, in 1749, of a noble family: one of his ancestors was in the carriage with Henry IV, when that monarch was assassinated. In figure he was disgusting, and his looks severe. His father put him in prison for several years: afterwards he entered the army, and made a campaign in Corsica. At his return from Corsica, his father, who was very severe, had him shut up in the citadel of the island of Rhé, so that twenty years of his life were spent either in prison or wandering about doing nothing. He married a rich heiress, but treating her badly, a separation took place. He published a work on the *lettres de cachet*. His stile as a writer is strong and nervous; his eloquence powerful and bold. He was the most celebrated member of the Convention. His great talents, however, were eclipsed by his depravity of manners, by which his fortune was diminished. He solicited the minister to appoint him consul at Dantzick or Hamburgh, but met with a refusal.

Mirabeau was prosecuted for a libel, in a work entitled *Correspondence Secret*, and a *lettre de cachet* was granted, with an order to send him to the East Indies;

Indies; but he evaded it, and got Perigord and the Duke de Lauzun to intercede for him: they obtained his pardon. After this triumph, he returned to his province, and obtained such interest, that he was at last elected member of the Tiers-Etat, where he began his celebrity by saying to the King's minister: "Go tell your master that we are assem-"bled here by the suffrages of the people, and will "be dissolved only by the bayonet." Mirabeau soon obtained a decided ascendancy over the Assembly, but tried in vain to ingratiate himself with the minister Necker. He then tried to get access to the King and Queen, but his character was too notorious to be thus honoured. He was now in an embarrassed situation, when the tumults which were raised by the duke of Orleans (Egalité) furnished him with means to extricate himself. Although at the moment he had not the confidence of Orleans, yet he had discovered his projects, which were to put the royal family in confusion, and render himself master of Paris. Orleans, however, was sensible of the influence Mirabeau had over the mob; for when the mob arrived at Versailles, they cried, "Where is "our dear Count Mirabeau?"

After the return of the royal family to Paris, Mirabeau endeavoured again to obtain the confidence of the King. By the intermediate agents, Counts Mercy and Mark, he was honoured with a private audience, when Mirabeau frankly laid open

to

to the King the different interests of the several parties of the assembly, and proposed a plan of a counter-revolution, by the King paying his debts, and making his own escape. On this project the Queen consulted with Fayette, who, not so loyal as Mirabeau, betrayed his sovereign. Unfortunately it seems suspicion arose among the fraternity, for Mirabeau was poisoned by drinking a cup of coffee, before any plan of his could be brought to bear for his sovereign's benefit.

COUTHON

Was born in the department of the *Puy de Dome.* He was deputed to the Convention for his invectives against the Girondists. He attracted the notice of Robespierre, who took him into favour, and placed him in the Committee of Public Safety. He became his vilest tool.

Couthon in body and soul seemed to be formed for the revolution: he was a poor deformed creature, and was permitted to speak sitting. He was guillotined in 1794: his body and limbs were so contracted, that it was with difficulty he could be placed under the guillotine.

LEGENDRE,

LEGENDRE,

A butcher at Paris, was one of the most strenuous revolutionists. The day Necker departed, he put himself at the head of the mob, entered the *Hôtel des Invalides*, and procured arms to attack the Bastille. He, with Maillard, induced the mob to repair to Versailles, to bring the King to Paris. It was Legendre who first proposed the national feast in the Thuilleries, after the return of the King from Varennes. His superior talents as a revolutionist gained him the suffrages of the people, who deputed him to the Convention. One day, when he was president, he said, *he could eat the heart of an aristocrat.* He, however, incurred the displeasure of Robespierre for a time, with Tallien, and others, but was reconciled to him again.

Legendre died in December, 1797, aged 41: he was of middling stature, of a good figure, possessing natural talents, and a bold, energetic eloquence. It seems as if he retained a taste for butchery to the last, for he was not satisfied in having voted for the death of his king, but he even desired that his own body should be dissected after his death!

CAMILLE DESMOULINS

Was born at Guise, 1769; he was an advocate in parliament, and was deputed to the Convention. On the ever memorable day, July 14, 1789, Camille leaped on a table in the *Palais Royal*, with two pistols

pistols in his hands; then taking a tri-coloured cockade, which he had chosen in imitation of the Orlean's livery, gave the people the signal of liberty. When the States-General were convoked, Camille had a prospect of being attorney-general to the parliament of Paris, a post that his ancestors had filled with honour; but the revolution opened for him another career. He first excited the Parisians to form popular clubs. Camille wore a green coat with a red collar, and a cockade, and required his friends to do the same. He published a newspaper, called the Revolution of Brabant, the journal of the old Cordeliers. He was the intimate friend of Robespierre and Danton, whom he assisted, in the destruction of the Brissotines, whose secrets he exposed in a pamphlet entitled, the Secret History of the Brissotines. Robespierre not being able to bring Camille to be entirely dependent upon him, resolved on his destruction with Danton. Accordingly St. Just, member of the Committee of Public Safety, was ordered to make a report, that Camille had covered the rights of man with crape, &c.; whereupon he was imprisoned in the Luxembourg, and, after two months confinement, was tried, condemned, and guillotined, with Danton and his colleagues. Mrs. Camille, who was very pretty, was also executed in a few days after. When on his trial, they asked Camille what age he had attained: he answered, "the same as our Lord "Christ, our father and master, that zealous re-

"publican

" publican and free *sans culotte*, when *he* died; " *i. e.* 33."

TALLEYRAND PERIGORD,

Bishop of Autun, sprung from a distant branch of the House of Bourbon. He presided as chief pontiff at the national confederation in the *Champ de Mars*, 14th July, 1790, at the head of 200 priests, all clothed in white, decorated with tri-coloured ribbons. He celebrated mass, and consecrated the royal standard of France, and those of the eighty-three departments, which were flying about the altar.

Perigord having abandoned the church, his religion, and his God, did not wait for a gradation of crimes, but plunged headlong into the midst of vice and treachery. After the closing of the Constituent Assembly, Perigord was sent to London, as private negociator, to endeavour to conclude a treaty of alliance between France and England. The alien bill obliged him to retire. Perigord, not thinking it proper to return to France at that epoch, set sail for America, returned, and resided at Hamburgh and Altona, little respected or regarded. In 1792, Perigord sent his petition to the Committee of Public Safety, for permission to come to France. It was granted, and he re-entered in 1796, and was shortly after appointed secretary to the National Institute;

and,

and, in 1797, on the death of Charles le Croix, he was made Minister for Foreign Affairs, and, by his servile attachment to riches, he is now, after being a regicide, and voting against titles and distinctions of rank, become the Duke of Benevento.

PETION

Was mayor of Paris when the king escaped. The French revolution may be justly compared to an agitated ocean, and the different factions which succeeded one another, may be assimilated to the waves.

REWBELL

Was born 1746, at Colmar, in Alsace, and bred to the bar: he there became celebrated as a pleader. He was elected to the States-General, sent commissary to the army of the Rhine, and from thence to la Vendée: then elected member of the Convention, and a member of the *Salut Public.* He was at first a violent Jacobin, then turned a violent opposer of Robespierre, and was the first to vote the destruction of the Jacobins. He was the intimate friend of Sièyes, became a director, and is now a phenomenon, *i. e.* a *dumb Frenchman.*

GENERAL MOREAU

Was born at Morlaix, in Britanny. His father was an advocate, and so much respected for good-nature and benevolence, that he was generally called the Father of the Poor. Moreau was bred to the bar, but at eighteen years of age he entered as a common soldier into the army: his father bought him off, and placed him again at his studies. He, however, engaged again, and again, at the end of some months, was bought off, and was to follow his father's profession. At the breaking out of the revolution, Moreau was prévôt at Rennes, and was deputed, with three others, to confer with the assembly of the states, which proved favourable to the people, so that, at the formation of the national guards, in 1789, he was appointed commander of a battalion. This post gave Moreau an opportunity of pursuing his favourite study, and he abandoned his profession of the law. He served under Pichegru, and, in 1794, he was made general in chief. His constant success is well known, and his retreat, in 1796, is allowed to be a master-piece of military skill. The last battle he conducted was the most famous of his victories, and by it peace was brought about. He retired to his seat of Gros Bois, near Paris, and Buonaparté being jealous of his talents, and chagrined that he did not pay him respect enough, contrived to involve him in a malicious,

false

false conspiracy, invented for a pretext to put him, Pichegru, Georges, and others, out of his way. Moreau was tried, and condemned to banishment. He was, however, permitted to retire with his family to Spain; from thence he went to America, where he now is.

PICHEGRU

Was born 1751, at Arbois, in Franche Comté, of a low family, but was educated by the monks of the place. After several years study, he was sent to the college of Brienne, to teach mathematics and philosophy. At the beginning of the revolution, he entered the corps of artillery, and was made sergeant, and promoted, till he became commander of an army. He distinguished himself in the conquest of Holland, &c. and was considered one of the best generals of the revolution. In 1796 he retired to his native place, but so poor, that he was obliged to sell his horses to support himself. He was then chosen member of the Council of Five Hundred, and shortly elected President; but he was implicated with Barthelemi, Carnot, &c. in a charge of conspiracy. He was sent to Cayenne, from whence he escaped, and came to England; was inveigled into France in 1804, and arrested; and when in prison, was strangled in his bed.

MARAT.

MARAT

Was born at Geneva, 1743. He was surgeon to the regiment of the Count d'Artois, was elected member of the Convention, and voted the death of the King. Although Marat and Robespierre were equally cruel, yet they could never agree. Marat said 300,000 heads must fall, before liberty would be established. These execrable words were regarded with horror, yet encouraged Robespierre in his exterminating system. Brissot said, he looked upon Marat as possessing a soul petrified with filth; that he was the disgrace of the revolution. Marat, however, was a man of talents and of letters, a great metaphysician and anatomist, and perhaps his heart became hardened by the frequent dissections and cruel operations, which he made on living bodies to acquire knowledge.

MERLIN DE DOUAY

The son of a day labourer; was born at Anchin, near Douay, 1750. He was while a boy taken into the abbey of Anchin, to wait on the monks. After some years, he was placed in the choir. One of the monks gave him lessons in Latin, and observing that he had abilities, procured his admission into the college of Douay. The monks wished him to be a priest, but he begged permission to study the law, which they agreed to, and Merlin

became

became an advocate. On the breaking out of the revolution, he married a sister of one of the monks, and was deputed to the Etats Généraux, then to the Convention; he then became a member of the Committee of Public Safety, and lastly a director, which he held till Buonaparté usurped the government.

CARNOT

The son of an advocate, was born at Nolasin, heretofore called Burgundy. He entered very young into the corps of engineers, and distinguished himself in the study of the mathematics. At the breaking out of the revolution, he was employed in organizing the armies. He afterwards became a member of the Directory. He and Barthelemi being implicated with Pichegru, &c. he escaped into Germany, and published a reply to the accusations made against him. After Buonaparté's usurpation, he obtained leave to return, and was appointed minister of war. Carnot has the credit of being author of the plan for conducting the army over the Alps, and for the success of the battle of Marengo. He was accustomed to say, where despotism reigns, where pride and insolence guide, there the springs of government, by a pompous ignorance, obstruct the activity, and weaken the energy of revolutions.

Carnot is now a dumb senator under Buonaparté.

FRANCOIS DE NEUFCHATEAU

Born at Neufchateau, a small town near Nancy, was bred to the bar, went to St. Domingo, where he resided seven years as attorney-general, under the protection of the Duke of Orleans. He was Minister of the Interior, and lastly succeeded Carnot as Director, on his proscription.

LA REVEILLERE LE PAUX

Born 1753, at Montaign, in La Vendée; was bred to the bar, but applied himself chiefly to the study of botany; was deputed to the Convention, and voted for the death of the King. He is of very small stature. At a public feast, a chair was placed for him to mount upon, when Le Paux said, "*No, I will be no greater than I am.*"

COLLOT D'HERBOIS

Was a comedian, a man of comely presence, had a strong voice, and much energy of expression. Being member of the Convention, he proposed the abolition of royalty. He was supported by Robespierre, till, being President, in 1794, he united with Barrere to denounce Robespierre. Collot was the most active of the Committee of Public Safety, and the most sanguinary of the terrorists: hence he was surnamed the Tiger.

He

He presided over the massacre of Lyons, by which he obtained the name of *Mitrailleur*. This *Founder of the Republic* was, however, in his turn accused of being a conspirator, and transported to Cayenne.

BAILLY

Was a native of Paris, and a celebrated astronomer; he was deputed by the Tiers-Etat to the States General, and was President of the Constituent Assembly. He was elected Mayor of Paris, which office he filled with honor. He was, however, disgraced, arraigned at the revolutionary tribunal, and guillotined in November, 1793, in the 57th year of his age. It happened to be the most horrid weather ever remembered on the day of his execution, and somebody said, "You tremble, "Bailly!"—to which he replied, "Yes, but not "with fear."

MANUEL.

Was son of a poor man of Montarges: he had a good common education, which, by his natural abilities and industry, he cultivated to advantage.

He came to Paris with recommendations to Mr. Buffon, and obtained a small employ in the police, which gave him an opportunity of favouring the

sale of forbidden works, for which the booksellers were very thankful. He then became private tutor to a Mr. Tourton's son, and assisted Mirabeau in the *Correspondence Secret*, and wrote a pamphlet entitled Letters to an Officer, &c. Persons of rank were treated somewhat too freely in these works, and Mr. Manuel had soon the honor of being lodged in the Bastille for some time. At the commencement of the revolution, Manuel was mistaken for another person, and was just on the point of being put to death, when La Fayette came to deliver him. His repute as a writer gained him the appointment of administrator of the Police. After a considerable interval, he was elected member of the Convention, and was a steady defender of royalty. Légendre, one day being struck with astonishment at Manuel's eloquence, cried out, "We must decree that Ma-"nuel has wit." To which Manuel replied, "De-"cree me a beast, for then, Légendre, as a but-"cher, will have a right to knock me down."

ST. JUST (MARQUIS)

Born at Iser, in 1768, was one of the most violent Montagnards: his name will ever be odious. He voted the death of the King. His conduct towards the Gironds was infamous. His cruelty and extortions while Commissary of the Youth, obtained him the title of the Damned Soul of Robespierre.

Being

Being an object of general horror, he was murdered on the Place of the Revolution, June, 1794.

AUGEREAU,

Son of a green-grocer at Paris, served several years as a common soldier, several times distinguished himself from 1789 to 1792. He was advanced, and at last commanded the left wing of the army of Italy, under Buonaparté. He is now a Marshal, and aged about 50 years.

MASSENA

Was born at Nice. He entered the service of the King of Sardinia, but quitted it to enter into a French legion, and distinguished himself at the taking of Sarpello. The whole success of the French arms in Italy was owing to him, for which the Directory made him General of Division. When Buonaparté became commander in Italy, he had recourse to Massena for all the local information necessary to the plans adopted, so that we find Massena was present at the battles of Milesia, Dego, Mondovi, Coossaria, in which he bore away the honor of victory. He is at present a Marshal.

The word liberty, in a country where the sound

and the enjoyment of it were equally strange, drew the people into the most horrid and cruel excesses, and they find, when the madness of a revolution is at an end, that they are plunged deeper into the mire of despotism than at the commencement of their struggle; it is only shaking off the chain of one to put on that of the other. The liberty of the people, in all civilized nations, is a phantom.

NAPOLEON BUONAPARTÉ,

The second son of Charles Buonaparté and Letitia Raniolini. Charles Buonaparté was bred a notary, and practised as an attorney till General Count Marbeuf became Governor of Corsica, when he was, by his interest, made *Procureur du Roi*, and in gratitude he allowed his Letitia to be the General's mistress. From this connection our present hero takes his origin. On the death of the father, Marbeuf placed his hopeful son, Napoleon, in a provincial school in France; then moved him to the military school at Paris. He entered the service in the artillery, as lieutenant, and soon after went to Corsica, where General Paoli appointed him a captain, and then to a colonelcy of the National Guards. On the English taking possession of Corsica, Buonaparté offered his services to Mr. Elliot, then Viceroy of Corsica, which was refused; on which he, with his mother and family, went to France,

France, and settled near Toulon, which place was then in the hands of the English. Here Salicetti recommended him to Barras, who was there as commissary of the nation. Barras promoted him to a brigade, and he assisted in driving out the English, and was afterwards entrusted with the execution of decimating the inhabitants, in which were spared neither man, woman, nor child. He was afterwards arrested as a terrorist, and imprisoned at Nizza.

In 1793 he was sent with an armament against Corsica, but was repulsed. He came to Paris, and Barras named him as commander of the artillery in the insurrection of the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, in which he was equally insatiable of human blood as at Toulon. Barras having Mrs. Tallien in his seraglio, wished to get rid of Josephine, and therefore recommended him to his mistress, the widow of General Conte Beauharnois, who was guillotined under Robespierre in 1794. In 1796 Buonaparté married this chaste widow, the *chère amie* of Barras. The world is already instructed in the history of this personage in Italy, in Egypt and in France, since his return to Europe.

Fauvelette

FAUVELETTE BOURIENNE,

Who was intended for the army, got acquainted with Buonaparté at school, being nearly of the same age, disposition, and character, they agreed pretty well together. Buonaparté chose him for his private secretary when he became of consequence enough to stand in need of one; for it is well known that Buonaparté has not the gift of writing or speaking very eloquently. Fauvelette, therefore, accompanied him to Egypt, and was also one of the military commissioners, as well as secretary. On his return from that famous expedition, Fauvelette was sent into Saxony, as a private agent, to pry into several public characters in Germany, while he feigned that his chief business was to learn the German language. At Leipzig he got an ascendancy over the heart of a young lady, who, though not very pretty, was accounted a sensible woman. They returned to Paris, and he re-assumed his post as secretary to Buonaparté.

Fauvelette being of a very active mind, engaged in the banking business; but some little fracas having happened, which brought Bourienne's name in question for a large sum of money, of which Bourienne said he had lost 200,000 francs, Buonaparté asked him how he could think of imposing upon the public in so glaring a manner? Bourienne is said to have answered, "Have we not all been in

"the

" the same school?" " Well," says Buonaparté, " now I am Emperor, I cannot have a man of bad " character about my person: I will pretend to be " angry, and send you to Lower Saxony as mini- " ster, with 80,000 francs per annum."

He accordingly is now minister at Hamburg, where, as there is such extensive connection with England, he immediately began to study the English language.

TO THE READER.

THE chance of intercourse introduced the Author of the following sheets to an acquaintance with several of the most celebrated actors on the stage of the French Revolution. By mixing frequently with them in society, in public, &c. he had opportunities of more narrowly observing and investigating their characters, moral and political, than the generality of their biographers could. Hence he flatters himself it is not presumptuous in him to assure the public, that in subjoining their portraits, taken from original drawings at Paris, he exhibits them, in body and soul, as in the mirror of nature.

As to the grand hero of the drama, he seems to have adopted the maxims of Jonathan Wild the Great,* in regard to glory and honour, except in the article of religion. Our present hero and his adherents are Christians, Atheists, Mahometans, or Nothings, as best suits their purposes to dupe, or betray, the world and one another.

These culprits, therefore, forming a band of the most profligate monsters that ever disgraced human nature, I arraign them before the tribunal of a discerning generous public, who, in scrutinising their deeds, (which will be found in their proper scenes) if one good action in a hundred be found to exist, the Author solicits lenity in his or their behalf.

The work, as is the custom in dramatic compositions, is divided into five acts; but, the Reader will observe,

* It is curious that directly after the overthrow of the Directory, the life and death of this very noble patron of true greatness (according to Fielding) was translated into French. His mother's name was also Letitia.

observe, the rules of the drama could not be adhered to in every particular, owing to the great variety and abundance of matter, and the great distance of place in which the scenes lie.

Act First lies in Paris; commences at the convocation of the States General, and ends after the death of the King, Queen, &c.

Act Second commences with the siege of Toulon, where our hero begins his career, under the auspices of Barras: it is continued till after the insurrection of Vendemiaire, or the massacre of St. Antoine, at Paris.

Act Third lies in Italy, where our hero becomes General in Chief, and continues till after the peace of Campo Formio.

Act Fourth commences with the surrendering of Malta; then shifts to Egypt, and continues till after the Battle of the Pyramids.

Act Fifth commences at Paris, and continues till after the coronation.

Although throughout the whole there is but one subject, one interest; yet it will be found that each act forms a whole and separate action. As to the horrid scenes in Egypt and Syria, our hero made a formal avowal of them before Ulm, in October, 1805, and they have been further confirmed by one of the members of the council of war in those countries, and one who is at present an agent of the French government in the north of Europe.

The events on the continent of Europe, since the coronation, are nearly foretold in the conclusion of the fifth act, although it was written at least six months before the French invaded Germany.

THE CAITIFF OF CORSICA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FIRST ACT.

Monsieur ; Comte d'Artois;
Princes Conti, Condé, Soubise, Luxembourg;
Dukes Penthievre, Liancourt ;
Comtes Maurepas, Maupou ;
Mr. Muy;
Mr. Lamoignon, *Keeper of the Seals ;*
Mr. Lambert, *Comptroller of the Finance ;*
Mr. Villdeüil,
Bishop of Toulouse, } *Ministers.*

La Fayette, *Commander of the National Guards ;* Maillard, Egalité, Talleyrand Perrigord, Sieyes, Barras, Barrere, Mirabeau, Le Brun, Cambacérès, Tallien, Fouchet, Marat, Robespierre, Collot d'Herbois, Henriot, Santerre, Bish. Gobet, Danton, Camille des Moulins, Carrier, Couthon, Carnot, Condorcet, Merlin, Freron, Boissy d'Anglas, Brissot, Paine, Bish. Cicé, Clootz, Anacharsis, Rabaut St. Etienne, } *Conspirators.*

Josephine,
Mrs. Tallien, } *Mistresses to Barras.*
Mrs. Recamier, *the Beauty of Paris ;*
Mrs. Rœderer, *Anybody's Mistress.*
Miss Perigord, *Niece to Talleyrand.*

ACT

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I. *Versailles.*

Council Chamber in the Palace.

Monsieur, Comte d'Artois, Princes Condé, Conti, Luxembourg, Duke of Penthievre, (*in committee to receive the reports of Ministers.*) Monsieur *President.*

Enter Keeper of the Seals.

President. SIR, in examining the report you have sent in, we find need of explanation on several articles. Be so good as to assist us in the investigation, that we may ascertain the source of our national misfortunes.

Minister. In obedience to your Highness's cómmands, I beg leave to observe, that the wounds under which the kingdom groans, were first inflicted by the instability, the inconsistency, and licentiousness of the Court under Louis XV.—The depravity of that reign brought on a progressive relaxation of all restraint, order, and subordination in the state; these evils, added to a sordid, ill-judged avarice, an excessive degrading prodigality, brought on a fatal lethargy, which infected every department: hence all social and national virtues became vitiated and corrupted. —Party animosity, the greatest curse that can befal a government, excited by a weak inconsiderate administration, diffused throughout the different orders of the state, burst asunder every bond of social obligation, and

and hurled the whole nation into the vortex of confusion. The public mind being agitated, feuds were engendered, crimes were committed, and now at last a fatal conspiracy every where threatens a total destruction of all that is dear to us.

Condé. Alas! it is a true, too true a picture of our present position. Ever to be regretted will be Turgot, who so virtuously advised our gracious King to avert these evils. The ancient order of things is now destroyed, the dire consequence of the wicked party spirit of the *Choiseuls*, the *Aiguillons*, whose inordinate ambition well nigh caused the Bourbon race to be exterminated by treachery and poison! Proceed, Sir.

Minister. The Parliament, ever intent on obtaining a legislative authority, availed itself of every occasion to render the royal prerogative odious to the people; and an occurrence more favourable to its views could not have happened, than that of being dissolved and sent home. Each member had thereby an opportunity of disseminating the contagious doctrine of resistance to the laws, and disrespect to their royal sovereign.

Artois. His Majesty could do no otherwise than dissolve the Parliament, after the repeated insults and acts of disrespect he had experienced.

Minister. Had my gracious Sovereign ordered that body under arrest in the first instance, the happiness of the people, the glory and peace of the crown and the kingdom, would have been secured. So long as the monarchs of France were sternly just, the people were loyal and true; for instance, no king was ever more adored than Louis XIV. No sooner did the executive authority fall into the nerveless hands of pimps, panders, parasites, and prostitutes, than the people, perceiving that *their* welfare was only a secondary object, were roused with indignation; and beholding their sovereign embarrassed between an ill-judged parsimony and the venality of his courtiers, they then demanded a general reform.

Condé.

Condé. What an æra are we arrived at! It grieves me to think, we are ourselves the authors of those public evils which we now deplore. They spring from our own imprudence. Proceed.

Minister. My prince, it is notorious, that since the demise of Louis XIV. no institution could be established, no access to the Sovereign be obtained, but through the patronage of a sérvile pander, or a profligate mistress of the court; as a *Maintenant*, a *Pompadour*, a *Cavanac*, a *Dubarry*, &c. For the mischievous consequences of such influence, I beg to refer your Highnesses to No. 10 of the Report on the table.

President (to the Secretary). Read No. 10.

(Secretary reads.) "Memorandum. — Madame "Pompadour having one morning received notice "from his Majesty, that he intended to spend the "evening with her, she prepared a sumptuous ban-"quet for his reception. In the afternoon an officer "from the army in Flanders arrived with dispatches, "announcing a severe defeat, and urging a speedy "reinforcement. Madame Pompadour received the "dispatch in order to deliver it to the King; but "dreading the effect such disastrous news might have "on him, and that his Majesty's spirits would be so "dejected, as to deprive her of the embraces of her "royal admirer, she instantly got it copied and "changed into a splendid victory.

All. Hear! hear!

(Secretary continues). "Madame Pompadour then "dismissed the officer with a suitable present, saying "the dispatch would be attended to. She succeeded "in her plan: his Majesty came in high spirits; she "was caressed; but the campaign was lost!"

Penthievre (rising from his seat in astonishment). What! is it possible?

Condé. Alas! what misfortunes must await a nation thus plunged into prostitution! Go on, Sir.

Minister. By No. 14 your Highnesses will perceive that the licentious profusion of Madame Dubarry and her

her minions, whom she supported for the wanton enjoyment of the younger courtiers, in a very few years surpassed the expense of the whole long reign of seventy-two years of Louis XIV., notwithstanding his bloody wars abroad, and what was looked upon as extravagant magnificence at home.

Condé. Louis XIV. was his own financier. He had the accounts of each department audited every month, in his presence. And Mazarine was faithful to his trust. Go on, Sir.

Minister. For the minor disbursements, this lady had an unlimited disposal of grants and privileges, as may be seen in Nos. 36, 37. In one year she disposed of upwards of six hundred patents to carry on some frivolous professions; such as *periwig-makers*, *perfumers*, *milliners*, *dog-dealers*, &c.

Conti. What degeneracy! How could these abuses be so long unobserved?

Minister. I am sorry to say, even in our days a Polignac has too much influence. My Prince, the very men who at present raise the greatest clamour against these abuses, encouraged them the most, that they might intrigue the better, and have a real subject of complaint to lay before the people; into whose minds they have tried to infuse a restless spirit of philosophy.

Luxembourg. Philosophy! Alas, although it be the main pillar of society, I am sorry to see it introduced into the science of government. I doubt the propriety of such principles being adopted as substitutes for rigid justice. But pray, as some of the abuses you mention have of late years been corrected by our gracious Sovereign, what can induce the people, at this time, to declare their discontent?

Minister. Alas! the cause of irritation is recent, and proceeds from the ill-judged, improvident ambition of a Necker, in challenging the public opinion on his *compte rendu*, which, as he knew the majority did not understand, it must be in his favour. This circumstance excited an idea in the people, that they had a right to investigate, to censure, and determine

on

on the propriety of all public acts and accounts of the state. Hence we find the word OPPOSITION consecrated in France, where, prior to this epoch, it was never known but in the reports of the British senate.

President. God forbid that the customs and principles of our neighbours should be adopted by us!

Condé. The question is now whether there be yet a remedy for these grievances.

Enter Soubise.

Luxembourg. Alas! I fear it is too late. At the time, I advised his Majesty to transport Necker, and to have his *compte rendu* publicly burnt in every province in the kingdom. He hesitated—

Minister. It would have been a wise measure, my Prince! By that means the people would have been convinced they had been imposed upon, and that their Sovereign had been abused.

Soubise. I was ever persuaded that lenity in a government is a fallacious virtue.

Condé. And the system of philosophising the people, will never render them happy. *(To the Minister.)* Whence proceed the murmurs for grain among the public? Scarcity, I think, cannot be the cause. The tumult at every baker's door is alarming.

Minister. My Prince, it was industriously reported that there was not corn sufficient for four day's consumption; when, at the same time, we were informed that the corn in different parts of the kingdom was forestalled and hoarded, for the express purpose of giving alarm to the public, and to rouse indignation against the government.

Condé. Such manœuvres are abominable! Have you discovered the forestallers?

Minister. A general combination seems to have been formed among the late farmers-general, the rich members of the late Parliament, and a certain personage of high rank, with a determined resolution to overthrow the crown. As these men see occasion,

they distribute corn in small quantities in certain districts, as a particular favour, in order to attach the people to them.

Artois. These misdemeanors deserve to be impeached. I have heard of such practices in England to gain private advantage; such as purchasing corn abroad for the sake of the import bounty; and when the magazines were overstocked, and the price became lower, they ship abroad again to have a drawback; and then hoard it abroad till another import bounty is offered; so that the same grain is oftentimes shipped and unshipped four or five times. But this cannot here be the case.

Luxembourg. Thus it is that the rich sport with the poor! But I should be glad to know what certain personage of high rank has debased himself so far as to join in this treachery.

Minister. I need make no secret of the name. It is no other than his Highness of Chartres.

President. O God! You may retire.

[*Exit* Minister.

——*(To the Princes.)* It cuts me to the soul to hear this denunciation. But I always dreaded the wicked machinations of our cousin.

Enter Minister of Finance.

President. In looking over your report, we are at a loss to conceive that, with such an abundance of the first principles of industry, and such national resources, as produce upwards of eight hundred millions annually, how it is possible that the paltry deficit of a few millions should cause the present stagnation.

Minister. Your Highness will please to observe, that the embarrassment does not proceed from the failure of the revenue, but from the abuses which originated in the preceding reign, and which have progressively descended to us unobserved, till they appeared to obstruct and clog the whole machinery of government. The immoderate pensions lavished upon

persons

persons without merit, have tended not a little to the evil. But on this subject, it is but justice to our Sovereign to say, that such evils were generally unknown to him.

Artois. Is it not possible yet, by a system of rigid economy in the finances, with the suppression of those corrupt agents, to retrieve the credit of the state?

Minister. I fear, my Prince, it is too late even to moderate the murmurs of the people. There is, at present, a total cessation of the revenue; besides, the machinations of a set of wicked, intriguing men, have caused the specie to disappear, by which the regular circulation of the necessaries of life is obstructed. The consequence of this is, the army and navy must lack subsistence, and our agriculture, manufactures, and commerce inevitably perish.

Penthièvre. Alas! and I fear France must fall into lawless confusion. Had a steady system of administration been introduced twelve years ago, we might at this moment boast of near an hundred millions in the royal treasury.

Minister. Most certainly; for it is easy to prove, that more than that sum has, within these twelve last years, been swallowed up by the rapacious set of farmers-general, intendants, and their agents.

Luxembourg. I am happy that the King has had the firmness to suppress this odious race of men, who have so long preyed upon the vitals of the nation.

Minister. My Prince, the system of farming the taxes of a state is most destructive; and that of anticipating the revenue is inevitable ruin. The former opens a field of immense peculation, robbery, and extortion, and the latter draws the state into the gulph of perdition. The farmers-general, on the signing their licence, have always paid the *pot-de-vin*, or drink-money, amounting to one hundred thousand crowns.

President. This money, however, came to the state, as an addition to the revenue.

Minister. By no means, my Prince. This sum, as well as that raised by the anticipations, never entered the treasury, but was solely appropriated to the profligate extravagance of favourites and courtiers.

Soubise. Alas! the people, however, felt the effects. I must confess, with grief, that I think their cries are, in some measure, justifiable. Respecting the produce of the salt, how is it distributed?

Minister. That is a subject, my Prince, that ought to have long ago been particularly attended to. What with the tyrannical dues, exactions at the barriers, &c. the extortions committed by the three hundred thousand rascally collectors, with other local assessments, there remains but one-sixth part for the labourer to pay his rent and support his family.

Condé. Alas! only think, what encouragement is there, then, for agriculture and national improvement?

Luxembourg. The evils are grievous. Thank God, some are removed. I implore Heaven to keep wicked, ignorant men, from the administration of the state.

Condé. The whole system of taxation has been vexatious, partial, and oppressive beyond measure. I cannot blame the poor people for evading such taxations as the *gabelle*, for instance. How it could enter the mind of man to compel another to consume a certain quantity of salt, I cannot conceive.

Minister. It originated in the ancient feudal system, and has been engrossed, till now, without one single shilling ever coming into the public treasury.

President. You may retire.—[*Exit* Minister.]—God knows how we shall recover the nation!

Enter Minister for Foreign Affairs.

Can you inform us, Sir, by what means France is so fallen from the respectable rank she has, till now, ever held in the scale of nations?

Minister. I must beg leave to observe to your Highnesses, that through the improvident, ignorant, wicked agents in the diplomacy, the honour and respect due to the nation is sullied, its good faith forfeited; intrigue, treachery, and cunning, which are now become proverbial in allusion to the French government, have compleated the disgrace of the nation.

Artois. Do not other states adopt the same principles in the diplomacy and intercourse with their neighbours? I always understood that duplicity in time of peace, and treachery in time of war, were the gospel virtues of politics.

Minister. I am sorry, my Prince, to say, that the politics of the age favour this principle, as they seem in general founded on intrigue and corruption.

President. Hence you insinuate, that an open frankness, and good faith, would more certainly secure the tranquillity and union of states?

Minister. Certainly, my Prince. I am decidedly of opinion, that honour and uprightness have nothing to fear from sly intrigue. The former beget courage and strength; the latter is ever attended with distrust, cowardice, and impotence.

Condé. Alas! France holds up an awful instance of depravity, of wanton ostentation, and court duplicity!

President. (*To the* Minister.) You may withdraw, Sir. [*Exit* Minister.

Enter Minister of War *and* Minister of Marine.

(*To the* Minister of War.) Sir, in examining the war establishment, we find it equal, if not superior, to any in Europe. We are astonished how such a spirit of insubordination should now be so prevalent and alarming. Explain to us the reason.

Minister. My Prince, it is a melancholy retrospect. When honour and discipline conducted our army to victory and to glory, it was then uncontaminated with

vice

vice and effeminacy, which have of late years infused themselves into the ranks.

Luxembourg. What leading cause can be assigned that this turbulent spirit should just now declare itself?

Minister. Your Highnesses know, that evil communications corrupt good morals. Our recent interference in the quarrel between Great Britain and her colonies laid the foundation for the present want of subordination. The army contracted in the new world a new mode of thinking, very opposite to that it had been accustomed to. The troops saw that free men were superior to slaves, and they imported a spirit of self-consequence into their native country. To crown this misfortune, the treacherous advice of a Breteuil, and others, induced my Sovereign to order a great part of the army to the environs of the capital, at the inauspicious moment of cabal, when the public mind was agitated by the clamorous discussion of government measures. Being now stationed in the centre of contention and turbulent harangues, their new acquired principles were roused to action, and they appeared the foremost to unite with the people in vindicating their rights. Thus our gracious Sovereign was led into two great errors: first, by the sanguine Vergennes, to become the champion for the emancipation of a foreign people; secondly, by the treacherous Breteuil, to become the innocent instrument of his own destruction. By the former he gained nothing; by the latter he is likely to lose all.

Soubise. Alas! the troops were sent to America, to learn to revolutionize, to dethrone kings, and create republics at home! What could have induced the King to disregard Broglio's advice? The fire would have been extinguished 'ere it broke out into a flame to dazzle and confuse the senses of the people.

Condé. Alas! at present every one has laid aside his respect for his neighbour, and disdains all restraint from his superior, resists the laws, and aims at nothing less than trampling down public authority.

Conti. Aye, and I should not be surprised, if in the

the midst of the confusion and disorganization which must ensue, some audacious military subaltern, aided by jesuitical priestcraft, should one day assume the general authority, and crumble to dust every vestige of legitimate authority.

President. (*To the* Minister *of* Marine.) Sir, we are much alarmed at finding, that our marine is sunk to such insignificance and ruin. Twenty years ago it was respectable.

Minister. It grieves me to observe, that this important department of government has been unpardonably neglected. For these seventeen years it has been directed by persons of inexperience and ignorance, whose practical knowledge of the world extended no further than the circle of vicious court intrigues. Here your Highnesses see a profligate first prince of the blood lord high admiral; a superannuated narrow-minded Castries at the head of the admiralty; an unenlightened Luzerne, whose only merit was to pry into trifles; such as depriving the workmen of a few rusty nails and useless chips, and at the same time conniving at purloiners in higher stations of a thousand times the value. This nigardly economy is justly called, in an English proverb, "being penny wise and pound foolish."

Artois. This post certainly requires persons of ability, integrity, experience, and industry.

Minister. Such persons, my Prince, have very seldom been appointed. Any man of rank, without those qualifications, is thought sufficiently entitled to hold it, no matter whether he be a philosopher or a fool, an honest man or a rogue, a politician or an ignoramus, so he do but preach economy in retail, though he purloin thousands wholesale.

Penthièvre. In respect to manning the navy, what is the impediment thereto?

Minister. The barbarous manner of obtaining men for the fleet is attended with weighty evils. A fortress defended by galley slaves will never hold out long; and it is degrading to a crown to be at the mercy of such men at sea. I proposed to his Majesty to allow a certain

certain pension to every man after a fixed time of service, in proportion to the number of actions he had fought, or when rendered unserviceable by accident. By this means we should speedily render the service respectable, and an object of ambition instead of dread.

Condé. It is true, the barbarity of dragging men to serve their country, without fee or reward, is a treatment more suitable to malefactors and murderers than honest brave subjects, who, if properly encouraged, would even volunteer their services. You may retire.

[*Exit* Minister *of* Marine.

SCENE II.

Enter Minister of Police *and* Chief Judge.

President. Gentlemen, petitions and complaints are daily pouring in upon us from all parts of the kingdom: cries of oppression ring in our ears from every prison; whence do they proceed? Are the laws not administered with impartial integrity and justice? Are innocent poor subjects persecuted by the pride and tyranny of the rich? and do they not find protection from the dispensers of the laws?

Minister. Gracious Prince, our prisons are unfortunately full, and many innocent people have been victims to the whims of an imperious tyranny. The laws are partial and oppressive, in as much as the consciences of the practitioners are under the controul of the rich.

Condé. In what instance are the laws so oppressive to the people?

Minister. Innumerable are the grievances arising from acts relative to the revenue laws.—1st. Such as to prevent a poor family melting a little fat to burn with a bit of cotton, instead of candles. This incurs a penalty, which, if not paid, the person is doomed to imprisonment.—2d. Roasting an ounce of coffee on the fire incurs a severe penalty or imprisonment.—

3d. Taking

3d. Taking or killing a hare, or a partridge, in the garden, even while in the act of devouring the vegetables destined for the subsistence of the poor family, is death, at the mercy of every little Nimrod of a manor.—4th. Shooting at pidgeons devouring the corn in the field, incurs a penalty.—5th. Carrying a gun to kill sparrows is a crime, and the gun is liable to be wrested from the person.—6th. A farmer who should dare to catch a fish, in the brook that runs through the fields he rents, is subject to a forfeit.—7th. Transporting a bottle of wine or spirits from one house to another, (though both belong to the same person) without licence, incurs a penalty or imprisonment.—8th. A poor man is obliged to bear with every species of insolence and cruelty from the rich; for should he attempt to assert his right, the remedy is worse than the disease: the inevitable ruin of his family is the consequence of the costs, even before it be brought into court. It frequently happens, that crimes and contentions, by the influence of wealth, are to be decided at two or three hundred miles distance from the residence of the aggrieved. This distance magnifies and exaggerates the subject of complaint, multiplies anxiety, and tends to exasperate and prejudice the public opinion.

Artois. These are certainly evils which call aloud for reform. It is a most degrading law, that puts the life of a bird, or an useless animal, upon a level with that of a worthy member of society.

Penthièvre. Alas! it were to be wished, that legislators would study to make the laws respected more by their impartial execution than by their rigour. Malignant sophistry would soon be extirpated; poverty and innocence would be secure from the malice of the rich and powerful. A code of criminal laws, dictated by reason, justice, and humanity, would be a monument to the glory of the age.

Luxembourg. By what means is the police, which in all countries is intended to protect the community, become so odious and intolerable to the people?

Minister. Among the many grievances complained of, the vexatious tyranny of the *maréchaussée* and excisemen, has long been such as to excite in the people a spirit of resistance. They enter houses, put things in requisition, and frequently introduce what is deemed contraband into the houses, in order to terrify and extort money from the people, and then pretend to smother the complaint, and say no more about it.

Luxembourg. I am sorry to observe, that hitherto the police have been implicated in this nefarious practice to a shameful degree.

Conti. I am afraid the people employed are not scrupulously chosen for their honour and probity.

Minister. The great evil is, that they are not under so much apprehension of exceeding the bounds of the law, as of falling short of their instructions. Hence the arbitrary arrests of citizens, without any cause being assigned, has so poisoned the public mind, that these men are justly become the pest and execration of society.

Soubise. Alas! these abuses cry aloud for redress.

President. You may retire, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt* Ministers.

Luxembourg (*to* Monsieur). I wish your Highness would demand an audience of his Majesty, and assure him of our loyal support to resist the storm gathering round his throne.

Monsieur. I will; but remain you here till I return. [*Exit.*

Luxembourg. Yes, I expect our good friend Maurepas. (*To* Conti.) Alas! my dear cousin, some of these facts are weighty, and demand immediate attention.

Enter Maurepas *and* Duke of Liancourt.

Conti. Well, my worthy Maurepas, you were in the right, when you so boldly told the King that there was not a moment to be lost. Oh, had we looked into the business sooner! (*Much affected, and lays hold of* Maurepas'

Maurepas' *hand.*) Yes, I love my Sovereign, and am persuaded you are his friend also. Nature never formed a heart of more suitable materials for consolidating the happiness and glory of a people. But, alas! it grieves me to the soul, when I reflect, that, for these last thirty years, no subject has enjoyed so little power as the monarch of this renowned nation.

Liancourt. Why are we so sunk in consequence? Thrones, when erected on the love and loyalty of a people, are immoveable.

Maurepas. It is true. It is sorely to be regretted, that the imbecility of our public functionaries has suffered our present misfortunes gradually to approach the throne, concealed like the circumvallation lines of a siege. A prudent commander has his outposts and piquets properly stationed, to prevent a fatal surprise.

Soubise. Alas! I perceive our generals have been unpardonably unwary. Mr. Muy foretold what would happen, and offered to remedy the evil; but his service was rejected, because he would not condescend to court Mrs. Dubarry's favour.

Conti. It is treason for us to sleep at our posts, and suffer the walls of the citadel to be scaled. Let us—

Enter Monsieur, (*wild and distracted*).

All. My Prince, what is the matter? for God's sake, what is the matter?

Monsieur. Alas! my dear cousins, have you not heard the dreadful tidings? Oh, my God! our ever dear and worthy friend, Lamballe, is basely murdered.

All. Murdered! Oh gracious heaven! how?

Monsieur. It is too true! but I know not the particulars. (*To* Luxembourg.) Some vile advisers have prepossessed his Majesty: he will not hear a word. I left our minutes with him, and begged his consideration of them. Do you, my dear friend Luxembourg, use your influence: he has confidence in you. Go; the King is still in his closet.

Luxembourg. Most willingly: every minute is of the greatest importance.—*(Exit* Luxembourg.)

Artois, (in great agitation). True. Ah, my poor brother! He is distracted, poor soul! But could he yet be prevailed upon!—

Liancourt. Who can those false counsellors be?

Monsieur, (walking to and fro). I suspect that jesuitical Sieyes, the Bishop of Autun, and Mirabeau. They are the bosom friends of Breteuil and Barrentin, whom I some time ago denounced: but they still retain their posts near the King's sacred person.

Maurepas. Some means must be used to counteract such counsel, or the monarchy is lost; and I fear that fatal moment is nigh at hand. I have given my opinion as an honest loyal subject ought to do: I urged the necessity of immediately purifying the monarchy from the vile dregs of venality that still surround the throne; I pointed out the means how the sovereignty might be established on the solid basis of honour and virtue; I insisted that, in the pathless maze into which his Majesty was entered, he should proceed with great caution, and choose faithful guides, lest he abruptly arrive at, and fall headlong over, the fatal precipice. But, alas! I fear he is lead on by a delusive phantom, held up to his view by faithless wicked persons.

Re-enter Luxembourg.

Monsieur. Well, my dear Luxembourg, what success?

Luxembourg. No better than your Highness experienced. His Majesty persists that, in sacrificing every thing to the will of the assembly, he shall satisfy the desires of the people. He will not be persuaded that, by every benign act of his good heart they are instigated to rise in their demands. Alas! said I, has not my Sovereign already burst asunder the chains of bondage, of servile vassalage, and freed them from the grievous feudal laws? Nay, he has annihilated arbitrary arrests, abolished the *gabelle*.... and are the people satisfied? No; they cry the more violently. Has he not

not curbed the insolence of the intendants, of the farmers-general, of the custom-house and excise officers? In fine, the King has done all he ought to do, to insure their happiness and secure the stability of the throne. He has restored to them the right of decreeing their own laws: he has even condescended to repair to the town-hall in person, where he received from Provost Bailly's hands the blue and red cockade, which he graciously put in his royal hat himself. Still this condescension does not satisfy them, *(much afflicted)*. Here, here should my beloved Sovereign have stopped. One step further, and we are all inevitably buried under the ruins of the throne.

Condé. Alas! when Heaven in its wrath shakes a kingdom with convulsions, and thus stirs up the spirit of the people to reclaim the rights of nature, the healing hand of man, I fear, is too feeble to afford assistance.

Artois. To-morrow his Majesty sanctions the union of the orders. *(To* Monsieur.) You, I understand, support the measure.

Maurepas, (in great consternation). What, sanction the union of the orders? *(Clasping his hands.)* Gracious God! then adieu to all that is dear to the throne, to the monarchy, and the government! Alas! alas! it must not be. No, the moment the three orders are united, and vote by numbers, the kingdom is inevitably, irretrievably lost; for ever lost. Alas! alas! my dear country.

Artois. My dear friends, I depart to-morrow with my cousin Conde. Adieu! adieu!

[*Exeunt* Artois *and* Condé.

Luxembourg, (to Maurepas). Your ideas exactly coincide with mine. I told the King to-day, that with that deed he would barter his crown for a shadow. I observed to him, that as long as the States-General continue separate, his royal authority is secure under the protection of the nobles, who are the rock upon which his Majesty may stand. They are the bulwark round

round the throne. "Alas!" exclaimed the King; "I "have long desired this reunion: it is my last wish. "The Sovereign and the nation will be the point "round which all Frenchmen will rally." Oh! fatal, fatal delusion! *(Turning to* Monsieur.) The King hinted to me, that la Fayette had advised him to retire to the frontiers.

Monsieur. The Queen said something to me of such a project, but I do not altogether approve of it. *(Looks at his watch.)* It is time to take the chair. Do you attend?

All. We will accompany your Highness.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE II.

VERSAILLES, *in front of the Palace.—Enter a crowd of men, women, and children, all armed with pikes, axes, clubs, muskets, &c. headed by* Maillard.

Maillard, (*with a sabre in his hand*). Citizens, I exhort you to be orderly. I promise to obtain for you every satisfaction from the Assembly. Remain quiet till I return. [*Exit* Maillard.

(Three or four of the mob run backwards and forwards, brandishing their sabres and clubs against the palissades, in defiance of the King's guards within, crying:) Down with the guards! down with the guards! Down with the despot! Let us enter the palace! Down with the guards! Bread we must have, and Louis shall be our baker! Huzza! Away with him to Paris! Huzza! Away with Louis! Away with Louis, the baker, to Paris! Huzza!

Enter la Fayette, *heading a body of National Guards.*

(The mob make way for them.)

Fayette. Citizens, don't be afraid: the guards I command are patriots and citizens.

Enter

Enter Orleans.

Orleans. Oh! my dear general, your arrival is somewhat unseasonable. We had settled it that, when all were in their peaceful slumbers, the people should make an attack on the palace; and that, in the confusion, we and others should secure the King, Queen, and family, as it were under our protection, and as an act of humanity.

Fayette. Be easy, citizen, it is perhaps for the best; as I shall instantly conduct the King to Paris. Go you before, and prepare our friends for the event.

Orleans. When think you to be at Paris?

Fayette. By two o'clock. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

PARIS.—*Committee Room in Barras' hotel.*—Barras, le Brun, Sieyes, Cambacérès, *and* Mirabeau: *enter* Breteuil, Talleyrand, *with a paper in his hand.*

Talleyrand. Citizens! Louis is on his way to Paris. I expect Orleans every minute.

Mirabeau. That circumstance is the object of our meeting. We must immediately determine on such decrees as we wish to have the royal signet to.

Breteuil. Every moment, citizens, becomes more and more important. Let us not sleep at our post.

Le Brun. To-morrow let us decree the abolition of all rank and distinctions of orders, and which must be sanctioned.

Sieyes. That is the first on the list.

Cambacérès. Ay, ay, strike the iron while it is hot! Rivet the nail close, I say!

Talleyrand. So say I. We have taken the precaution to press the necessity of a speedy unconditional abolition. (*To* Breteuil.) Don't you think, citizen, the King is sufficiently influenced by the consultation you and Barretin have held with him.

Breteuil.

Breteuil. Rest assured, that Louis has unbounded confidence in our friendship. Our will is his.

Cambacérès. Let us take care not to discover the secret, by letting the mask fall.

Mirabeau. No, no, that must not be! We assemble under the specious supreme authority of the people, it is true; but it is our interest to appear to be strenuous supporters of the royal prerogatives, and thereby make them subservient to our plans. (*Looking at his watch.*) I must take my leave for a few minutes, having an appointment with Barretin. Adieu.

[*Exit* Mirabeau.

Talleyrand. I say we must not let the veil drop. A few days more, and the throne will fall under our feet.

Rabaut St. Etienne. What a glorious footstool!

Cambacérès. See, here comes Orleans. Well, citizen, what news?

Orleans. News! we have caught the wolf. Louis is arrived at the Thuilleries: la Fayette has been vigilant, and merits our thanks. As Louis, I find, suspects me of being in the affair, I think it advisable to be out of the way for some time. I have, therefore, desired to have a passport to repair to the land of liberty, by way of Boulogne, and I shall set out immediately: mean while I have contrived to have orders for my arrest to be forwarded to that port. You must exclaim against such a breach of good faith, and insist on my release; and thus turn the whole circumstance to the disgrace of the court. I shall be in England but a few weeks: in the interim, I have set apart a million of livres in my treasury, at the disposal of the committee. Adieu.

[*Exit* Orleans.

Rabaut St. Etienne. Citizens, we must not lose our time, but come to the point at once. I move that the earth be ours: that we renovate the inhabitants; change their ideas; rule the laws, the customs; in fine, that we destroy every thing, in order to create something.

Enter

Enter Barrere *and* Bishop Cicé.

Barrere (frantic and wild). Murder! citizens, murder! Our most valuable colleague, citizen Mirabeau, has just sighed his last. It seems, as he went from hence, he drank a cup of coffee: its effects have proved mortal. Poor soul! I found him in the agonies of death. While hugging him to my breast, he expired in my arms.

Cicé. Oh! may we never fall victims to aristocratical coffee!

Le Brun. Alas! poor Mirabeau!

Clootz. Alas! poor Mirabeau! the oracle and fountain of wisdom, the champion of liberty, and pillar of reason.

Barrere. I propose for him the honours of the Pantheon, and move that a national mourning be decreed, and that the street Chaussé Dantin, in which he drank his last cup of coffee, be henceforth named Mirabeau Street.

Cambacérès. I second the motion. May the honours bestowed on this valuable citizen be an incitement to emulate his virtues! Now, as we have the reins of power pretty secure in our hands, woe to those who attempt to wrest them from us! Let us hold them fast, and firmly, my fellow citizens.

Barras (looks at his watch). Citizens, it is time to take our rounds, and see how the world goes, lest we be taken by surprise. We meet here again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Barras' Hotel.—Barras, Barrere, Tallien, Talleyrand, Cambacérès, Merlin, Rœderer, *and* Beauharnois, *at breakfast.*

Cambacérès. There are my three hundred and fifty oysters gone.

Barrere. Ay, and about fifty glasses of Burgundy!

Enter la Fayette *and* Sieyes.

La Fayette. Holla! citizens. The King, Queen, Monsieur, and all the family, are fled.

Barrere. Fled! where, which way?

Merlin. This is a pretty affair! Devilishly unlucky!

Cambacérès. Perhaps not quite so unlucky as it may seem; but I am not quite up to the secret yet.

Roederer. As far as I know of the circumstance, we may be easy. It was necessary to give the alarm to the people.

La Fayette. The people are in the utmost consternation: one says, they are gone this way; others, that way. I perceive nobody knows where. However, citizens, I beg you to assure the Assembly, they need not be under the least apprehension of the consequence. I pledge myself for their safe return to-night. They will be stopped at Varennes, at one o'clock. The moment the news of their arrest reaches us, I shall depart with a strong force, to escort the royal fugitives into the city. Adieu. [*Exit* la Fayette.

Enter Carnot, Manuel, *and* Fouché.

Carnot. A pretty piece of business, truly! Here is duplicity and treason with a vengeance! Who and where are the traitors? What! the King gone, and our most important decrees not signed! We are finely outwitted!

Fouché. Aye, we are duped; cleverly taken in! The constitution not signed! It is a sad affair!

Enter Robespierre, Clootz, Marat, *and* Danton.

Marat. A sad affair, truly. Ah, ah, ah! My worthy friends, have patience. Be not dejected: a fine day often succeeds a cloudy morning. This is but a momentary eclipse of our bright hopes: the sun will burst out with redoubled splendor, never fear. Aye, aye! Louis little suspected——

Clootz. Little suspected! Louis little suspected!

Cambacérès. What did he little suspect?

Sieyes (close to their ears, but loud). Little suspected! I say Louis little suspected we should outwit him in his glorious flight. He thought to escape, not thinking we held the reins. Is not this a masterpiece of republican intrigue?

Fouché. Give it what name you will; but as yet I do not understand it.

Roederer. There must be some mystery in the business. Come, Sieyes, explain.

Sieyes. Eh, eh, eh; Neither did Louis understand it. No, the stroke was too deep for his penetration. Every rule in the art of hypocrisy and imposture has been put in practice, by which unsuspicion has been betrayed, and credulity caught in her own net.

Cambacérès. Pshaw, with your credulity! say I. Out with the mystery; out with it!

Sieyes. Well, then, in plain terms: this alarming flight is of our own planning; the arrest of the fugitives is of our own contriving, and their return to Paris will be *(makes a circular motion with his hand)* our triumphal entry to unconditional sovereign power.

Enter Cicé.

What say you, my worthy alarmists, eh?

Beauharnois. Their eyes are now open, surely.

Carnot. I am glad I had no hand in it.

Cambacérès. And I am very sorry I had not. I should have gloried in it.

Fouché. It is a masterpiece, by Jove. Surely, citizen Sieyes, the honour of the plan is yours.

Cicé. Surely; he is the pillar of wisdom and foresight! I vote him the honours of the Pantheon.

Enter Collot d'Herbois *and* Condorcet.

Collot d'Herbois. Huzza, huzza! Citizens, the fugitives are returned.

All. Huzza, huzza!

Collot d'Herbois. They seem devilish chop-fallen and surprised at the circumstance of their arrest. Monsieur, perhaps, having some suspicion, is escaped by Mons. Citizens, our decisions must be speedy; for, depend upon it, a deep plan is forming to overthrow all our hopes. I say we must be speedy. I move the suspension, immediately, of the sovereignty, and that Beauharnois do take the chair.

Robespierre. Suspend the sovereignty! Aye, I move an amendment: to suspend all sovereign power, celestial and terrestrial.

Marat. So say I.

Robespierre. I move that the French nation acknowledge no supreme power or authority, or being, in heaven above or in the earth beneath, but republican morality; and that the Sovereign of Heaven be now hurled from his throne!

Talleyrand. Amen! so be it.

Cambucérès. Amen! it is well said. But Louis must first sign the constitution. We shall then arraign him with a better pretext as a traitor to the state. (*To* Condorcet.) When will the constitution be ready, citizen?

Condorcet. It has passed two readings, and the King will come this evening to affix his royal signature. The committee approve it.

Talleyrand. I hope, citizen, you have kept clear of encyclopedian diction. Is it a neat, concise constitution, worthy a free, enlightened, regenerated nation? Be sure to admit no titles. Let us expunge religious orders and distinctions: crush them all under the system of liberty and equality. The levelling principle for ever!

Barrere. Citizen bishop, you surely don't mean to level us to the class from whence we sprang. (*Turning to Condorcet.*) Rather, worthy citizen, raise others to our level. Temper the monarchy in as humble a mould as you please, with all my heart; I only beg

beg you not to let us lose an inch of our present elevation.

Barras. Oh, there is no great fear of that, nor of the Bishop's principles of learning neither. The Bishop of Autun is notorious for his aspiring ideas; they soar above the level of this world. His ambition is spiritual. See! his eyes have a natural cast upwards, as if seeking after better days.

Enter Henriot.

Henriot. Citizens, a most hellish plot is forming against us. All the Assembly is to be assassinated this evening.

All (in great consternation). What, what plot? What conjuration is this?

Henriot. Of the blackest dye. However, fear nothing; I have got the whole in my net. Three hundred assassins, composed of the ex-nobles and other aristocrats, are at this moment assembled in the menagerie. They intend to repair to the Assembly early, each with a brace of double-barreled pistols in his pocket. When the King is on the way, and almost arrived, from the Thuilleries, to consecrate his acceptance of our glorious constitution, these murderers are to fire on the members in their seats.

All. Oh, the wretches!

Henriot. As I suspected something was going forward, I consulted with my friend Fouché. We gave instruction to some trusty friends to join them in the plot, and, as soon as things were brought to a point, to give me notice of it. It seems the murder of Pelletier, this morning, was somewhat premature, and therefore deranged them; and some confusion has ensued. The assassins were too eager: they will be secured.

Sieyes (in wrath). Adopt measures; dispatch notice of their haunt to Santerre. Surround them immediately! Mow them down like oats!

Fouché. Let not one escape. Off with their heads!

Roederer.

Roederer. To hell with them all! Bring the whole crew to the guillotine! The hydra's head must be cut off.

Barras. So say I. Off, off with it! Amen.

Enter le Brun. [*Exeunt.*

Le Brun. Citizens, be not alarmed; all is safe. The murderous royalists are secured. Santerre merits well of the nation.

Cicé. Then vote him thanks: they are cheap enough.

Henriot. I can assure you, my friends, that to-morrow, at the dawn of day, they shall be no more. Come, now it is about time to repair to the Assembly. We will take our places very unconcerned. How cruelly Louis will find himself disappointed! He, he, he! his scheme is frustrated. He thought to dupe us. Louis will be there before us, if we don't make haste.

All. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

COMMITTEE ROOM.—Barras, Barrère, Cambacérès, Vadier, Sieyes, Talleyrand, Gaudet, *and* Marat.

Gaudet. Well, citizens, the rabble seem highly pleased at Louis' having sanctioned our constitution.

Cambacérès. Aye, they have reason to be pleased, and so have we, with a vengeance! Louis begins to shew himself already. No sooner does he cordially subscribe to our new government, than he endeavours to vex us by the exercise of his veto, in the most unwarrantable manner, in favour of the priests, against our decrees. We must not suffer such insolence.

Barras. We must absolutely rid ourselves of these priests and the nobles.

Talleyrand. Nay, don't separate them from their master.

Marat. Aye, all together, away with them! I say three

three hundred thousand heads must be off before we can be independent!

Enter Tallien, Collot d'Herbois, Freron, Fouché, Legendre, *and* Carrier.

Tallien. Victory! victory! citizens. The whole gang of murderers are dispatched to the next world.

Collot d'Herbois (in the gesticulations of a comedian). Citizens, it is time to come to some determination, and adopt measures. Louis laughs at us; and, depend upon it, he will be continually vexing us by this eternal veto. I do, therefore, propose the immediate, the total abolition of royalty in France; and that the sacred word republic be substituted for the word nation.

Enter Condorcet, Brissot, *and* Paine.

All. Bravo! bravo! long live the republic!

Cambaceres (to those just entered). Come, citizens, your votes.

Brissot. Citizens, when your summons arrived, I was not at home; I am, however, glad to be here in time to hear our worthy colleague conclude his extraordinary motion. I am aware that I am marked out as a Moderate, even as a Royalist. Such insinuations I contemn; they are beneath my attention. I shall ever persist in the pure principles of the revolution, which were to eradicate vice, uproot villainy, and infuse a genuine virtue through all ranks of the community. Adhering to these principles, I must beg you not to press the present question. Let us proceed with moderation. It is a subject of great magnitude.

Paine. I propose to adjourn the question.

Sieyes. Adjourn the question! Let it be treason to propose an adjournment.

Enter Orleans, *and* Boissy d'Anglois.

Fouché. So say I! Preach no longer of moderation, of adjourning, and such nonsense. They who are not for us are against us.

Cambacérès.

Cambacérès. Surely; down with the veto! Down with royalty, and long live the republic!

Talleyrand. Away with cant moderation! Royalty is, to all intents and purposes, forfeited; and, in my opinion, there are grounds sufficient to arraign Louis as a traitor. What insolence, to dare thus to exercise his veto against *our* decrees! Put the question.

Marat. Certainly, the question! It is *nemine contradicente!*

Barras. It is time to come to decisive measures: we must render ourselves unconditional masters, or creep in servile slavery. Let us decree the republic, and then arraign Louis for treason.

Freron. Bravo! bravo! I say, yes.

Le Brun. I support the motion. How stand votes on this double question, and what is the judgment to be pronounced?

Orleans. How, citizens? There can be but one voice. I support the first motion with all my heart; and the second do I seal, by disowning any relationship henceforth with the family or race of the Bourbons, and from this time forward I am citizen Philip Egalité. In respect to the judgment, it is founded on reason and justice, and as such I most cordially give my vote, *death! death!*

Talleyrand. That is coming to the point at once. Bravo! citizen. I second the motion with all my heart. *Death! death!* without reprieve, without remorse! I rejoice, rejoice!

Robespierre (holding his hand to Marat's mouth). Hold, citizen, my turn first in this glorious——

Marat (forces himself from him). I say, citizen, I rejoice——

Robespierre (stops him again, and calls out). Death! death! tenfold death! *(Lets Marat go.)* There, now you may speak.

Marat. Citizens, I have been shamefully interrupted from giving my vote. It is an injustice to my feelings.

feelings. I say, death! death! twenty times inflicted.

All. Bravo! bravo!

Beauharnois. Ha, ha, ha! he outdoes him at last. Your votes, citizens.

Cambacérès. Death without appeal! and that it be put in execution the moment the French territory be invaded.

Sieyes. Death without appeal! death!

Condorcet. Perpetual banishment.

Paine. I remember, citizens, how joyfully you expunged the pain of death from the penal laws. How can you then act thus inconsistently, by enforcing an act which we have lately declared unworthy and disgraceful to an enlightened people? Banishment!

Gaudet. I second it. Banishment!

Talleyrand. We are at liberty to annul and decree the laws as we find good. I could have wished we had remained a little longer behind the curtain; for great men should keep at a distance, and not appear in front too soon. But as the crisis is alarming, I resist the amendment, and say again, death! death!

Brissot. Our worthy colleague, the Bishop, wishes we had remained in disguise behind the scene. It is a system worthy of priestcraft. Of all assassins, those in secret are the most atrocious. The present decree, however, is not of that class. Here is no dissimulation: it is without disguise. I cannot give my vote on this most extraordinary, untimely motion, without a few observations. The question and the decision involve, not only the dearest interests of Frenchmen, but drag into the vortex of confusion all the nations of Europe. The revolution, which was commenced on the principle of the purest humanity, has already been disgraced, and polluted by the shedding blood of thousands of innocent citizens. Let us not, then, stigmatise it more, by an hasty, unwarrantable judgment on the Sovereign. We should consider our character, as the legislators of a regenerating nation, and

not suffer it to be confounded with the frenzy of the people, whose minds, being unprepared, could not resist the sudden blaze of liberty. It confounded their ideas ; hence enormities were perpetrated. It is our duty to hold a good example to the common people ; therefore, let us check these hasty impulses, and seek to tranquillize the mind by acts of moderation and humanity. You arraign the King for having exercised a veto which you yourselves freely granted him. Was it not then his right? Can this be alleged in evidence against him as a crime? Besides, the total subversion of royalty must prove an evil to the cause of liberty. I propose then—1st. That the Monarch be considered the child of the nation, and that we be his guardians. —2d. That till the present convulsions of the state subside, he and his family be kept in a place of security, at a distance from the capital.—To act otherwise will be unjust, cruel, and absurd. I maintain, that a government, of whatever denomination it be, can be established only on the basis of virtue, and not on bloodshed and slaughter.

Beauharnois. To order! to order! I say.

Merlin. Aye, let us no longer suffer our ears to be rung with sermons of moderation and humanity. The republic is already decreed.

Cambacérès. Who ever heard of a royal or imperial republic? Ha, ha! what absurdity! Where equality is the basis, there can be no hereditary chief. No, nor shall any ever again appear in France.

Fouché. Amen! My heart beats in unison with that motion. I say, death! death!

Enter Couthon *and* Leonard Bourdon.

Vadier. Be it so. Death! death!

Le Brun. This simple question has already taken up more time in debate, than the whole race of crowned heads in Europe is worth. The motion is founded on the purest reason, and therefore let the votes be told. I join, with all my heart and soul, for death to Louis, and to the whole race of Bourbons!

Legendre.

Legendre. Amen! Death to the whole race! Death!

Barrere. The tree of liberty will never flourish, if it be not sprinkled with the blood of a tyrant. I say, death! death!

Talleyrand. The dead never return.

All. Amen.

Sieyes. Death is an everlasting sleep.

Leonard Bourdon. I am only sorry I was not in time to give my vote first. I say, death! death! death!

Couthon. It is never too late to do a good act. I say, death eternal!

All. Amen, amen!

SCENE VI.

Cambacérès, Tallien, Talleyrand, Le Brun, Sieyes, Couthon, *and* Barras, *sitting round a table, drinking.*

Cambacérès. Did any of you, citizens, take a peep at Louis Capet this morning, going to his home?

Tallien. I accompanied him to the place, but did not stop to see the execution.

Talleyrand. Well, come, here's to his resurrection in another planet.

Couthon. With all my heart.

Enter Santerre, Barrere, *and* Robespierre.

Santerre (quite exhausted). Good morning, citizens. I could not wait upon you before. I have had a devilish hard day's duty, upon my soul; but never mind, the glorious work is done, and Capet is gone to excite a revolution in another world. But come, a glass of wine, for I am indeed very dry and fatigued. Come: that jesuitical priest kept praying and blessing himself so long, that I was at last obliged to order the drums to beat, to drown the lamentations of the mul-

titude. Emotions of sympathy and gloomy sorrow, also, seemed to pervade the ranks, as I ordered the jesuit to silence and the executioner to his duty! (*Drinks*)—It was a clean stroke! it would have done your hearts good to see it!—Here, fill another glass! the wine is good. He is a clever fellow! You need not fear when you fall under his hand *(drinks)*. —Your heads would be off in a crack; ay, before you feel it.

All (take their glasses). Long live the republic! Long live equality and liberty! Huzza!

Marat. Citizen Santerre is a little facetious upon the skill of the executioner; who knows how soon it may be his lot to experience it?

Santerre. Such is the chance of this life, so let it be. Come, Long live the republic! (*Drinks*).

Cambacérès. Leave your stupid jokes! Let us seal our victory with a toast, that every true republican will drink with three times three—"Destruction to royalty and hereditary chiefs, wherever they reign! Four hundred thousand livres per head, produced dead or alive at the bar of the Assembly, is offered!"

All. Huzza! huzza! huzza! (*they drink*). Huzza!

Barrere. As it is necessary to feign, at least, a desire of living in peace and harmony with our neighbours, the English, as long as possible, I propose that Le Brun be ordered forthwith to address that government in the most friendly manner.

All. Assent! assent!

Enter Gobet, *Bishop of Paris, and* Boissy d'Anglas.

Gobet. Citizens, I come to present you with my own abjuration, and also that of the rectors and vicars of my diocese, renouncing all the tenets of the Christian religion.

All. Bravo! bravo! huzza!

Boissy d'Anglas. Citizens, I am charged with an address from our worthy republicans the sans culottes, praying a decree against altars, priests, &c. and to abjure

abjure all divinities but the God of Nature, as congenial with our senses, and that every one may worship a god after his own way.

Roberspierre. Citizens, as our accounts are now pretty nearly balanced with the Hydra Morality, I propose, in the name of our regenerated nation, that the God of Heaven be reinstated on his throne from whence we hurled him; and since he is incapacitated longer to controul us, I move that we proclaim him to the world, and appoint him to his functions as a deity, self-existent and omnipotent, called God; to preside over the souls of men, which we now will allow to be thought immortal! *

Boissy d'Anglas. I propose that the heretofore church, Notre Dame, be changed into a temple, and that our worthy bishop be charged with the consecrating it to Reason and Truth, and that we assist at the ceremony.

Talleyrand. With all my heart.

All. Bravo! bravo!

Gobet. Citizens, let us seal this resolution with a toast. Come, here goes, "Religion is a mere imposture, a farce!"

All. Amen! bravo! huzza!

Enter Bishop Cicé.

Talleyrand. Excellent! (*rising from his seat*). I beg leave to add to the foregoing, that "Virtue is a bubble!" Now, my worthy colleagues, I must take my leave. I am appointed to London, and depart immediately. Adieu, adieu. [*Exit* Talleyrand.

Bishop Cicé. I cordially agree to it, for we risk nothing by it.

Legendre. Nothing. None but they, whose consciences tell them their souls deserve to be lost, will oppose our decrees.

Cambacérès. Fig for your souls! What have souls to do with our republic? Come along! *

* N. B. The reader must excuse our retaining the blasphemous language of these wretches; because, without it, their portraits would not be correct.

Rabaut St. Etienne. One moment, citizens, I here wish to announce to you, that the new calendar is completed and divided into decades. I propose it to be sanctioned.

All. By all means. It will transmit to posterity our glorious epocha!

Cambacérès. I then propose, that those members who voted against the death of Louis, be denounced as royalists, and as deserving objects of immolation in the new calendar.

Roberspierre. Bravo! I move that Brissot, and his crew of moderates, are the head of this class.

Couthon. Ergo, death! But I first suggest the propriety of giving the precedency to Antoinette and family; and that she be immediately brought to trial, and the first in the calendar. I move that the votes be now taken!

Sieyes. How stand your votes, citizens?

All. Death! death! without appeal!

Cambacérès. Bravo! bravo! that is doing business!

Couthon. Aye! What does it signify losing our time in discussion.

Cambacérès. Now let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

GARDEN OF THE LUXEMBURG PALACE.—*Enter* Josephine, Mrs. Recamier, *and* Mrs. Tallien.

Josephine. Well, my dear friends, we are now on a perfect equality with the men. You married women have an undoubted right over your husbands; you are, by their own decrees, rendered free and independent! For my part, I will avail myself of every advantage that such liberty offers, and exclaim, "The republic for ever!"

All. Amen! Amen!

Josephine (looking slily at Mrs. Tallien, and playing with her fan). How stand your sentiments, my dear? Eh! you know I have no husband! *Mrs.*

Mrs. Tallien. Oh! for my part, I am on Fortune's wing. My husband and lover are on the best terms of co-partnership in my favours, which I dispense according to the inclination of my heart, and the tangibility of my purse.

Josephine. But pray, have you no trifling personal preference between your husband and your lover?

Mrs. Tallien. Ha! ha! ha! What a question! Is it not natural to prefer one good man to another, and is not a plurality in lovers preferable to a single husband?

Mrs. Recamier. The distinction is right. My grammar master taught me, that a husband is always singular, but lovers are plural; and I confess, that I have a penchant for the plural number! *(to Josephine)* What say you, my dear: are you not of my opinion from experience?

Mrs. Tallien. Surely she is.

Josephine (tossing her fan). I hope none will presume to dispute my experience in these matters. I have not surely rioted during so many years in the delicious luxuries of a court, not to be at the top of the list. Besides, I am obliged to Barras for his kind assistance in dispatching Beauharnois to heaven.

Mrs. Tallien. That is an obligation I owe to none, as yet! Heigho!

Mrs. Recamier. Well, my lovers accompany their vows with weighty considerations. I yesterday received two billets doux with ten thousand francs. What say you to that?

Josephine. Pooh! That is nothing now-a-days. We may be said to be the goddesses of the golden age! The glorious revolution has opened new sources of riches and pleasures. Heretofore we poor women were constrained to certain etiquettes, which bridled our natural propensities, and rendered us slaves to decorum; but now nature has her full scope of action! I was yesterday present at a republican marriage of thirty-five couples! I was quite envious.

Mrs. Tallien. You! Ha! ha! ha! well said, in truth!

truth! You surely do not pretend to enter the lists with us! You! you, an old wrinkle-eyed, weather-beaten, broken-down, hag! You! Ha! ha! ha! I should not have thought of hearing you talk of enjoyments, gratifications, and republican marriages!

Mrs. Recamier. Hold! Hush, my dear Tallien, be more civil and moderate.

Mrs. Tallien (enraged). What! I cannot bear to hear it! What she thinks ——

Mrs. Recamier. Hush! hush! We shall one day be as old as she is. Besides, she deserves respect for her experience: and who knows, but we may, some time or other, stand in need of her advice in certain cases!

Josephine (very angrily). Indeed, such insinuations are unwarrantable. What, tell me to my face that my days of captivating are over! Very pretty, truly! I flatter myself, my charms are yet powerful enough to stand a candidate for admiration, as well as the best of you. And, to tell you, I look forward to more distinguished honours than ever. *(She walks to and fro, with an air of importance).* Besides, I have some faith in my *bonne aventure* last week.

Enter Miss Perigord *and* Mrs. Roederer.

Mrs. Tallien (to Mrs. Recamier). See her importance! Her pride is a little touched!

Miss Perigord. For heaven's sake, what is the matter? (*to Recamier*) The women at war? The world will come to a pretty pitch truly!

Mrs. Recamier. Oh, my dear, these are only little flirts and retorts, excited by envy and jealousy! Come, Josephine, let us hear the *bonne aventure* you mentioned just now.

Josephine. It is so flattering, I cannot indeed believe it. I will, however, give you a card to visit me when the happy time arrives. Oh, what ecstacy!

Mrs. Roederer. Something very extraordinary, no doubt, to give such delight by anticipation!

Josephine.

Josephine. Ay, it is so extraordinary, that I can scarce believe it can come to pass.

Mrs. Tallien. Give us a card too, won't you? You don't bear malice, do you?

Josephine. Yes, I will give you all cards of general admission to my levees.

Mrs. Recamier. Levees, do you say?

Josephine. Yes, levees, my dear; I am assured that I shall be a princess, or something greater than a princess of France.

Mrs. Recamier (*astonished*). Greater than a princess, do you say? Hear you that, Tallien?

Mrs. Tallien. Oh, yes! I hear it. Ha, ha, ha! greater than a princess indeed, at her age!

Mrs. Recamier (*low to Mrs. Tallien*). So, I hear you are likely to rival her entirely in Barras's heart. You are a lucky woman. That's no doubt the reason of those illnatured jars between you.

Mrs. Tallien. I only wish to be grateful. Josephine says she is under obligations to Barras, for assisting to send her husband to heaven. I have obligations to him too, for having been the chief personage in the revolution of *Thermidor*, by which my husband is stiled the *saviour of France.*

Mrs. Recamier. Yes, yes, I understand.

Mrs. Rœderer. It is plain enough; I wish I could boast of the like.

Mrs. Tallien. Tallien and Barras are good friends, and I act as a magnet between them. Barras says, if my first child be a girl, her name shall be Thermidore. Don't you envy me, you wicked creature you?

Mrs. Recamier. Who, I? No, indeed, not I, believe me. What say you to Tallien being a magnet to Barras's heart?

Josephine. Pooh, pooh! a man's heart is the least

part of him worth prizing: it fluctuates at the sight of every new object. I am an advocate for universality. The proverb says, "It is good to have many strings to "one's bow."

Mrs. Tallien. Believe me, my dear friend, I shall be disposed, at any time, to snrrender my post by an honourable capitulation.

Mrs. Perigord. Well, come, I think that is very fair. Shake hands now, and be friends, and let us go to tea.

Both. With all my heart. (*They embrace.*)

[*Exeunt:*

SCENE VIII.

A Room in Tallien's House. Mrs. Tallien, Josephine, Mrs. Recamier, *and* Miss Perigord.

Miss Perigord. Alas! they say there are great troubles in the west.

Josephine. So they say; but the ringleaders will be made an example of.

Enter Barras *and* Tallien, *at the lower end of the stage.*

Barras (to Tallien). Look yonder, Tallien. The Creator gave but one Venus to the whole world, but the Revolution has given us four. *(Advancing to the ladies.)* Well, my charming angels of virtue! we are come to bid you farewell.

All. Farewell! Where are you going?

Miss Perigord. Lord, how can you be so cruel to leave us?

Mrs. Tallien. Cruel indeed! to leave us poor dejected souls! For how long?

Tallien. My dear, at least a month or six weeks.

Josephine. Heigho! it is very long, Barras.

Barras. My angel, it cannot be helped. I must away

away to the south, to Toulon; Tallien to the west. Come, dearest creatures, the fraternal embrace. *(They all embrace.)* Farewell!

(Exeunt Barras *and* Tallien.

Mrs. Tallien (seems very dejected). Well, Josephine.

Josephine. Why this dejection? Ha, ha, ha! I see, my dears, you are not accustomed to these little trials of parting. There are beaux enough left to flirt with.

Mrs. Recamier. I approve vastly of the idea. For my part, I have my net full enough. What say you, Tallien?

Mrs. Tallien. Indeed, they will be very mistaken, if they think I will mope myself to death for six weeks! No, I will have my accustomed parties. To-morrow I will send cards round to every hero of the council, to a ball and supper on Wednesday. You shall be all there.

All. On Wednesday, say you?

Mrs. Tallien. Yes, on Wednesday.

Mrs. Recamier. We shall be with you.

Miss Perigord. I wish my Marmont could be there, though my uncle will not hear of him.

Josephine. Never fear, my dear; your eye is good, and that's a great matter with the men: if you are disappointed of one, you will gain another. Come, Perigord.

[*Exeunt all.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SECOND ACT.

Buonaparté, *the Caitiff of Corsica.*

Dugomier, *General Commander.*

Barras and Freron, *Deputies of the Nation.*

Peter, *a poor hair-dresser.*

Jacob, *a Tailor.*

Rosetta, *a young Girl, Daughter to Peter's friend and benefactor.*

Beffroy, *a Deputy of the Nation, who succeeds* Barras *and* Freron.

Carnot, Cambacérès, Sieyes, Barras, Merlin, Rœderer *(a journalist)*, Carrier, Fouché, Tallien, Reubel, Barrere, Le Brun, Couthon, Sebastiani, Billaud de Varennes, } *Members of the French Government*

Conspirators *from the States of Italy.*

Josephine, Mrs. Recamier, Mrs. Tallien, Juliet Perigord, Mrs. Rœderer.

A Crowd of Men *and* Women.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Camp before Toulon.*—General Dugomier's *tent a little in front.*

Enter Buonaparté (*Caitiff of Corsica*), *with his sabre under his arm.*

Buonaparté. NOBODY here. *(Looks about, when, after a pause:)* Oh! had I but remained at Paris, I might have had as good a chance as the best of them; or had that nominal king, Elliot, accepted my service, I should at least have had a breakfast. My case is now desperate. *(Throws his sabre on the table.)* There! henceforth thou shalt be brandished in the cause of liberty and equality, in the ranks of the outlawed banditti. Those heroes, who have trampled monarchy and all the sacred oaths of allegiance under foot, are worthy of thee! Indeed, I look upon the obligation of oaths as a mere bugbear, invented as a formality to keep fools in subjection. Down with royalty! say I. *(After a pause.)* Salicetti said I should be advanced. Well, then, I am in the way of honour. Ah! when I think of ten years ago. *(In deep reflection.)* No; avaunt, avaunt, ye delusive recollections of my youth! your very shades will drive me to distraction. *(Walks to and fro, looking at his sword.)* Yes, it must, it shall be so! Yes, I will wade through all the mire of human vice. I will glut my soul with the musical groans of suffering innocence. *(A pause.)* Yes, I will be the tool, the slave of baseness, and will cringe obsequiously to my superiors, till I can render them dependent on me. Yes, Buonaparté, thou must be the

the parasite, till thou canst draw them into thy net. Bravo! Who will then be the dupes? Now is the time. Game is plenty.

Enter Dugomier *and two* Aids-de-Camp.

Buonaparté (advances to salute the General). Are you, citizen General Dugomier, commander in chief of the banditti?

Dugomier. What is your business, citizen?

Buonaparté. Citizen General, I am come, by appointment, to offer my service in your corps. I have here a letter for Deputy Barras, from General Salicetti.

Dugomier. Ah, here he comes!

Enter Barras.

Barras. Good evening, General (*eying Buonaparté*). Well, are the dispositions made? for by Jove I expect we shall have a hard set to.

Dugomier. Never fear! the posts are arranged.

Barras (low to Dugomier). Who have you here? (*Loud.*) A volunteer, no doubt, eh?

Dugomier. Yes: he tells me he has a letter for you, from Salicetti. (*Turning to Buonaparté.*) Is it not so?

Buonaparté (bows lowly, and hands the letter to Barras). Your most humble subject.

Barras (reads it). Oh, oh! I recollect Salicetti did, some time ago, speak to me of a young Corsican, patronized by Marbœuf. (*To* Buonaparté.) You are a lieutenant, eh? (*To* Dugomier.) It seems, that, after his friend's death, this young fellow left the troops of the line, to join the National Guards under Paoli, in Corsica, with the rank of captain. (Buonaparté *bows.*)

Dugomier. Bravo! citizen.

Barras (close to Dugomier's *ear).* You must know, Marbœuf protected the youth out of pure love for

the

the mother, and Salicetti is grateful for the same cause. He tells me Lætitia is a fine woman.

Dugomier. Well, citizen, gratitude is a noble virtue. It is the harbinger of honour. (*To* Buonaparté.) Citizen, your recommendation is good. I will assign you a post, and advance you to a brigade.

Buonaparté (*bowing*). My grateful heart returns you thanks, my General.

Dugomier. What is your name and age?

Buonaparté. My name is Buonaparté; my age is twenty and upwards.

Barras. Buonaparté! that is ominous. Well, citizen, I wish to know your principles concerning our revolution.

Buonaparté. My opinion, citizen, is, that it is the *summum bonum* of human glory.

Barras. By what means do you think it must be consolidated?

Buonaparté. By one plain, simple recipe. Rigour and blood will consolidate it on a firm basis. Be bold and bloody! bid defiance to the feelings of humanity, the greatest enemies to true republican virtue, to equality and liberty!

Barras. Bravo, bravo! egad, you deserve a brigade.

Dugomier (*softly to Barras*). He seems a shrewd, clever fellow. (*Loud to the Caitiff*). Citizen, I should like to hear a little of thy history over a glass of wine. (*Rings.*) I think it must be interesting.

Enter Servants.

Bring half a dozen bottles of œil-de-perdrix, and glasses, in the next tent. [*Exeunt* Servants.] I know not what can be the reason the report is so late.

[*Exeunt all.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

The foregoing at table.—Enter Freron *and several* Officers.

Barras. Citizens, I introduce to your friendship a volunteer worthy of your acquaintance. He spurned at royal favour and patronage, and declared himself a member of the banditti.

All. We greet him welcome.

Dugomier. Come, sit down, citizens; we will drink his health in a bumper. It is his footing, and he will cheer it with his history. (*To Buonaparté.*) Come, citizen, begin. Silence!

Buonaparté. Most worthy general! in obedience to your order, and to shew you that I am no common scoundrel, I will give you a just and true account of myself, even, if you please, before I came into this evil world.

All. Let us have it! let us have it!

Buonaparté. My honoured chiefs! you must know, then, that I am of curious composition, being the hopeful son of three fathers; for Lætitia, my lovely mother, a most chaste, devout virgin, of the order of Santa Maria, had three husbands. Her lawfully married husband was a pettyfogging lawyer; her husband of convenience, or cicisbeo, was a son of Mars; the third was her confessional husband, being the reverend curate of Ajaccio. Hence, you see, I am of noble blood. From the first, I inherit mean cunning and prevarication; from the second, a knowledge of tactics and treachery; from the third, refined, jesuitical principles; all which united, compose, I presume, the *ne plus ultra* qualifications for your fraternity.

All. Bravo, bravo! (*All drink.*) Success; may thy virtues shine forth as the unclouded sun.

Barras. Go on, citizen; go on.

Buonaparté. My father; Lætitia's married husband, mind

mind ye, being highly delighted with my appearance, watched over me with great expectation. He used often to say, that I should one day become the head of all the great luminaries of the holy catholic church, and that the holy chair would bow down before me. My education was, in consequence, marked out for the church. Being, however, arrived at about my fifteenth year, my father, observing some sparks of military fire in my eyes, insisted on my being turned over from the church to the royal army. This, however, I abandoned at his death, and joined your honourable corps, of which I hope to prove myself worthy. Besides, General, I am a Corsican! I am a Corsican!

All. Thou art a fine fellow. Come, here's to thee! (*They all drink, and shake hands.*)

Freron. But, citizen, thou hast not said in how many Bridewells thou hast studied, nor on board how many hulks thou hast been, to complete thy education.

Buonaparte. Ha, ha, ha! (*putting his hands against his sides*). Never mind that. Heaven has never yet frowned openly upon me. (*They laugh.*) Ah! you may laugh and welcome, citizens; you will find I am an apt scholar.

Dugomier. It is true: to judge by thy phiz, we must believe nature has reflected a true image of thy soul on the exterior of thy body; for, if one were to meet thee in a crowd, it would be natural to watch one's pockets. With thy talents, rest assured of advancement.

Freron. But, citizen, it is the custom for all volunteers, on entering the service, to be sworn before us, the deputies of the republic.

Buonaparte. Swear; that I will, with all my heart and soul: I delight in such sacred engagements dearly. Oh, yes, I love swearing.

Freron (*holding the book*).

Barras (*administers the oath*). Say after me—"I "swear eternal fidelity to the constitution of the year "three. I swear subordination and allegiance to all "the laws of that constitution, and fidelity to the re- "public and to the corps of banditti. I swear hatred "and perdition to all and every class of royalty and "royalists, be they where they may. Amen."

Freron. Kiss the book; come, kiss the book.

Buonaparte (kisses the book). Aye, and I will, if you please, kiss your feet, I love you so much.

Barras. Here, kiss the book again. Heyday! thou tremblest. What's the matter?

Buonaparte. Oaths are such curious things, and I am not much accustomed to swear; at least, not seriously.

Barras. Oh! swearing is nothing, when thou art used to it.

Dugomier (*taking Buonaparte by the right hand*). Thou art now one of us.

Barras. Ay, we will chastise the human race! Mankind is a degenerate rabble; royalty a monster. (*Gives the toast.*) "Universal destruction to it!" (*They all drink*). Huzza, huzza! Amen, amen!

Dugomier. Hark! I hear the signal for the attack. Every one to his post. Buonaparte, you have a brigade to go against Fort Mulgrave. Success. Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A STREET.—*Thundering of cannon is heard on all sides, and horrid shricks of the people, who are running distracted to avoid the confusion, wringing their hands in anguish: amongst them* Jacob *a tailor, and* Peter *a hair-dresser.*

Peter.

Peter. Plague take the revolution! say I. I have scarcely got bread to eat these three years; and now am frightened out of my wits. Oh Lord! what blood and slaughter! Many of my best friends are this day falling a sacrifice to their loyalty. God knows where I must fly.

Jacob. Oh! Peter, you are as well off as we poo tailors. Where we, hitherto, made three coats at the turn of a fashion, every two or three months, we don't now make one in a twelvemonth, without any fashion at all. Ah! we are all starving for want of cabbage and employ.

Peter. Ah, Jacob, every thing goes by extremes. The people used to wear long queues, reaching down to their hams, which to pierce through them took one almost two hours. It was certainly a hard-earned three-pence, but then we were respected and paid. Now, in order to make their heads light, these queues are all cropt close to the nape of the neck; and God knows, we poor devils can't get one friz. (*With a motion with his hand.*) And then—

Enter Rosetta, *running.*

Rosetta. Oh, Peter, Peter! do save my poor father; save him! He is running distracted about, and does not know where to hide himself.

Peter. Who? say you; your father? My dear Miss Rosetta, your father is safe on board the English fleet.

Rosetta. No, no! he is in the street now. O dear; O dear!

Peter. No, no; I tell you he is on board one of the English ships. I saw him in danger, and dragged him to the quay, put him in a boat with several others, and I saw them all taken on board: so be calm and easy, Miss. Where is your mother?

Rosetta. She fell into hysterics, and was carried off, God knows where, or by whom.

Peter.

Peter. Well, don't be alarmed; I'll take care of you, Miss Rosetta, and of your mother too, never fear.

Rosetta (*quick*). Will you, Peter? Will Peter find my poor mother, and protect us both?

Peter. Ay, sure will I; at the risk of twenty lives I would protect Miss Rosetta and her mother. Gratitude binds me to do so. (*Weeps.*)

Rosetta. O dear, poor Peter! Don't cry! don't cry! (*Takes his hand.*)

Peter. Oh, Miss, if your good father had not supported me these three years past, I must have died for want. Ah, how happy shall I be to serve you! Hark! the horrid shrieks! Royalty must at last triumph.

Rosetta. Well, don't be dejected, Peter. (*Sings.*)

Let's flee from this land of oppression and fright,
And hie to where Liberty gladdens the sight;
Where the rose and the eglantine perfume the gale;
Where the oak and the elm give a grace to the vale.
Come, let's away,
While yet it is day.
There Nature's soft smiles will forbid these sad cries;
In England no clouds of distress dim the skies;
There lovers are warm'd with a mutual flame:
O, help my poor mother, on me fall the blame.
My Peter's my love;
Your comfort I'll prove.

Eh, Peter, shall I? Speak, Peter.

Peter. Can Miss Rosetta doubt it? Yes, I will cut wood, chop straw, dig; I will be a packhorse in any country; ay, I will beg; nay, I will do any thing to support your mother, and merit Rosetta's love. Adieu, Jacob; adieu!

[*Exit* Jacob *on one side, and* Peter *and* Rosetta, *arm in arm, on the other.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

HOTEL DE VILLE—Barras *and* Freron *sitting at a table, writing.—Enter* General Dugomier *and two* Aides-de-Camp.

Dugomier. How are you, citizens?

Barras and *Freron.* How are you, citizen General? The day is ours, then; the enemy is off.

Dugomier. Off, indeed. It has been hard fought; much blood. I am almost knocked up with running continually from one post to another.

Freron. Never mind; the more fatigue the more glory. Let us welcome it with a glass of your *œil de perdrix*, General: it will cheer up our spirits.

Barras. Ay, with all my heart. (*Fills the glasses.*)

All (*drink*). Long live the republic! Huzza!

Dugomier. Bhrr! Do you know, citizens, I began to think those daring English would rally, when I saw one of their ships bearing down with such assurance as defied all our batteries; she did not care a fig for our guns pouring upon her. As soon, however, as we got possession of Fort Mulgrave, she set fire to four of our ships, and carried off three others with her, one of which was *le Commerce de Marseilles.* The captain, whoever he be, is an intrepid fellow.

Barras. We must make an example of the treacherous Toulonese, for having surrendered the place to the English. A decimation of them shall be made to be shot.

Freron. Decimation! They deserve to be exterminated: they are all guilty.

Dugomier. Indiscriminate punishment is too severe; nay, unjust. Many are certainly innocent; and the most guilty have no doubt escaped on board the enemy's fleet.

Barras.

Barras. No palliation can be admitted. The crimes of the community must fall equally on every individual. I think we may as well appoint Buonaparte to put it in execution.

Freron. He has behaved devilish well in his post today. *(To one of the* Aides-de-Camp.) Go, order Buonaparte into our presence.

Dugomier. But, citizens, surely you will make a distinction. Age and innocence should be exempt.

Barras. No! none, none!

Enter Buonaparte.

Buonaparte. Most worthy citizens, General, in obedience to order, I come to felicitate you on the glorious success of the day.

Freron. Citizen, you are happy in having contributed thereto.

Barras. Yes, it is an acknowledgment for your services, and a proof of our confidence, that we now appoint you to inflict punishment on the dastardly Toulonese, for having admitted the English to the city.

Buonaparte. Yours, most cordially, worthy chiefs.

Barras. Mind, no reprieve, no respite is to be granted on any account. A tenth are doomed to die in what manner you think best.

Buonaparte. Your orders shall be scrupulously executed, without loss of time.

Freron. You may depend on the gratitude of the nation. *(Taking Buonaparte's hand.)* Adieu. I and my colleague depart immediately for the great city. Adieu. [*Exit* Buonaparte.

Barras (to Dugomier). Well, citizen General, we must leave you. Beffroy is coming here to assist you. We must away; that cursed spirit of royalty is again rearing its deformed head in the capital. Off it must be struck. Adieu, adieu; let us hear from you as often as possible. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Buonaparte (alone in his room, with his arms folded, in deep thought and meditation, walks about with wide strides: at last he stops suddenly). Now, Napoleon! No; never, never will the death of a few human beings raise a scruple in my mind. To recoil at such a trifle would be a disgrace. No, Napoleon, courage; this will be the specimen of thy talents; shew thyself a worthy member of the corps. A decimation! that is nothing. Royalist rascals are too abundant: I'll quickly away with them. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

APARTMENT IN THE TOWN HALL.

Dugomier (*sitting at a table, in deep meditation, reading a report brought in*). No, I cannot approve of this indiscriminate punishment. I will stop it. (*Rings.*)

Enter a Servant.

Go, desire Ensign Durel to come here.

[*Exit* Servant.

It is a shocking affair: cruel, unjust!

Enter Durel.

Durel, do you haste to Buonaparte, with my orders to postpone the execution till he hears from me again.

Durel. Postpone, General! alas, it is too late. The Brigadier put the judgment in immediate execution. Half the town is already weltering in blood.

Dugomier. Oh, why did I demur?

Enter several Officers *and a* Crowd *of* People, *wringing their hands, and imploring mercy.*

All.

All. Oh, citizen General, for God's sake arrest the assassin arm! Stop the rage of the horrid massacre! (*Kneeling.*) Behold in the streets the heaps of mangled bodies, weltering in their blood: from the aged of three-score to the infant in arms; all, all are indiscriminately the victims of the Caitiff of Corsica. The horror, the carnage, is beyond the reach of human conception. The monster glories in the torture of the unfortunate creatures as they implore for mercy.

Dugomier (*aside*). My heart bleeds. (*To the people.*) What can I do, citizens? The law must be fulfilled.

All. Pray, General, supercede the orders; let not that monster any longer remain at his post.

An Officer (*advances*). Citizen General, I could no longer witness, much less be an accomplice in, such barbarity. The people have told you the truth; the sight is most horrid. Many among the fallen were only grievously wounded, and Buonaparte wishing to ascertain those not yet dead, caused it to be proclaimed, by sound of trumpet, three times, Pardon, pardon, pardon! rise! At this heavenly sound, such as were not lifeless, and were able, did raise their fallen heads; when, lo! to the eternal disgrace of a bloody savage, the murderer, instead of the reprieve he promised, commanded the troops to fire. Volley after volley rolled, till all were finally plunged in everlasting sleep. Oh, my General, if such cruelty, such barbarity, be the characteristic of Republicans, here I resign my sword and commission. My hands are yet pure, (*throwing his sword on the table*).

Dugomier. Your recital too much, too much affects me: my soul shudders at the enormity. As a soldier, I cannot suffer such unheard of cruelty where I command: my honour shall not be tainted. I beseech you, citizen; resume your commission; you do it honour. I advance you to his post. Go; console and soothe the sufferings of these distracted, poor people. Suspend the measures.

Enter

Enter Beffroy.

Beffroy (*quite out of breath*). Suspend the measures, General? suspend the wretch as high as Strasburg steeple, say I. When you set a beggar on horseback, he will always ride to the devil. I'll this minute order his arrest, and shut him up at Nizza.

Dugomier (*to the people*). Citizens, your complaints shall be redressed; the monster shall no longer remain among you. My heart is sensibly touched at your sufferings; I am happy, however, he did not receive his commission from me. I shall, no doubt, be censured for his suspension: never mind, for that liberty which I adore, and defend, shall not be defiled thus criminally. (*Pointing to the* Officer.) There, citizens, confer with this Officer; he deserves your confidence.

All. God bless you, General! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

COMMITTEE ROOM IN PARIS.—*Enter* Sieyes, Barrere, Merlin, Reubel, Cambacérès, Fouché, *and* Collot d'Herbois.

Sieyes. I say the arrestation must be general, the monster has many heads, ruminating in every part of the republic. Brissot and his set were executed for adopting the name of Moderates, in order to introduce royalty, or federacy. The more noble system of terror sent them to death, as traitors to the nation. Robespierre then put himself at the head of the Mountain, and most laudably exerted himself for the good of the public; but it is now plain, he wished the overthrow of the Brissotines only to be more at liberty to adopt measures which might oust us, and render himself sole dictator.

Collot d'Herbois. Citizens, we have suffered too long under the controul of a dictatorship: I move, then, that Robespierre is a horrid tyrant; and that he,

his brother, and accomplices, Couthon, Henriot, &c. &c. &c. be immediately arrested, and executed.

Barrere. It shall be done. Barras and Freron are won by some of them. Those bloodhounds must now be rewarded by a passport to the other world, after the hundred and thirty-two Moderates.

Fouché. By all means. There will still be rascals enow left to thwart our virtuous designs.

Enter Billaud de Varennes.

Billaud. Citizens, if we cannot devise some means of filling our coffers, we must give over business. What is to be done? Quite out of cash, by Jove.

Cambacérès. What is to be done! Bourdeaux has not yet been honoured with a claim from the nation: let every merchant of property be arrested there instantly. Hunger, they say, will break through stone walls; want and poverty will stifle all scruples of conscience.

Enter Manuel *and* Carnot.

Sieyes. Ah! citizen, how came you to be so late?

Carnot. I have been at the arrestation of our old friends: they are very obstinate: they will not answer interrogatories; not a word.

Sieyes. Interrogatories! Were I in the tribunal, no interrogatories should be made them.

Manuel. Dispatch! dispatch! is the way to do business.

Carnot. For my part, I can hardly think them guilty; but to be sure the tribunal must be respected.

Barrere. Ay, and they shall die for contempt of court. But should we not make an exception in favour of our friend Bishop Gobet?

Merlin. Why for him? It is true, he first pronounced that religion was an imposture; but we all knew that long before. Eh, Sieyes!

Sieyes.

Sieyes. Yes, yes, if that is all he has done for the good of the republic, away with him, along with the rest!

Cambacérès. I should like to know how many royal rascals have been sent out of the world since the tribunal has been established.

Collot d'Herbois. I can answer for Lyons only: men, women, and children, in three days, there were *thirty-four thousand and twenty-four.*

Barrere. Since I have been a member of the tribunal *(pulls a paper from his pocket)* the lists are increased to: at Toulon and Marseilles, 12,000; Lyons, 40,000; Nantes, 27,000; Bourdeaux, 15,000; Arras, 7,000; in the capital, 150,540; in other parts of the republic, 209,070. Of these victims to justice two hundred and fifty thousand were women, fifty thousand children, and twenty-four thousand priests. As to those in La Vendée and the west, besides those of Nantes, our friends Fouché, Tallien, and Carrier, can best inform you; but I think the number is about three hundred thousand.

Fouché. O lord, I keep no account of the number. (*To* Tallien.) Did you, citizen? All that I know is, that for about two months we had daily a most joyful sight of from fifty to sixty barges, with about a hundred men, women, and children in each, sinking in the middle of the Loire, under our eyes. It was most glorious! Carrier can tell more particulars; for he received ten thousand franks for excluding ten pregnant women.

Reubel. Were they tried by the tribunal?

Cambacérès. Try them, citizen! you surprise me: would you have us to lose time in such a farce? No, no; send them to death as fast as possible, there to be tried, and plead for mercy; none are they here entitled to. Upon the whole, I find the number very small. There must have been want of vigilance somewhere.

Tallien. It must have been at home then, citizen, not with us.

Enter Le Brun.

Le Brun. Citizens, great news! Be not dejected; they have fought well (*holding a paper in his hand*). Our fleet has suffered a terrible defeat; but never mind, we will make the people believe it is a victory.

Enter Rœderer.

Barrere. Burn the fleet! so as we can but rid ourselves of our enemies on land, say I.

Rœderer. That is now done; I come this moment from the execution of our domestic tyrants.

Reubel. I rejoice at it, on the grounds of their intending to *usurp* all the authority from us: but for the other crimes of which Robespierre is accused, I declare that I think *he has always been too humane.*

[*Exeunt all.*

SCENE VIII.

BARRAS'S HOTEL. —— *Enter* Buonaparte, *covered with dust, being just arrived from his journey from the south.*

Buonaparte (to a servant). Is citizen Barras within?

Servant. Your name, citizen?

Buonaparte. My name—Buonaparte of Corsica.

Servant (looking all astonished). Buonaparte, the Caitiff of Corsica!

Buonaparte. Don't stand chattering here, but make haste and announce me.

Servant. Ah, ah! Buonaparte, Buonaparte is come!

[*Exit* Servant.

Buonaparte (alone, looking about the room). Well, here am I at length arrived, after a dreadful long march, without a shilling to bless me! A poor forlorn devil! abandoned to fortune's whim; to the caprice of circumstances.

cumstances. Ah! but for the generosity of Guerin at Marseilles, I must have starved long ago. It is dreadfully hard! after having rendered such services to the republic at Toulon, that—(*throwing himself into a chair*).

Enter Barras, Reubel, *and* Carnot, *unobserved.*

Barras. Hist! hist! he seems to be moralizing on fortune's favours.

Buonaparte (still thinking himself alone). Ay, the man who first exclaimed, life is a drama and men the actors, knew the world well. Oh, what have I not experienced in my short life! (*Turning his head, he discovers Barras: he rises.*) Citizen, I am yours most cordially.

Barras. I greet thee welcome, citizen. (*To* Carnot *and* Reubel.) This is citizen Buonaparte, the Caitiff of Corsica.

Carnot. I have heard of him. (*To* Buonaparte.) But why this moralizing, citizen, on the vicissitudes of fortune; mutation is the spring of life. Behold the butterfly, in all its variegated beauty, was it not a simple grub? How many dangers does it not pass by! exposed to be trodden under foot; to be pecked by birds, &c. before it arrives at its splendor; and when at its highest perfection, how every child pursues and worries it!

Reubel. Ay, citizen, we at the head of government are a just emblem in the simile. To arrive at our station we run great dangers; and when on the pinnacle of power, we are tormented, envied, distrusted, hated, and liable to be insulted by every hair-brained puppy, and shot with air-guns, every moment; and, finally, to become the victims of ill-designing, ambitious rebels.

Barras (to Carnot). The Caitiff has been arrested as a Terrorist at Nice. (*To* Buonaparte.) How did you effect your escape?

Buonaparté. I boldly accused my accusers; and by liberally bribing my keepers with promises, which I never

never meant to fulfil, I got clear. Since the farce at Toulon, that cursed jade Fortune has buffeted me about a little roughly, as if Heaven was displeased with my performances. However, citizen, your supreme patronage is a sufficient compensation for Heaven's anger.

Reubel. Ah! never mind, either the smiles or frowns of heaven, citizen! We will protect you.

Enter an Officer *of the* National Guards.

Officer. Citizen Directors and Commanders! The Fauxbourg St. Antoine is in open insurrection! all in arms! swearing vengeance and destruction to the government! Down with the jacobins, &c. &c. is the cry!

Barras. Order the sections instantly to their posts. (*To* Buonaparte.) By Jove, citizen, you are come very apropos! you will be a useful man! I charge you with the artillery, and expect the same attention and order as you evinced at Toulon!

Buonaparte. All subservient to your command, my chief. [*Exeunt all.*

SCENE IX.

BARRAS' HOTEL.—*Enter* Josephine *and* Mrs. Tallien, *quite alarmed at the roaring of cannon, the shrieks of the wounded, and at the general cry of* Down with the tyrants, *&c. &c.*

Mrs. Tallien. Where! where shall we run? Horror!—Hark! oh dreadful! See! see the blood in the streets! oh Heaven preserve us!

Josephine. Alas! it is horrible; however, don't let us be dejected; wait the consequences. Who knows, my friend! How we should be surprised if out of all this blood we see diadems and crowns spring up!

Mrs. Tallien. Ah! it is fine talking; oh, I but too well remember Bourdeaux. Alas! there I lost a sincere

cere lover. Oh! I rave when his image comes across my mind: I am distracted!

Josephine. Take comfort, my dear; you know I lost poor Beauharnois, but I soon got the better of it!

Mrs. Tallien. Indeed, I think we have both been gainers by our losses. Hark! the shrieks are dreadful.

Josephine. The firing slackens, and I hope our friends will escape; I don't like to mourn. Indeed, it was not the loss of a husband that I lamented before. I carried it no further than fashion and common custom required, to set a value on a chaste widowhood! But, do you know, sometimes methinks his spirit haunts my imagination, when I take his murderer, my dear Barras, to my arms—

Mrs. Tallien (looking through the window, sees Barras *galloping into the court, as if pursued, shrieks out).* Oh Barras! Barras! *(She faints, and Josephine catches her in her arms.)*

Josephine. What! what is the matter, poor soul; Barras! Why! where is Barras? *(sets her on a sopha and rings the bell,—enter servants)* Bring some harts-horn and water; quick, quick.

Enter Barras, *covered with sweat, flies to* Josephine *with open arms.*

Barras. The day is ours, my angel of life. It secures thy charms longer to me, and thy Barras to thee *(embraces her, but, observing Tallien, starts).* Ah! what is the matter (*Mrs. Tallien recovering a little*), why this sorrow, my angel Thermidore? Come, be both of you joyful! It is as glorious a day as the most brilliant of the revolution. Buonaparte is dispatching the mob, as they stand arranged against the walls of St. Rock by thousands! Come, my angels, come let us have a cup of tea, I expect Sieyes here presently, I am fatigued. Hark! What noise is that?

Enter

Enter a Croud of People, *bearing a* Female *mortally wounded with a dagger, which still sticks in her side.*

Female. Where is Barras? Oh! where is he?

Barras. Where is who? What do all these people want here?

Female. Oh Barras! Barras! Don't you know me? What, have you forgot Theresa? My murderers say it was by your order this dagger was plunged in my heart!

Josephine. You strumpet, how dare you? (*to the people*) Away with her hence.

Barras. I know her not. Away with her to Sieyes for his benediction; she was his mistress, not mine. I only visited her occasionally.

Female. Wretch! monster! Not know Theresa? You knew me before you got that old green-eyed hag Josephine there.

Barras. Away with her, she is mad. Away! away! [*Exeunt the People.*

Enter Mrs. Recamier *and* Miss Perigord.

Barras. You are come in the nick of time. My charming Recamier, you will give us the Marseillois Hymn on the piano for the glory of the day! It will elevate our souls, eh!

Mrs. Recamier. With all my heart, if you will dance the Carmagnol with Perigord. Poor soul, she is almost dead with fear, lest her lover should be hurt in this bustle.

Josephine. Oh, Perigord will soon become accustomed to these risks. Come, you play Recamier, and she will sing ça ira, ça ira! Here comes Rœderer, as I am alive. (*While they play and sing*, Josephine *makes tea.*)

Barras. Bravo, Perigord, you have a sweet voice. (*To* Mrs. Rœderer) Do you know poor Tallien was terrified

terrified at the roaring of the cannon; How silly! how did you stand it?

Mrs. Rœderer. I! I stood it well, it was music to me.

Enter Barrere, Carrier, Couthon, Sieyes, *and* Cambacérès.

Barrere. Good evening, ladies. Well, it has been a hot day.

Sieyes. But, I think, it will be the last opposition we shall experience.

Carrier. So I think. This Caitiff is a devilish clever fellow.

Cambacérès. Ay, by Jove is he. He levelled the rabble down like grass under the scythe; the walls of St. Roch are incrusted with bullets. How should he be rewarded?

Barras. Let us give the command of the interior to him, it costs us nothing, and it will appear an obligation to him.

Cambacérès. A good thought, so let it be.

Barras. Come, will you make a party at vingt-un?

All. With all my heart. (*All sit down.*)

Enter Carnot *and* Rœderer, *and a* Servant *with a letter, which he gives to* Barras. *After playing his hand out, he reads.*

Barras. This is a note from the Caitiff! he is an enterprising fellow! here, read this, Carnot.

All the Ladies. Well, gentlemen, we leave you. Adieu. [*Exeunt* Ladies.

Carnot (reads). Yes, we must keep him close, or, by Jove, he may prove too many for us.

Cambacérès. Oh, never fear him! there is no danger, he has neither science nor art beyond the length of a firelock, which, you know, he must level at our command. I expect him here presently.

Merlin. Rot the cards, my hands are degraded

with a king every deal. Apropos, citizen, it has been hinted to me that the young Capet is to escape.

Le Brun. What! escape! citizens, do you hear?

Couthon. Measures are already taken to prevent it.

Cambacérès. Ay, ay, indeed we shall be beforehand with those who have formed such a scheme; he shall have a comforting draught, which will in two or three days carry him out of the world.

Le Brun. That is the very thing, a lucky idea, by Jove, citizen, so let it be; *(to* Rœderer) put it in the Moniteur to-morrow, citizen, that young Capet is in a decline.

Rœderer. In a galloping consumption it shall be.

Couthon. Ay, in a gallop to the devil.

Enter Buonaparte.

All. We are glad to see you; how goes it after your fatigue? we are sensible of your vigilance.

Cambacérès. How stands the list of the royalist rascals whom you have dispatched to-day, citizen?

Buonaparte. In the whole Fauxbourg the number may amount to about eight thousand, more or less; had day-light continued a little longer, we should have doubled the number.

Carrier. By Jove, citizen, you have done wonders, you deserve well of the republic.

Barras. As a recompence, citizen, here is your appointment as commander of the interior.

Buonaparte. My gratitude, citizens, shall only be surpassed by my zeal in the service.

Merlin. But, citizens Barrere and Cambacérès, have you forgotten! The tribunal is sitting to examine the scoundrels who were arrested to-day. Come along, we must assist.

[*Exeunt* Merlin, Barrere, *and* Cambacérès.

Barras (to Buonaparte). Well now, citizen, what is the purport of the note you sent me?

Buonaparte

Buonaparte. Most honoured citizen director, gratitude for the many marks of your favours urges me forward to advance the great work; I therefore conceiving it would be a most honourable, and with all a profitable enterprize to send a few bishops to the next world and seize their property, took the liberty to suggest the idea to you. If we do not determine on some such plan, depend upon it, they will very soon excommunicate us all. Besides, I conceive no difference between this race of mitred beings and crowned kings, unless we allow they are more dangerous to civil liberty. As I am fond of an active life, I should be proud of the honour, if the execution of such a plan be entrusted to me.

Sieyes. Well, but would not such an act be a sacrilege?

Buonaparte (with amazement). A sacrilege! Ha, ha, ha! A veteran in sacrilege, that voted religion a farce, an imposture, talk of sacrilege! Hi, hi! I tell you, citizen director, you are lost, all our brave companions in arms are eternally lost, if we suffer scruples of sanctity to intrude upon our plans. I do insist, and none can deny, that the Grand Lama, the Holy Father of Rome, with his whole train of cardinals, in the four quarters of the world, are an execrable race! the sooner they are sent out of the way, to hell, the better; their property is ours. Conscience must be fire-proof against all sentiments of remorse.

Barras. The plan is good, I approve of it. What say you, citizen? (*to* Sieyes).

Sieyes. I must needs approve also of it. To death with them all.

Barras. Ay, and let us lay every city in bigotted Christendom in ashes.

Sieyes. And hold up religion to ridicule.

Enter Merlin, Cambacérès, *and* Reubel.

Merlin (as he advances). Religion to ridicule! Amen, Amen! so be it.

Couthon. Ay, and I would give a whole year of my precious life to have the pleasure of hunting down a hundred of those infernal monks.

Reubel. I should delight in seeing them roasting like the holy Lazarus.

Buonaparte. Delicious! My heart beats with joy at the idea. Methinks I see them already wringing and writhing with torture!

Cambacérès. It is certain, if these wretches have no friends on earth, they can have none in Heaven. Had they either love or friendship there, God would never suffer plague, pestilence, war, or famine, to chastise the world they live in.

Merlin. That is also my creed; I am convinced we are the Almighty's anointed favourite sons, his chosen instruments of destruction, let us then fulfil our mission as becomes us, and brave all dangers; the fruits of the earth are ours, and so are the beasts of the field.

Buonaparte. Bravo, citizen, you consecrate the profession in a masterly manner. I should like to hear you great commanders, you veterans, relate the little anecdotes of your hair-breadth escapes in camp and field; of the murderous exploits which have crowned your glory; they would really warm my under-waistcoat. When I think of them, I feel such strange hot and cold shiverings, that I never before experienced.

Cambacérès. That is a favourable sign, Corsican. But, tell us, have you not some brothers and sisters?

Buonaparte. Yes, worthy chief, I have four brothers and three sisters. They were all mortally terrified when I was under arrest at Nizza, and hid themselves. I know not at present where they are.

Sieyes. What is their profession, or situation?

Buonaparte. One brother is a scribbler to a notary public; the eldest, who not being bright, is fit for every thing, and nothing; the other two are yet young. As for my sisters, they live by their industry, as well as they can, to make both ends meet, as the saying is;

and

and to make it out, I believe they have as many ups and downs in the world as most young girls.

Barras. Are they handsome, well made, and spirited? Bring them to Paris. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Barras *and* Carnot *at a table, with a map of Piedmont, and a plan of fortification.*

Barras. The best pass seems to be this way.

Carnot. No, by no means: there is between these two hills a dangerous marsh.

Barras. Well, the Caitiff has been on the spot, we must ask him.

Carnot. I expect him every moment; Le Brun is gone to bring him——Here he comes.

Enter Buonaparte *and* Le Brun.

Barras. Citizen, we have agreed to the plan you proposed, and you shall be charged with the execution.

Buonaparte (*bowing very humbly*).

Carnot. Are you well acquainted with all the passes bordering on our frontiers? with the neighbouring countries and cities, all the lurking holes, &c.?

Buonaparte. Acquainted? surely am I. I know the outside and inside of Milan, Genoa, Venice, Florence and Rome, as well as I know my own empty coat pocket!

Le Brun. That's brave. (*To* Barras) Let's equip him for the enterprise.

Carnot (*taking hold of* Buonaparte *very familiarly*). By Jove, citizen, the more I look at you the more I expect from your performance.

Barras (*to* Le Brun). Do ring the bell. (*To* Caitiff) Give us your hand, my hearty fellow, depend on my

my friendship and favours. *(Aside)* His ugly phiz bespeaks something mysterious. Who knows but he may one day play us a trick and become our master?

Enter Servant.

Go, desire the officer of the guard to send one of the national arsenal chests hither. [*Exit* Servant.

Carnot. Your first exploit, my friend, will be in your original country, Genoa, Lombardy, &c. &c. The levelling system must be strictly adhered to; the troops under your command shall be well supplied.

Enter Cambacérès *and* Officers *with an arsenal chest, which they set on the table.*

Le Brun (unlocks it, and takes out several daggers). Now, citizen Buonaparte, observe this dagger, it is of the finest tempered steel; every thrust with it must be paid princely; a thrust of one inch deep is worth 100 franks; of two inches, 300; and so on, up to a thousand.

Barras. But if to the depth of life, man, you may fix your own terms.

Le Brun. Here is a new invented glass dagger, a never-failing cure for all royalty and priestcraft fevers. When it is plunged into the patient, it must be suddenly broken close to the orifice, and the flesh drawn over it; the buried part then remains till doomsday. This metal one conceals within it a most subtle poison, plunge it in whatever part of the body you will, you have only to press this little spring, and the messenger of death instantly gallops through every artery, till it reaches the heart.

Cambacérès. These, citizen Buonaparte, are the pledges of our confidence; receive them as a capital that ought to bear a good interest, a golden sacred interest.

Buonaparte. They are refinements in the art; I find them dog cheap. Why, by Jupiter, the faculty are not half so moderate! *(weighing the daggers in his hand)*

hand) You must surely have collected pretty round sums together by these means!

Carnot (in haste). What! what does he say? (*to* Buonaparte) What, citizen, do you compare us to dastardly highwaymen, to housebreakers, and such thievish rabble?

Buonaparte. He, he, he! Oh, no. But you know I am a novice in these refinements in the arts, therefore it doth excite my admiration.

Cambacérès. Your admiration! I own, citizen, you do speak like one ignorant of the consequence of your rank, as a banditto. You should know, that the misfortunes and miscarriages of modern states and governments, are to be attributed to the half-finished, inefficient measures adopted for the public security. Those villains who confine themselves to petty thefts, to burglaries, to taking watches and money from travellers; who break into houses only to empty the drawers, and deflower the virgins of the family, &c., may appear in the eyes of the world less criminal than we; but, I assure you, they deserve to be hanged ten times more for being such fools, to leave speaking witnesses to their atrocities, which, by our system, we destroy in the act; for, when once the lamp of a man's life is blown out, it never burns again.

Buonaparte. You are perfectly in the right. But

Barras. But—what do you mean? Why this hesitation?

Carnot. By Mahomet, I do not understand him.

Buonaparte (in a loud voice). I say, I am quite of your opinion, my worthy chiefs. I was only thinking how I should reconcile my conscience to the sixth commandment!

All (laugh immoderately). Ha, ha, ha!

Buonaparte. You may laugh and welcome. But, hark ye, my friends: don't suppose that Buonaparte wants courage *(holding up his arm)*; this very arm would undertake to murder all the royal families of Europe,

Europe, under your command, my honourable directors. But ——

Le Brun. Come, citizen, this is not the time or place for hesitation; and your want of courage now, can only expose you to the contempt of the whole corps!

Buonaparte. Oh! it was a transitory weakness; excuse it, I pray, I have long ago expelled those idle ideas of vice and virtue, they are fit themes only for monkish impostors, who, with holiness in their mouths, will deceive you with your eyes wide open. Such bugbears are ungracious in the great government of the world. Whoever among us are born to be saved, will be saved, commit what crimes we may; and if the holy father Peter himself be to perish, all his sanctity, supported by all the priestcraft in christendom, cannot prevent it.

Le Brun. It is well said: your philosophy, citizen, is agreeable to our tenets; honour and shame, virtue and vice, love and hatred, hope and despair, will all vanish like a mist in a summer's morning, before our exploits.

Cambacérès. Yes, he has defined them well! they are only empty sounds, or spectres of hideous monsters, invented to torment the brains of fools; nay, honour itself is a bubble. The prodigal and voluptuary rest their honour on being admired by fine girls, on the number of handsome women they can betray, on breeding riots, getting drunk, &c. &c. The general builds his honour on his expertness in stratagems, in reducing cities by treachery, in contriving false intelligence to fall into the enemy's hands, in plundering and devastating the countries and villages through which he passes, as a friend and protector. The divine founds his honour on the effect his holy sermons have on his congregation, prior to his collecting his Easter dues. Lawyers rest their honour on duping their clients, by procrastinating their suits, till they have drained them of all their property, goods, and chattels, and reduced them to beggary. The miser estimates

mates his honor by the bushels of gold he possesses. Authors establish their honor on the report of the literary reviewers; a class of men, whose pens are guided generally by a golden magnet, and whose intellectual penetration often goes no deeper than the title-page, or preface of a book. In fine, every handicraftsman's honor consists in his dexterity and skill in his calling.

Barrere. The definition is accurate; and, I will add, that the profession of a banditto surpasses all others in glory, in liberality, in science, and refinement. We should therefore allow to it the first rank and honor.

All. Amen! so be it. *The curtain drops.*

SCENE XI.

Barras, *and some* Conspirators *of Genoa and Venice.*

Conspirators. Worthy director, by the advice we have received from Italy, our presence is required as soon as possible at home; we are therefore come to take leave of you. Be assured, we shall remember the interest you take in our welfare.

Barras. Be persuaded, citizens, it is my earnest wish to serve you, and I hope the time is not far distant, when our great work of universal equality will finally be established. Assure your friends, we shall not be unmindful of their interest; my friend Buonaparte will shortly arrive in Italy, and although as yet but second in command, you may consult with him as with me.

Conspirators. We may then safely rely on him?

Barras. Rely on him! he is as clever, cunning a scoundrel, as any under the canopy of heaven; he is the very antitype of perfection: for so young a beginner he is, by Jove, a miracle.

Conspirators. It is sufficient, citizen director. Adieu, adieu! (*they shake hands*) Farewell.

[*Exeunt* Conspirators.

Barras (alone). I must rid myself of Josephine; Tallien and she cannot agree. I see they must separate. I have a notion, were I to propose her to Buonaparte——ay, he is an ambitious fellow. Yes, she will suit him to a T. Such a proposal will tickle his pride. I expect him presently. I'll see whether he will blush at it. Oh, here he comes.

Enter Buonaparte.

Well, citizen Brigadier, these fellows are returned to Italy. You must think about following them. *(Lays hold of his hand, and looks very earnestly at him.)* Citizen Buonaparte, I have given you already tokens of my confidence and protection. I mean shortly to shew you my friendship, by your appointment as commander in chief of the corps of banditti, in Italy, which, at present, some of my colleagues object to, on account of your age. However, as the present commander is a very troublesome fellow, he will not long continue in that post. *(Buonaparte bowing very humbly.)* Mean while, I have it perhaps in my power to serve you more effectually still. Tell me, frankly, have you a wife? I mean, are you married?

Buonaparte. No, citizen Director; I have no lawful wife.

Barras. Well, then, have you any objections to a chaste, devout virgin of a widow?

Buonaparte (biting his lips). How is she endowed? What gravity has her purse? I must first know the very centre of it. Mere woman is not the consideration for a banditto who devotes his life to the public good. Is she a perfect mistress of intrigue, so as to be able to be useful in important services?

Barras. I commend your prudence, citizen. I can only tell you, that were her *jewels and louis* put in one scale, and her holy person, with all her virtues, *divine and moral*, in the other, I cannot say which would be the heavier. As to her exterior charms, she is wrinkle-eyed, but of a bright clear sight, and which, like those of most women, sparkle with joy and

and good humour when she is pleased. No female possesses in a higher degree fascinating cunning and intrigue, by which, my friend, you may make the heavy Germans dance a rigadoon as light as the French themselves.

Buonaparte. It is enough, my worthy and approved good master! Submission to your will! who is she?

Barras. You must surely have seen her; she is the noble, chaste Josephine, widow of Beauharnois.

Buonaparte. I recollect her; but I thought she was your confident and friend.

Barras. Right! but she being now arrived at a certain age, wishes once more to lead an honest virtuous life, under the sanction of a lawful husband. I would willingly bestow her on a worthy man. I have portioned her with three hundred thousand franks; *(aside) of....the national money is understood*; which, with what she has scraped and gathered together by *secret services*, since her mournful widowhood, amounts to five hundred thousand at least, exclusive of rings, jewels, &c. of great value. Zounds! man, with her for a wife, you may become another *prophet of Medina.*

Buonaparte. Then you resign her to me?

Barras. Ay, sure do I, with all her appurtenances.

Buonaparte. Well, then, she is mine; and my heart will ever beat *Te Deum* for your gracious bounty.

Barras (shaking hands). Well, my friend, the sooner you depart the better: with your appointment to the chief command, Josephine shall accompany the courier. Ah, citizen?

Enter Sebastiani.

You arrive very luckily; here is your letter of introduction at Venice, which insures you a favourable reception by the Doge, &c. Prepare for your departure immediately with Buonaparte.

Sebastiani. All submission to your will, worthy Di-

rector. (*To* Buonaparte.) Citizen, when do you set off?

Buonaparte. In two hours and twenty-five minutes from this time, *(looks at his watch)*.

[*Exit* Sebastiani.

Barras. Here is your letter, Buonaparte; observe it is addressed to a senior Cafra, a man of great fortune and influence with the Doge of Genoa. This man dotes on the English, and was a sincere friend of a deceased English naval officer, named Norman, of the city of York. You must pass for his son, which the letter will corroborate; besides, you should relate some notable anecdote of heroism, that will warm his old heart: he is an ancient soldier. Salicetti's cousin has already got your sister Eliza introduced as attendant on the Doge's niece, under the name of Duenna. By these means, I doubt not but you will acquire every information of what is going forward, and be able to uproot the whole republic. Maintain a close correspondence with the rest of our missionaries in Venice, Florence, &c. &c. Adieu, adieu!

End of the Second Act.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THIRD ACT.

The Doge of Genoa.
Dufour, *Grand Judge.*
Cafra, *Friend and Confident of the Doge.*
Grimaldi, *Minister.*
Almira, *Niece to the Doge.*
Duenna, *Companion to Almira.*
Norman, *a Stranger, recommended to Cafra.*
Senators, &c.

Conspirators.

Salicetti Caprara, Cardinal Caprara, } *Relations to the Doge.*

Lazotti, Durazzo, Lanzola, Girolamo, Bishop Spina, Bacciochi, *a French Pedlar Merchant.*

Generals of the Banditti.

Buonaparte, Berthier, Augereau, Murat, Massena, Bernadotte, Joubert, Dessaix, &c.

Josephine.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—IN ITALY.—*Camp of the Banditti, near a Wood. The General's Tent.*

Enter Buonaparte.

Buonaparte. CITIZEN General, I am bearer of a letter from the honourable Directory. (*Gives him the letter.*)

General (*reads.*) You are welcome, worthy second. (*Rings.*) Sit down, citizen, sit down.

Enter Servants.

Bring a couple of bottles of Cypress wine, and glasses. Well, citizen, what news from the great city? Of late I have but little correspondence with it. The Directory use me very ill; they will not pay a bill for our troops. By Jove, I know not what to do. I am devilish loth to have recourse to more forced loans and contributions in this impoverished country: the corps has already disgraced itself enough.

Buonaparte. What! General; do you call it a disgrace? It is for the good of the human race. Interest, interest, my dear General, is paramount to all other considerations. Besides, you may rely on it, that there is no cash. It is a fact, by Jove.

General. What, is the treasury really empty? that alters the case materially.

Buonaparte. Exactly so.

General.

General. Well, if it be so, and the treasury is really empty, the case is different.

Buonaparte. Exactly so, General.

General. Then I will no longer demur upon the plan which those profligate conspirators have proposed, to overthrow the different states of Italy.

Buonaparte. I have heard they are brave fellows, and the plans are good.

General. My worthy second, they are of the greatest importance: their ramifications extend from Genoa to Milan; from Milan to Venice; from Venice to Helvetia. These lads insure us the treasures of all these states. Eh! what say you to that? The Ligurian bank will be ours *d'un coup de main.*

Buonaparte. It admits of no hesitation: but, by what means is it to be accomplished?

General. You are as yet a stranger, therefore you know not the niece of the Doge, the beautiful Almira. Observe, then, that this angel is the magnet that attracts round the Doge the most illustrious houses in the state; she is sole heiress of his immense wealth. These prodigal dogs have lost the good opinion of the Doge, and having no chance of obtaining favour, have formed a project to put her out of the way. They are persuaded that then all these courtiers will abandon the old fellow, who will be an easy prey to their machinations. The price they agree to pay for the perpetration is six thousand scudi, payable on this note at the bank (*taking the note out of his pocket-book*), on being indorsed by Signor Salicetti, who is a relation of the Doge.

Buonaparte. Excellent! by all means close with them, General: commit the deed, and get the money without loss of time. Six thousand scudi! Blood! that sum is not to be had every day.

General. That is true; but Heaven restrains my heart. She is so beautiful, I can't determine upon the act. By Jove, she is worth fifty times more alive than dead. O, the angel! I cannot hurt her.

Buonaparte.

Buonaparte. What, General? you a veteran, and have such delicate scruples? Fie upon it! Hurt her! ha, ha, ha! I should be ashamed! I suppose you have not seen these new invented daggers *(shews some)*: I have fifty thousand coming: every man of trust must have one. A stroke of one inch deep will lay any man to sleep. According to the depth the Directory will pay. Pray, what are the regulations for the division of shares in all those taxes, contributions, &c. &c.

General. You speak like an experienced banditto, my worthy second. My share, as chief, is half; yours, as second, is a quarter; and the remainder belongs to them who do the deed. I wish you would undertake the execution of it; you would then be entitled to the other whole half, as second and as perpetrator.

Buonaparte. But where, General, can I meet with this angel?

General. The Doge and his niece walk every evening in the garden of the Doria palace. She often amuses herself in some retired walks, alone.

Buonaparte. You go along with me, don't you? I am a sorry gallant.

General. No; but I will be a secret witness to your dexterity in the art; and will be near enough to assist you in case of need. If you want help, you may whistle, and I will immediately fly to your assistance. We must be properly disguised. I shall wear a domino, as a monk; and you—a—

Buonaparte. I—I will be an infirm old man, worn down with sin and sorrow.

General. Excellent, by Jupiter!

Buonaparte. Well, but General, how deep the stroke?

General. Odzo, hang the depth. Let it only be a good home stroke, or else we lose our scudi. Be you

at

at the entrance of the garden exactly at six o'clock to-morrow evening.

Buonaparte. Exactly at six. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

BUONAPARTE'S TENT.—Buonaparte *and* Murat *in their uniforms.*

Buonaparte. Well, we begin our operations to-morrow evening. By one single stroke we shall get six thousand scudi.

Murat. Are you agreed with the general in chief? or do you think it best to send him to the devil at once?

Buonaparte. The latter, I am convinced, is the shortest means to accomplish our ends. You must meet me to-morrow evening at six o'clock, at the Doria garden gate; be disguised in a green cloak, and have a black patch under your left eye. I shall be there in the character of an old man; near me you will see a monk in a domino, keep a close watch upon him; when you hear a whistle in the garden, you will see this monk run towards the place, then you rush upon him, plunge your best dagger in his breast, and escape out of the gardens as fast as prudence guides.

Murat. Punctual to your orders, my chief: exactly at six. [*Exit* Murat.

Buonaparte (alone). Ay, ay, a home stroke! Yes, yes, a home stroke, it shall be my worthy general; such an one, as will completely fix me in the chief command of the banditti in Italy: I'll not wait for that lingering decision which generally attends gifts of favor; no, I'll confer the obligation on myself, I will no longer grovel as a tool to superiors, I will be a Jason with three heads, and will perform the character of a friend, a gallant, and murderer. Ah! old Cafra little suspects that he received a wolf in lamb's clothing. The old fellow is very kind, and caresses me as his

son, and the Doge also shews me favor beyond my expectation, more particularly supposing me English. *(After a pause)* Well, they, as well as my worthies in France, shall rue their confidence in me *(walking about much agitated)*. Yes, Buonaparte, thou alone shalt decide on the destinies of states! Before thee shall the nations of the earth bow down and tremble! Ay, all the beggarly assassins of Europe and Asia must apply to me, and bear the keys of all the public treasures in their hands. Now, Buonaparte, is the time, succeed you must, or die. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

DINING ROOM IN THE DOGE'S PALACE.—*The* Doge, Dufour, *and* Cafra, *at table drinking.* Almira *and* Duenna *rise and retire.*

Almira. Shall we see you in the garden by and by, dear uncle?

Doge. Yes, my dear. [*Exeunt* Almira *and* Duenna.

Dufour. My heart glows warm when I recollect that foggy night! we carried the battery most bravely, and levelled the half moon on the ditches before day; by heavens, we fought like lions. Gracious Sir, I owe all my fame in camp and field to the honour of fighting under the Great Doreas, in the service of the Emperor. The Turks, by their fierce resistance, gave a brilliancy to our arms.

Doge (laughing). Ha, ha, ha! I really believe the Candian wine is got into thy head. Ah, Cafra!

Dufour. Excuse me, gracious Sir, it is the recollection of that steady firmness which always marks your character; and there is not a crowned head in Europe but will allow you that merit. Ah! I dread the moment when it shall please God to deprive the world of the wise counsels of the great Andreas Doreas. Alas! then farewell to all steady systems of government! all must then infallibly fall a prey to anarchy, pillage, and destruction.

Doge.

Doge. What dost think, then, we have no hopeful young heroes to succeed us?

Dufour. Alas! gracious Sir, heroes we have; but their exploits are with the punch bowl, or in the camp of Venus: in other rencontres they are nerveless fops.

Cafra. Hold, friend; I deny the assertion. I insist that we have young men, who inherit from their ancestors bravery, honour, and talents. Besides, are not our wives now nursing heroes to succeed us? My little nephew Gritto, who you know is only six years old, called out the other day, Papa, can't I become an Alexander the Great! So don't let us think the final glory of Italy will be interred in our tombs.

Doge. Bravo, little Gritto! No, no; never fear, our virtues will survive us.

Dufour. I have no hopes that they will shine forth in our present race of debauched youth: their ash-coloured faces, hollow black-circled eyes, and carbuncled noses, sufficiently characterise their heroism.

Cafra. And again, there is our friend Norman; you surely don't include him?

Dufour. I know him not.

Cafra. Then forbear your censures. His father was my friend, and as brave a man as ever brandished a sabre. We served together many years on board the same ship. This young man is the father himself, in body and soul. *(To the* Doge.) Yes, gracious Sir, while we possess this Englishman, all Italy is secure.

Dufour. What! is he an Englishman, do you say?

Cafra. Yes, an Englishman, and the pride of England; and one day he will make Liguria proud too.

Doge (taking both by the hand). Well, come, we'll take a turn in the garden.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

THE DORIA GARDEN.—*On the right is a grotto, with a seat; on the left several alleys, over-shaded by trees and shrubs.*

Enter Doge, Cafra, *and* Dufour.

Doge. I must confess that this stranger has won my heart, by the anxiety he shews in discovering the retreat of the infamous banditti which beset us on all sides. I had never the happiness to taste the endearments of a father, but methinks I could almost imagine him to be my own son. The very name of an Englishman is enough to gain my esteem and good-will. But where is the rogue raking? I have not seen him these three weeks.

Cafra. Ah, gracious Sir, he will prove himself worthy. He is now in pursuit of the prey he has sworn to get in his net. All his misfortunes and sufferings are now forgotten in his ardour to convince your Grace of his worthiness, and he will be highly compensated by your confidence.

Doge (surprised). His misfortunes, say you! What misfortunes?

Cafra Pardon me; I mean the sufferings he endured before he came here: they were indeed great.

Doge. How? In what?

Cafra. Gracious Sir, his modesty enjoined me secrecy; but at the great Dorea's desire, I must relate them, as he related them to me. Norman was, early in his youth, inured to the fatigues and dangers of the boisterous ocean, over which the British trident rides triumphant. After having distinguished himself in several partial engagements with the enemy, he was appointed to command the Glorious man of war, on a cruise in the Bay of Biscay. In a short time, he fell in with three French ships, each of equal force with his own——

Dufour

Dufour (in haste). Ha, ha! He ran away, I suppose?

Cafra. I suppose he did not, though. No, no; Norman scorned to run from any force coming out of a Gallic port. However, that he might not be blamed for rashness, he called all hands on deck: then pointing to the enemy, he said: Behold yonder, my lads, is your enemy, at least three times our strength; but their ships are not manned with British tars. Now, my brave fellows, although I should regret the loss of a finger nail of any one of you, to fly from them would be a disgrace I could not survive. Your united votes, therefore, shall guide my determination. (*A pause of a few minutes succeeded; Norman then called out.*) Silence, my lads, is no vote. Immediately the air, and even the raging billows, resounded, Long live our captain, king, and country! Have at them! have at them! have at them! was shouted from every mouth.

Doge. Well; what followed?

Cafra. Please your Grace, they fell to it, as the phrase is. The contest was most bloody. In about half an hour, one of the enemy blew up, and near four hundred souls were scattered in the air. Just at this moment, the Glorious was discovered to be lashed yard-arm and yard-arm, to one of the other ships, and but for the cool intrepidity of the sturdy crew, Norman must have surrendered.

Doge. Well, and——

Cafra. However, after a great slaughter, the Glorious was extricated, and the fight continued with redoubled fury, until another of the enemy sheered off, but sunk at about two cables' length distance. Here was exemplified an instance of true British magnanimity. Although still in close combat with the third ship, Norman, with a heroism that is the characteristic of a British sailor, ordered out his ship boats to the assistance of the unfortunate French sailors, plunging in the deep, and crying for help. Seventy-five

were

were picked up by his brave crew, and brought on board the Glorious.

Dufour. Their own countrymen assisted also to save them; did they not?

Cafra. No; on the contrary, they took the advantage of this moment, and redoubled their attack. The fight continued some time longer, till the sides of the Glorious were like a cabbage net, and the enemy, being unable longer to contend, each ship found it necessary to seek for the nearest coast, which was France. Norman, finding it impossible to keep his ship afloat, dread necessity obliged him to order his brave crew, with the seventy-five French, ashore; he staying on board himself till the last man.

Doge. The sequel!

Cafra. Oh, to the disgrace of humanity, did the French load our hero with chains; throw him in prison, and keep him on bread and water for six weeks, when he luckily made his escape. Good fortune brought him hither. Out of respect for his noble father, I received him as my own son, and introduced him to your Grace.

Doge. Why didst thou not tell me before? I am always the friend of the brave.

Dufour. As a soldier I esteem him, and court his acquaintance; as a man I pity his misfortunes.

Doge. But how can he hope to succeed against this execrable rabble, when all the vigilance of our police cannot? Hast thou any news of him? Hush! somebody comes this way. Let us retire.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Almira *and* Duenna, *on the opposite side.*

Almira (looking after the Doge). See, there goes my uncle, with Cafra and Dufour; they are quite merry this evening.

Duenna.

Duenna. Perhaps they are speaking of their youthful adventures. A propos, my dear Almira, when did you see Salicetti?

Almira. Why do you call him to my mind, when I have quite forgot him!

Duenna. Quite forgot him, I dare say! Take care, take care, Almira! But I must confess myself, that I cannot blame your attachment; for had he cast a look of tenderness on me, I think I should not have been angry with him for it. But you know, my dear, the Doge will never give his niece in marriage to such a rake.

Almira (quick). In marriage! Who talks of marriage?

Duenna. Oh, perhaps he is already engaged; who knows?

Almira. How can you delight to torment me so?

Duenna. Ah! Almira, every love-sick maiden is too apt to be led by a delusive hope.

Almira. Alas! Duenna, I don't mean love *(looking embarrassed at her fan)*—I—I—only wish to be his friend; and surely he deserves my friendship. Heigho! Yes, I think he deserves a great deal more.

Duenna. Love and friendship! Ah, Almira, little do you think of the intimacy between these two guests! Know you, they are companions; they frequently change dress, and assume each others character. Love often gains admittance to the human heart under the cloak of friendship; and draws after it all the train of sighs, tears, tremblings, flutterings, sobbings, throbbings, with all their attendant woes: therefore, my dear friend, beware; I warn you.

Almira. Well, I think, now I could be almost angry with him.

Duenna. Ah! Almira, I doubt your resolution.

Almira. Well, then, I do not love him. There, now.

Duenna. He, he, he! Very well, very well; I understand.

understand. We will speak further upon that subject hereafter. I must now go to see if the Doge be returned to the palace. I will be with you again presently.

[*Exit* Duenna.

Almira (walking slowly about, sighing). I cannot, however, be angry with him; although, I believe, he does not love me half so much as he ought. Heigho! it is very long since he was at the palace.

Enter Buonaparte, *dressed like an old Man, leaning on a crutch, and advancing with difficulty towards where* Almira *is. The* General, *in his domino, now and then is seen peeping at a distance.*

Buonaparte (seeing Almira). O gods! what a feast for an epicure of virginity! What lovely features, compared with those masculine figures which I am accustomed to. (*As he approaches, in a faultering voice.*) Ah! yonder, yonder I see a seat, where I can rest a little, Heavens be praised!

Almira. Poor old man!

Buonaparte (staggering from weakness). Oh, oh! dear me!

Almira. I will assist thee, poor man! (*She lays hold of him.*) Come, take hold of my arm.

Buonaparte. Ah, good Signora! Heaven bless your bounty! Alas! I am now an old man; seventy-six last fall.

Almira. Seventy-six. Bless me!

Buonaparte. Yes, seventy-six complete. But these years would not be so heavy upon me, had they not been accompanied with many times seventy-six misfortunes. Alas! Signora, I am a second Job on earth.

Almira (being arrived at the seat). Here, sit down, poor old man! and relate to me your misfortunes.

Buonaparte (sitting down, trembling.) Ah, my good

and

and bountiful Signora! I had once a dear object after my own heart (*wiping his eyes*), and—she—

Almira. Did she die?

Buonaparte. Alas, dead she is indeed. A finer, and, I thought, a more innocent angel, never lived. She was betrothed to me, for I loved her (*he weeps*). Alas, she was torn from me!

Almira. How! torn from you! That was indeed cruel, very cruel! By whom, pray?

Buonaparte. A good for nothing fellow; a scoundrel of a noble corrupted her morals, robbed her of her chastity, and then, instead of mountains of gold, and mines of diamonds, as he had repeatedly promised, he basely turned her adrift, to wretchedness and woe!

Almira. Poor creature!

Buonaparte. Ay: the poor deluded victim returned to me; repented of her error; I forgave; but her conscience was too much afflicted to be appeased. Being no longer able to conceal her shame, grief hung heavy on her heart, and, in a fit of melancholy and despair, she threw herself headlong into the river. I lodged a complaint against the villain, her betrayer; but the only satisfaction I could obtain, was to have a long list of his pedigree shewn me. To stop all further pursuit, I was arrested and imprisoned. Ah, good Signora! what can we poor people do? Good heavens! the rich laugh us to scorn; mock our poverty; seduce our wives and daughters, and we dare not remonstrate. This is now the fashion of the world.

Almira. Endeavour, poor man! to forget thy sufferings. How do you find yourself now?

Buonaparte (sighing). Gracious lady! I think a little better, thanks to your bounty. May I know to whose kindness I am indebted. Are you not the niece of the noble Doge, Doreas?

Almira. The same.

Buonaparte. Oh, how wonderful are the works of

 God!

God! Heaven has brought me hither to save your precious life.

Almira. What do you say? Save my life! Explain.

Buonaparte. Yes, Signora. Gracious God! what wickedness there is in the world! I will tell you, sweet lady: villains want to murder you.

Almira (falls back on the seat). What! murder, murder me. Who?

Buonaparte. Be composed! you are safe with me. You shall presently see the villain laid prostrate before you. Mind, I forbid you to make the least alarm.

(He whistles; the General *runs towards the grotto, and is met by* Murat, *who stabs him, and runs off, through the bushes).*

Almira. Oh, gracious Heaven!

Buonaparte. If you make the least noise, you are a dead woman! (*He goes to the corpse, which is not quite dead.)* What, my worthy chief, are you fallen a victim to some vile wretch?

General (in the agonies of death). Ah, Buonaparte! why didst thou not come to my assistance? Oh, oh!

Buonaparte. Be comforted, worthy chief! never fear but we shall discover the murderous hand. Be comforted; for *beatus qui mortuus est in Domino.*

General. God forgive me! (*Expires.*)

Buonaparte (searches the General's *pockets; among the papers he finds the check for the six thousand scudi; then turning to* Almira). By heavens, fair lady, you had a narrow escape.

Almira. I'll fly to my uncle. Oh, thou monster! (*She rises to go.*)

Buonaparte. No; I forbid it (*in exerting himself to stop her, he discovers his disguise; she shrieks, and calls* Duenna). Not a word, my lady; not a word.

Behold

Behold in me the commander in chief of the banditti, which your uncle has set so high a price on. Look at me. O, thou beautiful angel! thou must be the price of my protection. Come, one smile from those lovely lips. (*Clasps her in his arms.*) Thus will I riot all night.

Almira (*waving her hand*). Avaunt, wretch! avaunt, murderer.

Buonaparte (*kisses her again*). There, now, go and tell thy uncle, that thou art betrothed to Buonaparte, the great banditto; and moreover, tell him, that I will shortly pay him a visit.

[*Exit* Almira.

Now, Buonaparte, thou art master. (*Looks at the corpse in silence.*) Yes; now thy genius, like a comet, will blaze to terrify mankind, and draw into its vortex all the satellites of the world. (*Turns his cloak.*) I think I see Duenna. I must away, and procure the signature for the cash. (*To the corpse.*) Adieu, General. [*Exit* Buonaparte.

SCENE VI.

A Room in Salicetti's Hotel.—Salicetti *reading the Moniteur.*

Enter Buonaparte.

Buonaparte. Good evening, citizen. (*Looking about him.*)

Salicetti. Your business, citizen?

Buonaparte. I hold an obligation, from the General of the banditti, for your indorsement. (*Holds it to him.*) Six thousand scudi; the price you put on the beautiful head of Almira. The deed is done; it is just done. I know not how the devil the General and his friends will escape, there is such an uproar about this affair.

Salicetti. Is she then dispatched?

Buonaparte. Dispatched! surely is she; and the General said her beauty was worth ten times the sum.

Salicetti (*distracted*). Alas, poor Almira! she is then gone. God knows I never intended it. (*To* Buonaparte.) Is she then dead?

Buonaparte. Dead, dead! Come, man, I cannot stand here talking. Here, sign your name quickly; the police are every where on the hunt.

Salicetti (*signs the paper*). Heigho!

Buonaparte (*takes the paper*). Adieu, adieu!

[*Exit* Buonaparte.

Salicetti (*walking about, quite distracted*). Yes, she is gone. Now there is no retreat.

Enter Lazotti, Lanzola, *and* Girolamo.

Well, Lazotti, what news?

Lazotti. Have you not heard the report? Tell me, have you sent out against Almira?

Salicetti. I? not I, indeed. Why, who says so?

Lazotti. The report is, that she is murdered in the Doria gardens, and that the Doge is aware of a conspiracy against the state.

Gerolamo. The old fellow is mad; stark mad.

Lazotti. Be on your guard, Salicetti; you know the Doge is terrible as a lion, and cunning as a fox.

Salicetti. The Doge! he is an old fool, a good soldier he may be; he is my relation; but that is all.

Lanzola. And then, since that Englishman is about him, he is as proud as a clown dressed in scarlet.

Lazotti. The upstart nobility hang on his humour like puppets, which nod and shake at the will of a shewman.

Enter Durazza.

Durazza. Holo, here! what in the devil's name are you about? The whole city is in an uproar: the General

General of the banditti has been murdered in the Doria gardens, and the Doge's niece has been frightened into fits.

Salicetti. Almira frightened! She, poor soul! is dead, you blockhead.

Durazza. That she is not! I swear I saw her an hour ago in the palace: she looks very pale after her fright. If the six thousand scudi are paid, we are finely duped.

Salicetti. Odze blood! she is dead, and the six thousand scudi are paid; that is certain.

Girolamo. Ay, I never approved of payment before hand, especially at a time when we have not a shilling to cross our mistresses with.

Salicetti. Confusion! if we are duped, where shall we recruit our stock? We have but a few scudi left.

Lazotti. My private concerns are expressly in the same dilemma. In the morning my uncivil creditors hammer my doors to pieces, and break my peaceful slumbers: they watch me all day like a cat after a mouse, and at night I am lulled to sleep by their lamentable hymns of distress, which are enough, by Jupiter, to move the very marble pillars in my hall. I think we had better at once return to our filial duty.

Durazzo. By heavens! Lazotti will shortly become a saint.

Salicetti. That is generally the way with old sinners. I am not one of your lads who are dejected at a rebuff. Although disappointed in my plan of inheriting the fortune of my old relation the Doge; yet you shall see I will face about, till I lay all sprawling at my feet.

Lazotti. That is well said; but what are we to do for resources? I tell you I am completely done up; and what is worse, I find, that my education will not assist me: my arithmetic goes no further than the numeration of my ten fingers; and my grammar ends in *hic, hæc, hoc.*

Durazzo,

Durazzo. Never be down-hearted! Low in purse and low in spirit is hell itself. My brave fellow, let us shew the world that we do not tremble at a bugbear, or start at the popping of a cracker, or the rattling of hail stones. I say, do you know we have a new recruit?

Salicetti. Has he cash?

Girolamo. No doubt; few of his class but have. It is the Cardinal: he has been a good while dissatisfied with the present system.

Lanzola. Are you mad, Durazzo? It is impossible.

Durazzo. I'faith, it is true. In him we have an argus, a fox; and what is more—a monk. The Doge is aware of his schism, and so distracted, that he seems for all the world as if he had lost his wits in the morning, and is looking for them all day.

Lazotti. Well, but the question is, how or where are we to recruit?

Girolamo. Hark ye, Lazotti. Thy old uncle, thou knowest, has chests upon chests of gold: kick him out of the world.

Lazotti. That might be done, it is true; but such an expedient goes against me.

Enter Bacciochi.

Salicetti. It is a pity so much money should lie to become mouldy. I tell thee what; not to imbrue thy hands in the old fellow's blood, we can apply to Buonaparte, who is now at the head of the banditti: he is the fellow; such acts sit as easy on his conscience as a cordial in a morning. Bacciochi, will you speak to him?

Bacciochi. Ay; then the business will soon be done.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

THE CAMP OF THE BANDITTI, NEAR A FOREST.—*The General's head quarters, near the river Genoa.* Buonaparte *in his tent, on which is the cap of liberty. He is sitting at a table, folding up a letter.*

Buonaparte (*rises from his seat*). It is rather strange I have not heard from Paris: they will be devilishly surprised to hear the General is murdered. (*Something brushes past him*). What! what is that? (*It passes him again, and he receives a slap on the back of the hand as cold as ice*). Ah, ah! what can it be? The General's ghost, mayhap. (*Looks round frightened, then rings the bell.*)

Enter Ensign.

Here, speed with these instructions to General Augereau's quarters. Give the letter into his own hand.

Ensign. Here is just arrived a messenger from the great city.

Buonaparte. Tell some one to conduct him here.

[*Exit* Ensign.

Enter an Ensign *and* Messenger.

Ensign, how long has this young man been in the camp? (*Looks at the Messenger.*) Well, citizen, are you a volunteer? whence come you?

Messenger (*eying him very significantly*). Citizen General in chief, I am a volunteer in the service, and am bearer of dispatches for Buonaparte, second in command.

Buonaparte. You may give them to me; I will convey them to him.

Messenger. My orders were to deliver them to none but himself: to Buonaparte, second in command. The address is so.

Buonaparte. You must be mistaken, citizen; Buonaparte

naparte is not second in command. Let me see the address on the dispatch. (*The* Messenger *pulls it from his pocket*; Buonaparte *takes hold of it.*) Well, citizen, I will deliver it to him.

Messenger. But pray, General—my orders——

Buonaparte. But pray, citizen, I have no orders to receive. (*Rings.*) Here, Grenadier, take charge of this young fellow.

Messenger. But pray, General—

Buonaparte. Quick, quick! Away with him!

[*Exeunt* Grenadier *and* Messenger.

(*Breaks open the dispatch, and reads.*) "My worthy "friend Buonaparte; I have not been unmindful of "thy interest: inclosed is your brevet, which appoints "you commander in chief of the whole corps of ban-"ditti in Italy. I recommend the bearer of this to thy "regard, as an useful subject. Salut, BARRAS."—Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Buonaparte appointed commander in chief. Ha, ha, ha! Bravo, friend Barras! I thank you. However, as he speaks favourably of the young man, I will see him to-morrow. I must now away to the den of those rascals of conspirators. Bacciochi says they expect me, and the game is good.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

A ROOM IN SALICETTI'S HOTEL.

Salicetti (sitting alone at a table, covered with bottles, glasses, papers, books, inkstands, &c. in the greatest confusion). Heigho! nobody yet come. Curse such creeping souls! it is enough to drive one distracted. Some of our friends murdered; others arrested. We have still a hardy champion in Buonaparte; he boldly offers his service by public advertisement, so that we may yet survive our misfortunes. Oh, here they come.

Enter

Enter Lazotti, Lanzola, *and* Durazzo.

Salicetti (*angrily*). Where the devil have you been so late? Where is the Bishop?

Lazotti. The Bishop, eh! We left him distributing extreme unction, while we went in quest of information. Where are the instruments you spoke of?

Salicetti. Oh, what of the instruments, without a heart and arm to use them! The fellow has not brought them.

Enter Salicetti's Servant, *a German.*

Servant. Sir, dere is a Merchant says you did say him do come here.

Salicetti. Shew him up. [*Exit* Servant.

Enter Merchant, *in a short-skirted coat, long embroidered silk waistcoat, long ruffles, a small cocked hat, and cropt hair.*

Merchant. Gentlemen, your most obedient humble servant. I have brought your honour the new-invented daggers and cephalic powder I mentioned to your honour yesterday. (*He opens the box*). These are the enchanting prickers.

All (*examine them*). Enchanting prickers! a noble invention truly. Where is the manufactory?

Merchant. Paris, gentlemen: new from Paris.

Salicetti. What countryman are you?

Merchant. I am by birth a Frenchman, your honour; but for these five years I have been of any country.

Durazza. Why so? Did you emigrate at the breaking out of the revolution?

Merchant. Ah, bless your honour! my sufferings are not to be imagined; indeed they are almost incredible. Alas! France is become a den of thieves; a nest of assassins. (*Weeps.*) Pray, forgive me: my

poor wife, and three innocent infant babes, fell victims to terror and destruction. You must know, gentlemen, I was a zealous royalist: I loved my king with all my soul; I was as happy as riches and honours could make me; my residence was the seat of every human comfort, till my adored monarch was basely murdered. The bloodhounds then sought after me: I had luckily escaped, and lay concealed for a few weeks; till I, supposing their rage was a little subsided, returned to the neighbourhood of my mansion; when, lo! dreadful to behold, (*weeps bitterly*) forgive me, your honours;—when, lo! of all my property not a vestige was left but ruins, and the limbs of my beloved wife and children, lying scattered about, rendered bare by the ravenous beasts and birds of prey. Ah! gentlemen, that country, once the pride of monarchs, the envy of the world, is now sunk, beyond redemption, into fathomless perdition. It is become a hell on earth. Oh, gracious Heaven! I would I were not a Frenchman!

Lanzola. Well, friend, let us see what you have got to shew us.

Merchant. Indeed, gentlemen, I had almost forgotten. I have here some new cephalic and sympathetic nose powders. Observe this double-lidded box: at this end is the new-invented amorous snuff, which no gentleman of gallantry should be without. Present it to any lady whose compliance you wish, and you succeed. One single pinch is sufficient to gain a young unmarried woman, or a virgin under twenty. For a married lady under thirty, three pinches. For a widow under forty, two pinches will do, if repeated the same evening. Your honours may then conceive what an invaluable composition it is.

All. Well, proceed.

Merchant. This end of the box contains the Gallic sympathetic powder, a most wonderful antidote to royalty and priestcraft. A single pinch, offered in a friendly way to any one you want to rid the world of, does the business instantaneously. It spreads rapidly round

round the pericraneum, condenses the brain, and your man falls and expires at your feet as if by the visitation of God. These powders keep their qualities for any length of time, and half a pound is enough to dispatch ten thousand anti-republicans. Thus you see, gentlemen, what a degree of improvement regenerated Frenchmen have brought the arts to. Pray, have none of you been in France since the revolution?

All. Not lately.

Merchant. No; bless me! you astonish me; then you can have no idea of the refinements of the age. (*With vivacity.*) By the revolution, France is become a paradise, and Paris the centre of *bon goût*, of elegance, of all the luxuries and sensual pleasures of the world. Oh, what delights in that queen of cities! (*Skipping about.*) France for ever! gentlemen. France is now heaven on earth; the French are angels. Your most obedient humble servant.

[*Exit* Merchant.

Salicetti. What a strange fellow! There is volatility to a vengeance!

Durazzo. Ay, by Jove, the Frenchman to perfection! The most horrid and gloomy despondency is in an instant smothered in a blaze of ecstasy. A Frenchman can assume any character, except that of constancy.

Lazotti. Add that of honour and sincerity too.

Girolamo. Grief and joy, love and despair, are all equally natural to him; and I have no doubt but such a fellow as this would be easily prevailed upon to murder his mother for the enjoyment of his sister.

Enter Bacciochi, *all heated and bloody.*

Bacciochi. Holo! citizens, holo! How are you, my lads? how are you?

All. Ah, Bacciochi! where in the devil's name have you been?

Lazotti. What have you been about? Have you had a row at your billiard or pharo table, ah?

Bacciochi. Oh, no; that is nothing. I am daily accustomed to such squabbles. (*Throws off his cloak.*) Come, give us a glass of wine. Bhrr! I am horrid dry. Come, fill the glasses.

Salicetti (fills the glasses). Thou art as hot as if thou camest from a fencing school.

Bacciochi (drinks). Truce with your wit; psbaw! Come, fill the glass again. We have had fine fun, my lads. (*Drinks.*) Bhrr! (*Tears open his waistcoat.*) Look here, my boys: it is only a cut of a sabre, about two inches deep; that's all.

Durazzo. How camest thou by it?

Bacciochi. I have had a narrow escape; never mind! Come, sit down, and I will relate to you the whole of this infernal affair. I have been at a rencontre between a party of the banditti and the police, with Grimaldi at their head. Bhrr! (*shaking himself.*) Come, I shall have a fever if I don't drink. Another glass, quickly; dispatch! (*Drinks.*) Now, attend. Bhrr! Towards nightfall I went, as you know, in quest of Buonaparte. I was disguised, mind ye. I met with a fellow, who answering the catch word, I found was one of the gang. I bought his confidence, and he conducted me through different windings and turnings till we came to a dark passage, where he blindfolded me, and then brought me to the door of the committee room. He now took off my bandage. I looked for Buonaparte, but he was not there. I was a little alarmed among such a group of devils, not one of whom I knew. I immediately threw a handful of money on the table, and conjured them, in the name of equality, to use dispatch in their deliberations. I gave them to understand that the price would be princely, the quicker Dufour, Cafra, and Lazotti's uncle were sent out of the world. All on a sudden the doors were broken open, and a party of the police burst into the room, with Grimaldi at their head. He is a terrible fellow! With a voice like thunder, he called

called out, Surrender, ruffians! surrender to the Doge! The banditti fled on all sides. But an officer, I think it was Murat, cried out, Satan, prince of hell, shall fall first! On this a scuffle ensued, and the sabres were brandished most unmercifully. I knocked out the lights, to have a better chance to escape; but at that moment I received this slice on my breast. I then sprang through a window, and made the best of my way over different garden walls till I found myself safe here.

Salicetti. S'death and fury! why could I not have been there?

Durazzo. But how the devil did the police find out that retreat?

Lazotti. There is the thing. It is surely that devil of an Englishman they call Norman. Come, here is death and confusion to him!

All (drink). Huzza, huzza!

Enter Servant, *a German.*

Servant. Please your honour, there is a person who desires to speak to your honour.

Salicetti. What is his name? Tell him I shall be in in a few minutes.

Servant. He won't tell me his name; but he speaks like de same jentleman as beat me wit de haunch of venison he sent your honour.

[*Exit* Bacciochi.

Salicetti. Shew him up presently. I think it is a spy. Let us be prepared. [*Exit* Servant.

Scene changes to the Hall.

Servant (to the stranger). Sir, my lord is not in; he is *out gefarht*, but will return in a moment. Please sit down; I will *bescheit* you when he comes. What is your name?

Buonaparte. You are an impudent scoundrel! I'll teach

teach you to use such language to gentlefolks, I warrant you. (*Canes him.*)

Servant. O geminy, geminy! I peg your bardon. (*Falls on his knees.*) Oh, Mr. Puonaparte! pray, vorgive me. Blease come up stairs. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to the Apartment.

Enter Buonaparte.

Buonaparte. Good evening, gentlemen; good evening.

Durazzo. Very familiar, indeed!

Girolama. What is your business, Sir? Who are you?

Buonaparte. What, citizens, not know me! not know inoffensive Buonaparte.

All. Thou art an impostor! (*Draw their swords.*)

Buonaparte. Hold, citizens, I am your friend, do ye see. I am come for custom. I am told you wanted to speak to Buonaparte: I am that holy one anointed; therefore mistrust not, but consult with me on your weighty affairs. (*Throws off his cloak, and his patch from his eye.*) Now do ye know me?

Lazotti. Well, but what custom do you expect here, amongst us honest men?

Buonaparte. Oh, for that matter, we are all honest. I want to speak with one Lazotti, who they tell me has an uncle he wishes to get rid of. Have you not seen my advertisement and proclamation to the states of Italy?

Durazzo. Yes; and if you be the author, you must be a very clever fellow.

Buonaparte. Do you really think so? Why, do ye see, I consider it my duty to stand forward as the champion of humanity, to oblige my friends. At my outsetting in trade, I was constrained to become sharper in my own defence; and since that time my business increases *ad infinitum*. You all know the severe loss I have

have lately suffered, in the death of my worthy chief, your good friend; by which the weighty charge of commander in chief is devolved on me. It was a propitious omen! for, do ye know, at the very hour the General expired in the gardens, my army had a glorious rencontre at Arcole; and I have just now received advice, that the gates of Milan and Venice will be opened to the noble corps on the appearance of the van. I must post away to settle the dispositions. We will pursue these dastardly slaves of royalty to extermination. Those wretches have sent me five hundred thousand florins to stop my march; but that sum will have a contrary effect; my legions will be the quicker for it, and their own will be retarded. Not a chief of brigade in their army but shall be influenced, and made to miss his rout, and give me the plan of their dispositions at every movement. But time is precious; I must go; so adieu.

Salicetti (laying hold of him). We must be better acquainted. Was it you who sent me the venison? it was exceeding good.

Buonaparte. Was the venison good?

Salicetti. It was excellent, and I thank you. (*To* Durazzo.) Fill the glasses. Here is success to equality and liberty!

All. Huzza, huzza!

Buonaparte. So, then, you think the General is better dead than alive?

Salicetti. I don't understand you; I speak of the venison you sent me after you beat it upon my servant's back.

Buonaparte. I also speak of that haunch; the devil bless you with it! It was the right thigh of your friend the General; I expected it would be a dainty. I was induced to lay it over your servant's back, to make it tender as well as to teach him better manners. When I asked him where his master was, he returned me an impertinent answer; for which I caned him most unmercifully.

Salicetti. You are a perfect production of nature. *(To* Durazzo.) Come, fill the glasses.

Buonaparte. Well, here is the Cardinal's good health. *(Drinks.)* Brr! he sends his compliments. The wine is good, and I enjoy good things much.

Lazotti. What the devil, do you know the Cardinal?

Buonaparte. Know him! Hi, hi! Sure don't all the church court me, knowing that I am descended from holy blood?

Durazzo. Truly, to judge by that sanctified forehead, one can't much doubt of it.

Enter Bacciochi.

Buonaparte. Well, come, to business, or I must go: the question is Lazotti's uncle.

Bacciochi. Ay, to the point. Lazotti's uncle is an old man. But we have two or three others.

All. You understand; a dispatch—

Buonaparte. To the next world, is it not?

Salicetti. Yes; but what are your terms? The General was moderate in his charges.

Buonaparte. I must first know what character my man is. If a respectable, honest man, of a moral, inoffensive conduct, and such as is generally reputed a good man, my terms are a little high.

Bacciochi. Two of them are such as the world calls good men; they seldom frequent the pharo table: but the others are notoriously bad.

Buonaparte. Well, then, for the former I ask six hundred louis per head; for the latter four hundred.

All. That is very dear.

Buonaparte. Look ye, gentlemen; since I am become master, I have established regulations, in order to render the profession respectable; I therefore estimate by the character. The more brave and unblemished

mished my man is, the dearer is his head; and you all know, that honour and integrity are as rare now a days, as white crows or black swans; therefore, not to be met with every day. On the contrary, the more scoundrel and villainous he be, the cheaper I hold him; for the world is over-run with them, as with sparrows. But observe, that, for a very complete scoundrel, I am dog cheap. For instance, I would send all of *you* to the devil for a mere trifle.

Salicetti. Thou art a merry scoundrel, that is true. Come, here's half thou askest (*holding his purse*).

Buonaparte (*shaking his head*). I never bate; I tell you pure blood is scarce.

Lazotti (*low to* Bacciochi). Lend us a hundred.

Durazzo. Here; take my last scudi (*throws his purse*). One hundred.

Salicetti. Ditto for Cafra and Dufour.

Lazotti (*receiving a purse from* Bacciochi). Ditto for my old uncle.

Bacciochi. Ditto, ditto. Do thy business well, my worthy friend.

Buonaparte (*catches the purses, and tosses them in his hand*). Hi, hi, hi! Ay, ay, before to-morrow's light, their eyes shall close for ever! Good night, good night. [*Exit* Buonaparte.

Salicetti (*fills the glasses*). Come, here goes. Success!

All. Bravo! Success. (*Drink.*)

Durazzo. I hear, Bacciochi, you are appointed secretary to the grand council, and inspector to the arsenal.

Bacciochi. Yes, so it is. I have already paid two thousand scudi for it. I shall take possession on Monday.

All. You must have some good friend somewhere, by Jove.

Bacciochi. Money makes friends: come, let us retire.

Salicetti. We'll meet again to-morrow.

[*Exeunt all.*

SCENE IX.

THE DOGE'S PALACE.—*Enter* Cafra *and* Duenna.

Cafra. Well, my Duenna, how does your good lady Almira do after her fright?

Duenna. She is much better than I expected; she is trying to settle her mind on the harp this morning.

Cafra. What is the rascal's name; I cannot recollect it?

Duenna. Buon, Buon, some such name. He must surely be a supernatural being! for no intelligence can be obtained of him, notwithstanding the vigilance of the police, and the high reward offered for his head.

Cafra. But some of the gang have been taken however, I find, and it gives me pleasure to hear Norman is the means.

Duenna. Is he arrived?

Cafra. No, but I expect him every moment.

Duenna. I will then inform Almira of this news. Adieu, Signor! [*Exit* Duenna.

Cafra. Yonder comes Norman, he looks fatigued.

Enter Norman.

Welcome to my arms, thou adopted child of my heart, henceforth call me father.

Norman. I am happy to merit your esteem as such, my most honored father.

Cafra. The Doge expects thee, he is now at breakfast; I can tell thee in confidence, *entre nous*, thou art a great favorite. Now as soon as thou succeedest to take the Caitiff of Corsica, I will immediately

diately declare thee sole heir to my wealth and estates; which, let me tell thee, will render thee superior to most of our nobles, and none will dare to contend with thee for precedency in the government. But, zounds, thou dost not listen to me!

Norman (*as if waking from a dream*). I am all attention. How long do you say it will be first? Life, you know, is short and uncertain.

Cafra. How long first! What a question? That depends upon thyself, hunt him out as soon as thou canst. Oh! here comes the Doge.

Enter Doge.

Doge (*seeing Norman*). I welcome thee to the palace; in the name of the republic I greet thee with thanks for the service thou hast done the state. For my part, I cannot conceive how thou hast succeeded so well.

Norman. Oh, gracious Sir! to serve your state nothing is impossible to your humble servant.

Doge (*aside to Cafra*). By Jove, with fifty young men like him I should be tempted to plan the conquest of the world. (*Turning to Norman*) But, tell us, how came it to pass that thou couldst not lay hold of the greatest villain, Buonaparte himself; that scoundrel, who dared profane the lovely lips of my Almira with a furious kiss yesterday is escaped! No monster ever carried his insolence so far! I am told, his gang is sixty thousand strong!

Norman. Never fear, gracious Sir, he will not finally escape the vengeance due to his insolence.

Cafra. I should not wonder if, when he hears the gloomy knell of the death bell of his companions, but he will repent.

Norman. That is my idea, also.

Enter Dufour.

Cafra. Well, my good friend, you little thought of seeing our hero Norman here.

Dufour. I rejoice at it; here is my hand, Norman, to the honor of our acquaintance: the enterprize does thee credit, but, I fear, the state will not benefit much from it.

Doge (in haste). What, not benefit! What dost mean by that, Dufour?

Cafra (smiling). Oh, gracious Sir, you know a little contradiction is Dufour's hobby-horse.

Dufour. Curse your hobby-horses, say I. I insist the state has not gained a single scudi by the noble action of your friend; Belzebub, the prince of the devils, is still at large, and laughs at all your precautions *(Norman hides his face behind his hat).* I tell you, every state in Europe is in the greatest consternation.

Doge. Explain, Dufour.

Dufour. Gracious Sir, that bloodhound has placards stuck up at the corners of every street and public road, addressed to the people *(pulls a paper from his pocket).* See, here is one of them. Pray read it, gracious Sir.

Doge (quite distracted). Do you read it, Dufour.

Dufour (reads). "Venetians, Lombards, Liguri-
" rians, &c. &c. Ye brave and esteemed citizens!
" Ye have heard how basely your good friends, the
" noble banditti, who hastened hither to chastise
" your imperious oppressor, have been murdered in
" your cities, by order of the tyrants your lords.
" Citizens, be not dejected; for though those brave
" heroes of liberty are fallen, yet there is one re-
" maining who, till death, will be your protector and
" friend; he swears destruction to the present hellish
" system of aristocratic tyranny under which you
" groan; the blood of our brethren shall be avenged.
" Take courage, then, and be ready at a moment to
" join him in the noble cause. Whoever wants him,
" knows where to find him; but whoever seeks him
" with a treacherous intent, will find him no where.
" Woe to them who dare trace his steps, their lives
" shall

" shall pay for their temerity. Health and respect!
" Buonaparte."

Doge (with great emotion). O the murderer! O the villain! Five hundred pistoles for whoever can trace him out, and a thousand for his head, dead or alive, when produced at the Guildhall. Well, friends, we must attend the council. Norman, to-morrow you dine with me. [*Exeunt* Doge, Dufour, *and* Cafra.

Norman (*alone*). Ha, ha, ha! Five hundred pistoles! Ha, ha! It will cost thee ten times that sum, my worthy Doge. Now, I'll away to ——. Adieu, Mr. Doge, adieu! Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit* Norman.

SCENE X.

CAMP OF THE BANDITTI.—Buonaparte *in his tent, sitting at a table, with a large map of the Tyrolese, and compasses.*

Enter Ensign *with a letter.*

Buonaparte (takes the letter). Who brought this?

Ensign. The messenger that came yesterday, and please your honor. [*Exit* Ensign.

Buonaparte (*breaks it open and reads*). " Citizen
" General, the bearer of this is the chaste Josephine,
" the devout widow Beauharnois. Her gravity con-
" sists of five hundred thousand franks, besides
" jewels; she has as many bidders as virtues; my
" word is my bond, I promised her to you, and she
" is henceforth yours. Health. Barras." (*A vision passes briskly by him, and slaps him on the shoulder).*

Buonaparte (starts, turns round terrified) What is that? What can it mean? The manes of the general not yet appeased?

Vision (*in a hollow voice cries out*). Ay, she is thine, keep her as the apple of thine eye. She is the morning and evening Venus sent by Jupiter to be a light

light unto thy path, to guide thee in the labyrinth of iniquity, thou art doomed to pass.

Buonaparte (*staring wild and frantic*). Sure, it is enchantment, I see nothing!

Vision. No, thou seest naught; but thou rememberest Theresa, in whose arms thou hast oft incestuously, at the expense of thy brother's affection, rioted; and rememberest thou not, that by an abortive powder which thou didst force me to swallow, I left the world and thee? Josephine is now thine, preserve her.

Buonaparte (in great astonishment). What, what! —indeed it is Theresa's voice. O God, the deed I well remember, I was then poor, and could not maintain her after my brother left her. From that time I disclaimed the sex, as neither agreeing with my pocket, nor with my inclination.

Vision. Beware, beware! Thy doom is fixed! *(Something passes, and smacks him on the cheek).*

Buonaparte (*starting back*). Again! (*after a pause*) What!—Courage, Buonaparte, avaunt ye shades, and scruples of conscience! Ye shall not work on reason! Having advanced thus far, curse it, I will not retreat *(rings).*

Enter Ensign.

Who, say you, brought this letter?

Ensign. The messenger, and please your honor, who arrived yesterday. She proves to be a woman of good shape and make.

Buonaparte. What! how know you her sex? *(very angry)* How know you her shape and make?

Ensign. Please your excellence, I know it only from the grenadier to whose charge you committed her. She slept in the tent with him all night.

Buonaparte (enraged). Plague on't! Slept all night with him! The fellow shall be shot. Shew her in.

[*Exit* Ensign.

(After

(*After a pause*) Well, never mind, Barras has well portioned her, that will constantly renew her charms, and cover a mulitude of similar accidents.

Enter Josephine, *dressed as an Amazon.*

Buonaparte. What, my faithful messenger! (*advances to meet her*) Is it you who wanted to deliver the dispatch according to its address, eh?

Josephine (looking at him slily). And is it Buonaparte who committed me to prison for doing my duty? Indeed, general, you seem very abrupt.

Buonaparte. Be assured, my dear, it grieves me (*taking her hand*) to think I should have been the occasion of my Josephine suffering the whole night in such a situation? Why didst thou not declare thyself?

Josephine. Oh, as for suffering, I can assure you that I never passed a more pleasant and agreeable night in all my life. I am always happy in the arms of a brave soldier!

Buonaparte. Oh, my dear, thou sweet partner of my life, thy long and painful anxiety is now at an end! Come to my arms, thou source of my enjoyments! Praised be Barras, I now possess thee, (*aside*) and thy lovely treasure (*embraces*).

Josephine. Hast thou none other to praise?

Buonaparte. Yes, I have to thank my ever dear Josephine, and I will crown thee sweet partner of my fame, my fortune, and my glory. Ay, I henceforth take thee, most lovely angel, for better for worse, in sickness and in health. I prefer thee to all thy sex; thou art not one of those prudes who spend their time in wantonly adjusting a lascivious dress, who by pride and vanity render themselves ridiculous in the eyes of men of sense. No, my Josephine is nature herself; the virgin goddess of perfection. Thou hast been long accustomed to men, in private and public; thou knowest all the secret windings and turnings of the human heart; thou art my treasure.

Josephine. My beloved Buonaparte! I adore thee because thou art brave, and I agree to be thine. My talents with men shall always be exerted to crown thy exploits. Thou knowest that for these four years past I have practised in the high seminary of modern politics. Thou knowest my tutor, to whom thou hast many obligations: he can attest my experience of men and things.

Buonaparte. Of thy talents I am fully sensible; tell me what thy opinion of public affairs is, my dear.

Josephine. My opinion is, that all those cankered rusty principles, those jesuitical mouldy systems of monarchical government, should be consigned to destruction, and that a new general dynasty be erected in Europe. To effect this, my dear Buonaparte, we must dissipate those creeping dilatory ideas of passive obedience, and drive a regenerated spirit into the brains of the stupified multitude. When a general fermentation is raised, we must prove ourselves useful to the world, and, like a seasonable breeze, expel the pestiferous vapours, which at present cloud the bright horizon of human reason. Posterity will then proclaim with shouts the age in which flourished Buonaparte and Josephine.

Buonaparte. Most glorious, glorious! My charmer! My beloved Josephine! ah, posterity will glorify thy name, as an appendant to Buonaparte. An age it is, reserved for us to penetrate the trackless wilderness, where no mortal ever before dared to tread; we will pass through it, and then bask ourselves in the sunshine of refulgent glory.

Enter Ensign.

Ensign. General Murat is arrived.

Buonaparte. Come, my Josephine, let's go.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE XI.

THE GARDEN AT THE PALACE.

Doge (*alone, sitting on a grass-plat, with his arms folded*). Heigho! I find I grow old; my life hangs heavy on me. Oh, that I should have lived to witness such vice and atrocity! Murders are daily committed on honest people at their own doors. (*Sighing.*) Poor Dufour is no more! Alas! why had he not fallen by the hand of the open enemy under the walls of Tunis, twenty years ago? (*Rises and walks.*) Oh, this monster threatens to exterminate the world!

Enter Cafra.

Cafra (*in deep affliction*). It is but too true, gracious Sir.

Doge. Alas! Cafra, thou art now my only friend. (*Takes him by the hand.*) The loss of my friend—cost me dear; but he died valiantly, fighting for his country. I saw his ship sinking, and he, poor soul! waved his hand, as if he bid me adieu. But the loss of Dufour, under the dagger of an assassin, cuts me to the soul. Ah, Cafra! we are now waxing old.

Cafra (*wiping his eyes*). A manly tear, I hope, gracious Sir, to the shades of a veteran, a friend, is not a disgrace: a soldier's heart is sensible. The cap that covered his venerable head has been found; but all attempts to find his corpse are fruitless, notwithstanding the traces of blood.

Doge. Oh, horrid, horrid! Shall we never succeed in detecting this villain?

Cafra (*drawing a paper from his pocket*). This paper was this morning found stuck up against the town-hall. It is addressed to the multitude.

Doge. Read it.

Cafra (*reads*). "Citizens of all Italy, greeting! "dear friends and brethren! don't trouble yourselves

" on account of the reward your foolish government
" offers for my head: it is in vain. I here avow my-
" self the murderer of the Grand Judge and Procura-
" tor Dufour. I defy your police, and will recom-
" pense him who finds me.—Health, Buonaparte."

Doge. Oh, the villain! More and more insolent: he bids us defiance, and tramples our laws under foot. He must surely have conspired with hell itself. The commonwealth is in imminent danger; recourse must be had to the citizens. Some time ago they did offer their services as volunteers, and to equip themselves at their own expence. Do you, Cafra, go to the minister; desire him to attend me at ten o'clock, that we may concert on the plan for a general organization. I think there are in all about fifty thousand able bodied men.

Cafra. Gracious Sir, in obedience to your orders, I will go. But will your Highness permit me to say one word, which will, however, be with due submission to your superior judgment.

Doge (in haste). Well, speak; we have no time to lose. Speak; thou art, alas! my only friend.

Cafra. With your Highness's permission, then, I do enter my most solemn protest against the measure of embodying the people.

Doge. What, Cafra! art thou against me?

Cafra. God forbid, gracious Sir! I am proud of being honoured with your Highness's confidence: but I cannot, on any principle of honour, assent to a measure, which is most dangerous to the state. Those shop-keeper volunteers must not be depended upon to defend the state, nor protect the government against a daring enemy. I am an old soldier, and I never knew a trading city but soon capitulated. The inhabitants have an interest in preserving their property with their shops and warehouses. In short, with ten thousand regular veterans I myself would engage to overthrow a hundred thousand of such *toilet coutré* heroes as your Highness proposes.

Doge.

Doge. Thou talkest like a soldier, it is true: but the proverb says, It is good to have two strings to one's bow. Do thou return with the minister; thou canst assist us with thy counsel.

[*Exit* Cafra.

(Alone.) Mean while, I expect an interview with the Cardinal; he sends me word he has received letters of importance, and wishes to communicate the contents to me.

Enter Cardinal.

Doge. My good friend, I am glad to see you. What news?

Cardinal (shrugging up his shoulders). I bear weighty news, gracious Sir. But I can be discreet, if it be not proper to relate it.

Doge. Your intelligence is always welcome. I wish to hear it.

Cardinal. Then, with your permission, as I thought it my duty to come to your Highness, I will communicate to you some intelligence concerning this dubious character Norman, who has, God knows how, been introduced to your Highness's favour.

Doge. Dubious character, say you? I regret much that virtue, in the present age, is to be looked upon as dubious.

Cardinal (with his eyes cast up to Heaven). Alas, alas! so it is. *(A deep sigh.)*

Doge. Well, what is this news?

Cardinal. My respect for your Highness will not hinder me from making the communication, being well assured you have been imposed upon in regard to this stranger.

Doge. Who will dare say that Cafra would deceive me? I am sure he would not.

Cardinal. That I do verily believe also; yet we daily see such a train of vice and ungodliness, covered with

with a veil of virtue; and, such is the frowardness of the age, that we are acquainted with many persons years before we know them.

Doge. Such principles ill agree with the holy Gospel.

Cardinal (*shrugging up his shoulders*). The Gospel, gracious Sir, has nothing to do with it. The question is, to know the person in whom we place confidence. This Norman came to your Highness as a stranger, and the natural goodness of your heart received him with regard, under the supposition that he was of a noble English family, from the city of York, and whose father was the intimate friend of Signor Cafra. To strengthen this imposition, he invented a pompous relation of his valour and sufferings, by which the unsuspecting Cafra believed he really was the son of his friend. Now, as I had always my doubts about him, I sent to England to make enquiries, and desired they might be corroborated by a circumstantial declaration on the part of the family. (*Drawing papers from his pocket.*) Here is my authority.

Doge (*takes the papers, and turns them over in haste*) Let us see! let us see!

Cardinal. Gracious Sir; and admitting this Norman to be the most honourable man living, yet no honest subject can see with indifference a foreigner engross so much regard from the Doge.

Doge. I am sensible of what you say: it is an imprudence, I admit.

Cardinal. Yes; in a private individual it would be almost unpardonable, to place his confidence before he knows his man; but in a prince, or chief of a state, such conduct is ten-fold more blameable. It is by such improvident sycophants that royalty has, of late, met with its overthrow.

Doge. But is it not more noble to suffer ourselves to be deceived, than to forsake the good opinion one has of a person?

Cardinal. In morality it is so; but (*looking at the Doge*)

Doge) it is a doubt with me, gracious Sir, whether the duty of a sovereign will permit him to adopt such moral maxims. However, I do request of your Highness, that my name may not be mentioned in what I have had the honour to tell you. (*Going away.*)

Doge. Then may I keep the papers?

Cardinal. They are the justification of what I assert. [*Exit* Cardinal.

Doge (*alone*). He is one of Job's comforters; I always dread his visits. I must, however, allow, that he is generally in the right.

Enter Cafra.

Doge. I am glad you are come; I was just going to send for you.

Cafra (*quite out of breath*). The council is now sitting, gracious Sir, upon the unfortunate circumstance of poor Dufour.

Doge (*walking to and fro, in great trouble*). Alas! I cannot attend; much less can I receive condolence You must officiate for me, Cafra. But before you go, I must have a little serious conversation with you.

Cafra. You seem in trouble, gracious Sir; may I ask the cause?

Doge. Yes, yes; you shall know it. (*Looking at Cafra.*) Yes; you and I have been long friends.

Cafra (*in hasty astonishment*). Long friends, gracious Sir! and I hope that friendship will co-exist with the world. But this expression surprises me: it cannot surely be any thing concerning me?

Doge. Something concerning you and your English friend, whom you inconsiderately introduced to me. Tell me who this Norman is.

Cafra. Your Highness knows as much of him as I do: he is the son of my friend Norman, of the city of York, in England.

Doge (*shaking his head*). I must be satisfied in respect

spect to his family, his genealogy. If he prove an adventurer—

Cafra. It cannot be; his father was my friend, and of a noble family. A braver man never lived.

Doge. And you really believe him to be the son of your friend?

Cafra. I have no reason to doubt it.

Doge. Alas, Cafra! you have been imposed upon. (*Pulls a paper from his pocket.*) Here, read this paper; this family document.

Cafra. Family document! what can this mean, gracious Sir.

Doge. Read it, I say, and be composed; we must discover the truth of it.

Cafra (*reads*). It is very true; it does seem he is not related to my friend's family; but——

Doge (*in haste*). But! Art thou my friend, or art thou faithless to me, Cafra?

Cafra (*affected*). Oh, gracious Sir! that word cuts me to the heart. It is enough; Norman must answer for himself. Then you will find that the grey-headed Cafra is no traitor. (*Going away.*)

Doge (*stops him*). Cafra, I don't mean to offend thee. Don't be angry.

Cafra (*grieved*). But old Cafra is no traitor; by Heaven, he is not! Did not I receive this cut on my cheek in warding off a deadly blow aimed at your Highness's head?

Doge. Nay, be not angry! let us be friends till death. Thou art now my only friend.

Cafra. I will haste to find Norman.

[*Exit* Cafra.

Doge (*alone*). Ah, poor Cafra! he is still the same as ever: as hot as pepper! takes fire like tinder! but he is good hearted and compassionate. I'll take a turn in the garden for a little air. [*Exit* Doge.

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

GARDEN.—*Enter* Doge, *walking with his hands behind him.*

Doge. But this hot temper is a proof of his sensibility. *(Sighs.)* Ah, poor Cafra is my only surviving friend! (*Sits down on a grass bank.*) Poor Dufour is gone! Alas! who can now heal the wound his death has inflicted in my breast?

Buonaparte *jumps from behind some trees, disguised by a great black patch on his face.*

Buonaparte. I will cure thy wounds, and ease thee of thy life too, if thou wilt.

Doge (terrified). What! Who art thou? What dost want here, fellow? How camest thou here?

Buonaparte. What do I want here! Hi, hi, hi! I come to visit thee. Didst thou not say the other day, at table, that thou wishedst to see Buonaparte? He now stands before thee! Behold him! the same who has sent thy friend, the Adjutant and Grand Judge Dufour, out of the world. By the same recipe I can do the same for Cafra, and for thyself too, and am thy most humble servant into the bargain.

Doge (in fright). Vile monster, begone! Wha brought thee here?

Buonaparte. Old fool, my legs, and an escort of thy own guards! they are all in my pay.

Doge. Avaunt, wretch! begone!

Buonaparte. Good Mr. Doge, be not angry; or thou must measure swords with me. *(Lays hold of his arm.)* Let us take advantage of the present moment, for it is not likely we shall meet again very soon.

Doge. Dost hear; whoever thou art, quit our territory, and I will pardon thee.

Buonaparte. Pardon me! Hi, hi, hi! The sparrow pardon the hawk! Indeed, my dear fellow, I have

have long ago set myself above pardon; therefore, be not so silly, my good fellow, as to think that I shall quit the Ligurian territory through terror of thy threats. (*Draws a paper from his pocket, and an inkstand*) Come, to business, Mr. Doge! Here, sign this paper!

Doge. What paper?

Buonaparte. This paper. It is in good order.

Doge (begins to read).

Buonaparte. Pooh, pooh! man; I say, sign it, not read it. Here, write thy name here (*pointing to the place*). Come, quick; lay it on thy knee.

Doge (*signs*). Abominable wretch!

Buonaparte. However abominable I may be, remember, that when the great events of the age are recorded, it will be said, that Buonaparte flourished in the reign of the most noble family of the Dorias.

Doge (*in wrath*). Once for all, leave the territory, and I will give thee an assignment for twenty thousand scudi.

Buonaparte. Hi, hi, hi! twenty thousand scudi! hi, hi! I'll give thee ten times that sum. By this deed, thou hast this minute transferred to me all thy goods and chattels, together with the whole Ligurian bank. I say, take thy farewell of Cafra and Norman as soon as thou canst, for they are doomed to heaven or hell this night.

Doge (*enraged*). Hollo, hollo! Guards! Here, here!

Buonaparte (*draws a pistol from his pocket, goes up to the* Doge, *and fires it off close to his face.*) Adieu; adieu, old boy! (*Jumps through the bushes.*)

Doge (*dreadfully terrified*). O, murder, murder! What, is there no means to punish this audacious wretch. (*He walks, tottering, towards the palace, and meets* Cafra.

Cafra.

Cafra. Ah! what is the matter, gracious Sir; what has happened to you?

Doge. Alas, Cafra, thy life is in danger. Thou art on the proscription list. I beg thee not to leave the palace without a guard. That murderer Buonaparte has just now been here: he told me he intended to kill thee and Norman. Then the monster fired a pistol at me, which was well nigh killing me.

Cafra. God preserve my sacred Doge! The grand council is now sitting to investigate this alarming conspiracy. Which way did the monster run? It seems arms have been discovered sufficient for a hundred thousand men. Alas, gracious Serenita, this is the consequence of encouraging armed associations! Twenty-three citizens are arrested, and more of this dreadful business is hourly expected to be brought to light. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIV.

A Room in the Palace.—*The* Doge *sleeping on a couch.*

Enter Almira, *with a book in her hand, and a letter.*

Almira (*perceiving her uncle*). Ah, poor soul! his troubles are great. These conspiracies cause a dreadful consternation in the state. I cannot imagine why men are always dissatisfied and quarreling, and seeking each others lives. Why not rest in harmony in the bosom of their families? Yet, alas! they pride themselves as God's elect in the creation, and highly superior to us females. Our innocence is vice in their sight, although all our crimes consist only in a little envious slander and raillery at each other. (*Looking at the* Doge). Poor soul!

Doge (*awaking*). Who is there?

Almira. It is I, dear uncle. (*Kisses his hand*).

Doge. Prithee, leave me; I wish to be alone.

Almira (*withdraws, weeping*).

Doge (*calls lowly*). Almira, come hither. (*She returns to him, and he lays hold of her hand.*) Don't be hurt, child; I am not angry. Come, kiss me. What, hast thou been crying?

Almira (*sobbing, but forces a smile*). Oh, no, dear uncle. Here is a letter for you. (*Aside.*) I know it is about poor Cafra.

Doge (*breaks open the letter; starts up, quite distracted, slapping his forehead*). Alas! my dear girl, our days of gladness and joy are all over now. Poor Cafra is gone! Alas! go, go to thy room, my angel, and leave me.

[*Exit* Almira.

(*In great agitation.*) Yes, he must be a supernatural being. What, steal my poor Cafra out of his bed at midnight! O God, it is past all comprehension! Alas, my only faithful friend is gone! I am left alone. (*Looking stedfastly on the floor.*) Heigho! Well, we shall soon meet again in a better world. My sorrows weigh heavy on my weary soul.

Enter Salicetti.

Salicetti (*advancing with great respect*). Most gracious Serenita!

Doge. Ah, Signor Salicetti, by what accident do I receive this visit? I have not seen you so long.

Salicetti. I hope, gracious Sir, my respect to your person is not accidental.

Doge. Alas! Salicetti, I am now bereft of friends! The games of chance cannot be more inconstant than my happiness, which is in continual agitation, as a buffeted shuttlecock. Vice attacks, and virtue repels; so that my mind fluctuates like the tide. Salicetti, thou art my relation; but thou seemest not to know the world. Steer clear of the envy and jealousy which torment it.

Salicetti. Indeed, gracious Sir, it grieves me to see your

your trouble. The murderous hand of the banditti is uplift, and threatens every citizen. The council is now investigating this terrible conspiracy, which forebodes the overthrow of the state; and, I am told, that Norman first discovered it. This appeared so extraordinary to me, that I could not refrain from communicating to your Serenita what I have heard.

Doge. What have you heard? People hear many unfounded things.

Salicetti. Believe me, gracious Sir, I have no interested views; no sinister designs. What I say comes from my soul, as I must answer for my words; yet I wish I could doubt of the reality of them.

Doge. Well, the conclusion.

Salicetti. Ah, gracious Sir! then I will tell you that this same Norman is said to be at the head of this conspiracy, and that the arms found in the houses, and carried to the arsenal this morning, were nothing but a mask to draw off the attention of the police and magistrates from the real object.

Doge (*shaking his head*). And do you think to make me believe this? You know such a denunciation demands some proof.

Salicetti. That I allow, gracious Sir (*takes a letter from his pocket*), and here is what, in some measure, will justify what I say (*shewing the letter*). This was found in the palace-yard, this morning early; and by what I can observe, it is certainly Norman's handwriting. (*Pulls another letter from his pocket.*) Confront it with this. It is identically the same. This is addressed to the master of the ordnance, who is desired to remain quiet till he receives notice of every thing being in readiness.

Doge. And such letters, say you, are found in the open streets. (*Shakes his head.*)

Salicetti. Well, gracious Sir, I have done my duty.

Doge. I wish, Salicetti, that had always been the case.

Salicetti. I am responsible for my conduct. (*Withdrawing, very respectfully.*) I should be happy to recommend myself to your Serenita's confidence.

[*Exit* Salicetti.

Doge (alone, almost distracted). Alas, alas, how I am perplexed with all these stories! (*Sits down, very pensive.*)

Enter a Senator.

Ah, Signor, how do you do?

Senator. I thank your Serenita. I am come, in the name of the council, to beg your Serenita would order the arrest of Norman.

Doge (astonished). What, more alarm! What say you, arrest Norman? For what?

Senator. Please your Serenita, Norman is denounced as the projector and leader of this alarming conspiracy. The arrested citizens give evidence thereto.

Doge. Surely it requires other proofs than the denunciations of accomplices, to condemn.

Senator. In state affairs, gracious Sir, suspicion is now a days considered enough to justify arrest. If they are rich and innocent, then they may seek redress; but if poor, let them think it well it is no worse with them.

Doge. Alas! if the principles of government are thus subverted, I thank God I have never adopted them. Well, Signor, I will consider of your request. Adieu. [*Exit* Senator. Should this Norman at last be a conspirator, I could almost stand by to see him executed.

[*Exit in agitation.*

Enter Duenna *and* Norman.

Duenna. My dear brother, you must not remain here a minute. Suspicion is brisk on the wing. The Doge himself is affected. Here, take these diamonds, and those keys; with them you may enter the old man's closet when you will, and seize the papers.

Norman.

Norman. But tell me, have you been able to support Bacciochi's recommendation?

Duenna. Yes, yes, I have settled that point; and Bacciochi and myself have exchanged rings. Look here (*shewing her finger*): and do you know his friend Salicetti is to come this afternoon.

Norman. Be sure be prudent not to discover me. Did Josephine come to see you yesterday?

Duenna. O, yes; in the character of a mournful widow. She looked so modest, so lovely, that Almira pressed her to stop a week; but she said she must depart for Milan.

Norman. Adieu, adieu, dear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XV.

AN APARTMENT IN SALICETTI'S HOTEL.—Salicetti *sitting pensively at a table, with papers lying confused together.*

Enter Cardinal, Cafrara, *and* Bishop Spina.

Cardinal. What, my noble cousin, nobody here yet! What fancies can detain these young fellows.

Salicetti. Ay, whims and fancies, my dear Cardinal, float in my brain also. I was just now musing, whether it were possible for a noble to be hanged; or whether a holy dignitary of the church can be, with decency, exposed in the pillory. What think you, Bishop Spina?

Spina. No reflections, my good Count, I beseech you.

Salicetti. Oh, not in the least; I only suppose, that if Miss Fortune, who has in so many cases proved a sad jade, were to turn traitress, and whisper our secrets in the Doge's ear! Ah, would that not be a sad affair?

Cardinal. Pooh, pooh! In that case you need not be uneasy; for my worthy friend Spina and I would take

take our stations as becomes us. Now, suppose our game lost, and plans discovered; our troops beaten; no resource at all left; we then rush forward in the midst of the multitude, with the thunderbolt of excommunication in one hand; in the other, the olive branch of salvation. All would be as mute and silent as saints.

Salicetti. Apropos; I hear you have been at the palace, and given the Doge a letter which you have received from England concerning Norman.

Cardinal. It is true. The Doge is hard of belief. Norman seems to possess the secret corner of the old man's heart.

Salicetti. I find so too. I went to the palace also, to shew the Doge the letter my secretary, Champagny, wrote, in imitation of Norman's hand. I told him it had been picked up in the court-yard.

Cardinal. Well, what said he?

Salicetti. Oh, he took it and read it: but his mind's eye was too blind to see through the trick. Indeed, it must be difficult; for Champagny, my secretary, is very clever in imitating any hand writing; and then we sealed the letter, and broke it open again. But I find it hard to quiet a guilty conscience; for since that time, I have such odd fancies wafting about me, that last night I dreamt I saw your Grace on the *lamp post*, and a dozen of our nobility on *new spring drops*.

Cardinal. Ha, ha, ha! Dreams, my friend, are idle visions. But hark ye, what is your plan at present with regard to Almira?

Salicetti. I am devilishly perplexed what to do. I believe I must again renew my addresses in good earnest. I have yet a chance. It would be a terrible affair for the Doge's fortune to go out of the family. I have already bribed Duenna through Bacciochi, who makes love to her.

Cardinal. That's right, my boy; by all means attack boldly. Success attend you. Adieu.

Salicetti.

Salicetti. I'll away this instant to the palace, to try my luck. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XVI.

A Room in the Palace.

Enter Almira *and* Duenna.

Almira. Well, Duenna, if it be true, as you say, that love is a dream, I must confess I am dreadfully in love; for my dream last night was dreadful.

Duenna. Indeed, no love was ever more like a dream than yours; since you know your uncle cannot consent to your marrying Salicetti.

Almira. You know the objection is somewhat abated at present; besides, I was then a child, and was led like a child. The case is now different; at eighteen we know what is what. Reason springs up to guard our honour.

Duenna. Lord! where did my Almira imbibe such droll notions? Ah! who comes?

Enter Salicetti, *with a graceful bow.*

Almira (*observing him, starts back*).

Salicetti (*advancing*). Your ladyship's most devoted humble slave.

Duenna (*aside*). Of course.

Almira (*fingering her ribbands*). You surprise me, my lord. I did not expect to see you at the palace. My uncle, I believe, is in his closet. I suppose you are come to speak to him.

Salicetti. Excuse me, pray, sweet Almira; I would not willingly exchange your company for that of any other on earth.

Almira (*turning to Duenna*). Come, we'll go and acquaint my uncle the Count is here.

Salicetti. Oh, no; pray let me enjoy this happy moment

moment of meeting so unexpectedly with the lovely Almira.

Duenna. Indeed I thought the Count had forgotten us.

Salicetti. I thank you, Duenna. *(Turning to* Almira). Believe me, I have never ceased thinking of——

Almira (embarrassed, aside). He is the same. *(Looking at him).* Signor, my uncle is——

Salicetti. At peace with me, lovely Almira, and I ardently desire to make peace with you. *(Lays hold of her hand, and kisses it.)* I hope you are not angry. Can you forgive?

Almira. When mortals are on the brink of the grave, they should forgive, and forget. Alas!——

Duenna. And don't you see, Signor, that poor Almira is near the grave? I hope you will also forgive and forget all. I shall be back presently.

[*Exit* Duenna.

Salicetti. Forget! alas, that I cannot! No, I can never forget those fascinating charms, that have so often ravished my eyes, and expanded my heart with delight! Forgive! (*pressing her hand to his lips*) ah, would to heaven Almira had offended! then there would be some merit in a pardon. But, alas! what have I now to forgive?

Almira. My Lord, my uncle's distress is so great, at the loss of his friends Dufour and Cafra, that I wish to retire. (*He still holds her hand).* My poor uncle is sore afflicted; is very much changed. Alas, I fear the consequence will be fatal!

Salicetti. In all these troubles, Almira has nothing to fear! I am her protector! Alas, could she but read, and see what is engraved in this heart!

Almira (*quick*). Ah, heaven knows what I might discover there.

Salicetti. You would there behold Almira's lovely image indelibly imprinted, clad in simple nature.

Almira.

Almira. Then assuredly should I pity that heart. I cannot conceive how you men can have so mean an opinion of our sex, as to think such flattery is agreeable to us.

Salicetti (looking earnestly at her). Did not Almira once tell me, and enjoin me, under pain of her displeasure; nay, she made me swear, never to speak to her but truth. I must then be silent, alas!

Almira. My Lord, you have already lost yourself, therefore you had better retire. *(She withdraws towards the door.)*

Salicetti (lays hold of her hand; falls on his knees). Must then blind chance still brandish its cruel sceptre over an afflicted heart, in triumph? *(Kisses her hand in rapture).*

Almira (in a faultering voice). Pray, let me go. (*Looking at him.*) It is very cruel, Signor. (*She falls in his arms.)*

Salicetti. May I say Almira is mine? Wilt thou, dearest angel, ever more refuse me? (*Embraces her.*)

Almira (*recovering, aside.*) Oh, the conflict of my soul! Agitated between love, honour, and filial duty. It is too much.

Salicetti. My dearest angel, let these emotions cease! Permit me to accompany you to Duenna.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XVII.

At Bobio.

Enter Buonaparte *and* Bacciochi, *in a tent.*

Buonaparte. I tell you it must be on the very day that the Senate assembles: it will correspond well with our other movements. I can be there myself then. I will immediately order six hundred men to be clothed in citizens' dress, and to be introduced, little by little,

through the gates, the two evenings before. Andreossi and Murat, who will command, will confer with you about the time they must be at the arsenal to receive the uniforms and arms from you, as inspector. I myself will arrive about eight in the morning.

Bacciochi. The Grand Council will assemble at twelve o'clock, and the arsenal must be open at nine in the morning, as the men must be mustered in presence of some of the Senators.

Buonaparte. You will contrive, so that twelve men, with a lieutenant, remain in the arsenal, and let the keys be given to Murat.

Bacciochi. Lazotti shall be at the door of the council chamber, to give the signal for your entrance. Adieu.

[*Exit* Bacciochi.

Enter Berthier, Massena, Augereau, Jubert, *and* Bernadotte.

Buonaparte. Citizen Generals, I ordered you here that we may make our final arrangements. I have agreed with the poor devil Pius to let him say his prayers in peace, provided he go to France to pray for the republic, and the destruction of royalty. I beg you all to accept my hearty thanks for the bravery and alacrity you have shewn during our marauding mission into this country. Mellisimo, Acqui, Voltri, Bochetto, Ceva, Mondovi, Tassano Abla, Rochetto, Tortua Cono, Mondobi, Ladi, Borghetta, Arcole, and Brescia, crown our glory. The final destruction of Liguria follows next Monday, and, as I expect, of Venice and Mantua. Berthier, your exactitude, in the fusillade of the magistrates, and the five hundred inhabitants at Pavio, will remain an immortal honour to your memory. To you, Augereau, the world is doubly indebted, for the good order in which you commanded the glorious massacre at Lugo. The plunder was judiciously distributed. There remains now but the last resource of monarchy to be destroyed. Remember Mantua is still in the hands of those vile aristocrats the Imperialists.

Berthier.

Berthier. It is true, citizen General; but this place, impregnable by nature, has now received an additional strength by the presence of that renowned veteran Wurmser.

Massena. Ay, and he is already making demonstrations, that indicate his intention of over-running Lombardy, to drive our corps back. His fore-posts are far advanced towards Milan.

Buonaparte. Oh, oh! is it so? (*After a pause.*) Well, well; we will soon shew him that he is not waging war with a monarchical army. No, no; I'll stop his proceeding. (*Sits down to write, during which time the others are discoursing about the addresses of Milan, Cremona, and Genoa, &c.*)

Buonaparte (*rising*). Here, Jubert, do you speed with an aid-du-camp, to Wurmser, with this. My request is to have an interview with him at Gazolo next Saturday, at twelve o'clock precisely.

[*Exit* Jubert.

I shall be to-morrow at Parma, where you will bring me the answer.

Berthier. Then it seems, citizen General, as if our labours in the service of humanity will draw to a crisis soon in this country. Should we not, however, strengthen our posts at Guastalla mean while, to secure a retreat?

Buonaparte. A retreat! who talks of a retreat? A race, my friend, is never won by running backwards. Our good friends of Milan, Caprara, Fenaroli, Luosi, rendered us immortal service in the surrender of the capital of Lombardy, and they will be as successful now at Venice, and Marsecabchi, Contairi, Guicciardi, Contari, Paradisi, and Strompa, after overthrowing their proud Duke, I know will also succeed in their missions to the different divisions of the enemy's army. The family of Bellûonino of Lucia is of great service, and also Luchesini. I am in expectation of seeing Sebastiani arrive every moment, with the private instructions the Venetian army is to observe. (*To*

Augereau.) Your corps must advance to-morrow towards that treacherous city, and uproot the dastardly aristocracy. My address is still fresh in the minds of the people; distribute it again. Keep to the letter; revenge the blood that the proud Doge has so basely caused to be shed of our brave brothers at Verona. Insist on the inquisitors and the commandant being given up to your judgment. Take possession of the keys of the city, and institute a provisional government. (*To* Massena.) Hasten your division from Cremona towards Bozolo; and order ten thousand men to file off between the Austrian corps of Proveras, and the place on Saturday morning. The outposts are already gained over, not to give the signal. At fifty-five minutes past twelve o'clock, when I shall be in conference with Wurmser, this division must begin the attack upon the main body, which consists of six thousand choice troops. (*To* Berthier.) With your division at Novelora you will strengthen the posts of Governoto, and order Jubert to advance with six thousand men towards Il Fortezza; and at fifty-five minutes past twelve, attack, sword in hand, Porti de Molini. At this instant I shall gallop off, and leave old Wurmser in wild astonishment at being, perhaps, cut off from the place, which must soon then surrender. I immediately shall repair to Genoa, finally to settle with that proud city.

Enter Bernadotte.

Bernadotte. Apropos, citizen General; we must not forget this is the 14th of July, of sacred memory.

Augereau. True, faith; I had almost forgotten it. Come, we must separate with a gladdening toast.

Buonaparte. With all my heart! Order some wine.

Enter Servants, *with wine and glasses.*

Buonaparte (all sitting down). Here goes. Royalists, the moment they shall shew themselves, shall cease to live!

All,

All. Huzza, huzza, huzza!

Buonaparte. We swear by the manes of our fallen heroes; we swear upon our standards; implacable war to the enemies of the republic, and of republican government, and of the constitution of the 3rd year.

All. Huzza, huzza, huzza!

Buonaparte. A leaden death to whoever shall propose the restoration of royalty in France!

All. Huzza, huzza, huzza!

Berthier. To the constitution of the 3rd year, and to the Executive Directory of the French republic.

Augereau. May all, who act contrary to that resolution, tremble!

Bernadotte, To the Council of Ancients.

Villemanzy, a commissary. Revenge for the blood of the French citizen massacred at Verona!

Buonaparte. Now, citizen Generals, we must separate each to his post. Success attend you! Adieu. Health. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XVIII.

GENOA.—*The Grand Council assembled to deliberate on the urgent situation of the republic. The* Doge *president.*

Secretary Bacciochi *reads the order of the day.*

A Senator. Before we can deliberate, it is necessary to have before us the exact state of our forces, &c. at this important crisis; and therefore submit to the august Senate, the propriety of ordering the commanders in chief to the bar.

2d Senator. I approve of the idea, and therefore move, that the commander of the military forces of the republic be summoned to attend.

All. Agreed.

Doge. Here is no time to be lost; the crisis is urgent.

gent. I have just now received advice, that our good friend Norman, God prosper him! has had an affair this morning with a strong party of the banditti, within two leagues of the city; and the main body of those wretches are approaching with all speed. Ay, here comes Norman.

Enter Norman *in his cloak, as if just arrived.*

Norman (advancing near the table, where the secretary sits). Most noble and reverend Signors, I hasten, at your supreme order, to your presence.

A Senator. We sent no order to you, Sir. Our commands were to the commander in chief of the Ligurian forces.

Norman. Signors, your late commander in chief is now in the Lazaretta, by my orders. *(Waves his hat, at which signal a crowd of banditti enter, dressed in the citizens' uniforms. As they enter,* Norman *throws off his cloak, puts on his hat, and declares himself* Buonaparte.)

All. Astonishing! God defend us!

Buonaparte. And now, my most worthy, ever noble Signors! know ye that I am the commander in chief of the Ligurian forces? As to you, my old acquaintance, Mr. Doge, I will cure you of all your aches and pains, as I told you the other day. *(Pulls out a paper from his pocket).* Mr. Senators, off with your robes. *(A murmur).* Guards, take off those garments; these men are unworthy to wear them. *(They tear off the robes.)* In this paper *(gives it to* Bacciochi, *the secretary.)* Read it aloud.

Secretary (reads). "Ligurians! Senators! Ma-
"gistrates! all and every officer, civil and military,
"know ye, that I, the most noble Doge of the Ligu-
"rian Republic, do hereby give and transfer, to the
"most high and mighty Buonaparte, the chief of the
"invincible banditti, all right, title, claim, and pre-
"tension whatsoever, which I, my heirs and succes-
"sors, now have, or may hereafter have, or pretend

"to

" to have; or any private estates or wealth, of what-
" ever denomination, in these states; as also all public
" controul and sovereignty in these states, do I con-
" firm to him, so help me God! Given under my
" hand, in the Dorea garden. Signed, CAMPARA,
" DOREAS, DOGE."

Doge (deeply afflicted, faints in the arms of Grimaldi, *the minister).* Alas, alas!

Grimaldi. Most gracious Doge, is this deed valid?

Doge. Valid! extortion, the wretch! I am very ill.

Murat (to Buonaparte*).* We must not allow a parly. *(Turning to the banditti.)* Dispose of this group of aristocrats.

Buonaparte. Here, serjeant, take Grimaldi, Lucciardi, Bacha, Bordoli, Neposurato, and ten more on that bench, to the Lazaretta, under a detachment of your company. (*To the* Doge.) Off with your presidial robes! Now order your niece here.

Doge. Fetch Almira. Alas, I am very ill.

Buonaparte. Don't you remember, old cock! how you desired one day to be acquainted with Buonaparte; eh?

Enter Almira, *advancing towards her uncle.*

Fair lady, come this way; your uncle, the Doge, has transferred your lovely person to me; henceforth Almira is my property. He has no controul over you more, nor of any thing more in Liguria. However, I will be clement towards him for your sake, and allow him three apartments in the Doria palace, there to be provided with a suitable maintenance, by the person I shall appoint. (*Turning towards the guards.*) Guards, conduct the great Doreas to his new lodgings.

Doge (*to* Buonaparte). How often have you eat of my bread, and drunk of my wine; and now will you drink

drink of my blood, scum of the earth! I submit to Providence, but not to thee!

[*Exeunt* Doge *and* Guards.

Buonaparte. Guards, away! away! (*To* Almira.) Sweet lady, your uncle is angry; he does not recollect that I hold my mission from on high. Now, tell me, do you recollect being in the garden? Say, is there any one here present whom you can prefer to me? (*She remains silent.*) Pooh! never hesitate. I dare say we shall agree. Speak frankly; I say, is there here any one whom you prefer to me for a husband?

Almira. You! you terrified me in the garden.

Buonaparte. Never repeat old grievances! I say, look round, and answer my question: is there any one here whom you can prefer to me?

Almira (faintly). All! all!

Buonaparte. The choice is too general: speak to the point, or else follow your uncle to his confinement.

Almira (*looking slily aside at* Salicetti). Yes, there is one; but——

Salicetti. Yes; she says, yes. My worthy friend, Buonaparte, I claim this angel at your hands. (*To* Almira.) Come, then, to my arms, thou sweetest of God's creation. (*She falls into his arms.*)

Buonaparte. She is thine, Salicetti! she is thine!

Bacciochi. May I be permitted to propose a portion for the fair?

Several of the Senators who remain. We wish to second the motion. She is worthy.

Bacciochi (*to* Buonaparte.) I then move that Salicetti be nominated the guardian of the wealth, goods, chattels, &c. belonging to Doreas the late Doge, for the use and service of himself and bride, the beautiful Almira; and that he, Salicetti, be appointed, with the approbation of the invincible Buonaparte, to be head of the Ligurian republic, under the new organization of government as shall be agreed upon this day.

Buonaparte.

Buonaparte. With all my heart! and I name Lazotti and Durazzo chief administrators. What say you, fair Almira? *(Takes her hand.)* (*To* Salicetti.) Come, take her; she is thine. *(She falls in his arms.)* Order Duenna here; she must accompany the Dogess.

Salicetti. Now my doubts and my fears are over. *(Embraces her.)* *Aside.* How horrible the thought to injure her!

Never, no never more we'll part,
But live and love so true;
The sigh that breaks Almira's heart,
Shall rend her lover's too.

Enter Duenna.

Buonaparte. Here is Duenna! My Eliza, thy prudence and good conduct deserve well of thy brother. Come *(takes her hand.)* Here, Bacciochi, I betroth a jewel to thee for thy eminent services. In her thou possessest a treasure. *(Joins their hands.)* We should not have succeeded but for her; it is chiefly to her we owe our success. Friends, let's away to welcome our new Doge, and the two brides, at the palace of Doria. I must away this night for Milan.

[*Exeunt all.*

SCENE XIX.

At Milan.—Buonaparte, Josephine, Joseph Buonaparte, Murat, Massena, *at cards.*

Buonaparte (to Massena, *in a passion).* Hang it, General, *(rising from his seat)* you make me lose.

Massena (smiling). Patience, General; you know I often make you win.

Enter Ensign, *from* Berthier *and* Jubert, *with an estafet, announcing the surrender of Mantua, and that the States of Italy had finally accepted the conditions offered immediately after.*

Buonaparte (after reading). Rejoice! my worthy friends; rejoice. What will not unremitting perseverance accomplish? The conditions offered three months ago, however hard they were thought, have been finally sanctioned by the Emperor of the Romans; I repair immediately to Leobon and Formis, to ratify the same with the Prince Charles. The Helvetian Cantons, through fear, or out of pure respect for us, have delivered up their treasures of fifty millions, to be treated as friends. Venice, thanks to Augereau, is to furnish four millions; Valtelline, Chiavenne, Barmis, and Alessandrio, four millions, to hasten their happy union with the Cisalpine Republic. Of the total of these sums, the Austrian army has received a fourth from me as a compliment. For, let me tell you, the success of war is more secure, when effected without loss of blood. The veteran court warriors are thunderstruck at the timidity and respect their troops and subaltern officers manifest at our approach: they little suspect the cause. Our glorious work in this country is now come near to a conclusion, and I could almost weep over our success, were there no other country that needed our liberal hand of protection against unmerciful tyrants.

Enter Augereau, *followed by* Jubert.

You are welcome, citizen Augereau. Well, what news do you bring?

Augereau. Citizen General, agreeable to instructions, I repaired to Venice. I ordered the proud Doge, with his vile crew, to prison; and the inquisitors and commanders straight to the gallows, to the great joy of the people; among whom I made a distribution

tribution of ten thousand duppias. Of the four millions to be raised on the city, five hundred thousand are received in the military chest. My Chief, you will be pleased to determine on the division of this sum. The rest will be paid in three months.

Buonaparte. My trusty good friend, you merit well of humanity; but why did you not hang the Doge?

Augereau. He begged hard, and promised to discover secret delinquents.

Buonaparte. Well, I charge you to carry these good tidings to the Directory immediately.

[*Exit* Augereau.

(Turning to the others.) Greater glory is yet reserved for us, my friends. The cries of the poor people of Egypt, who are groaning under the oppression of their Bashaws, who do not as yet know the true prophet, call for our help. *(Turning to* Joseph.) You, my brother, shall have a mission to Rome, in order to seize the precious models of the fine arts, to be conveyed to Paris. *(To* Le Brun, Massena, *and* Jubert.) You, my friends, I leave here. I entrust, under the sanction of the Directory, to you, the presidency of the various states of Italy, till my return. You will observe and pursue the same regulations as heretofore, according to your instructions. My ever adored Josephine here, holds the keys of all the treasures, and also to most of the hearts of persons of rank and fortune. Entrust her with the distribution; she can manage them to the best advantage. *(Turning to his* sister.) Continue, my dear sister, to inflame the hearts of our friends and generals with a spirit of ambition to possess thy charms. On my return, thy cares shall be crowned. Brothers in arms, farewell! I am expected at Malta, which, you will hear, surrenders on my arrival. The Grand Master, the Admiral, and Marshal, have been treated with; the former receives sixty thousand louis, and a com-

fortable retreat in the republic; the latter will have forty thousand, and keep his rank in the republican army. Adieu! Success attend you! We shall again unite in jubilee for our triumphs, and sing in chorus, *Vive la liberté!*

[*Exeunt.*

End of the Third Act.

ACT

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ACT FOURTH.

Generals of the Banditti.

Buonaparte, Berthier, Murat, Marmont, Menou or Abdallah Pacha, Regnier, Kleber, Dessaix, Lannes, Bon, Caffarella, Andreossi, Sebastiani.

Fauvelet Bourienne, *Member of the Military Commismission, and Secretary to* Buonaparté.

Members of the National Institute.

Tallien, Monge, Vivant, Denon, Bartholet, Poussielgue.

Rez, *Head Apothecary of the Hospitals.*

Baron Hompesch, *Grand Master of Malta.*

Knights of Malta.

Commander, Marshal, Grand Hospitaler, Admiral, Grand Conservatore.

Secretary.

Turks in Egypt.

Grand Pacha of Egypt, Amed, Pacha of Acre, surnamed Djezzar, or Butcher, Ibrahim, Murad Bey.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—THE ISLAND OF MALTA.—*The Banditti's Fleet lying before the harbour Marsa.*

Enter an Aid-de-Camp *from* Buonaparte, *with a letter for the* Grand Master.

Sentry. Werda? Chi é la?

Aid-de-Camp. A friend.

Sentry. What's your business?

Aid-de-Camp. I am bearer of a letter to the Grand Master. Who will conduct me to his Eminentissime?

An Officer (advances). Follow me, friend. But you must first be blindfolded.

SCENE II.

COUNCIL CHAMBER.—*The* Grand Master *and* Knights *sitting in council.*

Enter Officer *and* Aid-de-Camp.

Grand Master (to the Aid-de-Camp). Whence come you, friend?

Aid-de-Camp. I am bearer of a letter from my noble chief, Buonaparte. *(Gives the letter).*

Grand Master (to the Aid-de-Camp.) Retire; we will give you an answer. [*Exit* Aid-de-Camp. *(To the* Secretary.) Read it.

Secretary (reads). "Altesse Eminentissime, Buo-
"naparte,

" naparte, the commander of the most noble corps of " French banditti, &c. &c. being on the holy work of " his mission, to chastise vice and reward virtue, stops " at the sanctified island of Malta, to pay his dutiful " respects to Baron Hompesch, and to the Knights of " the most noble order of St. John of Jerusalem. He " requests permission for his fleet to water in the har- " bour of Marsa: he relies upon your compliance, " knowing the humanity of the Baron, and his religi- " ous observance of the rites of the holy Catholic " Church. An immediate answer will oblige, your " ever dear friend, &c. BUONAPARTE."

Commander. The request cannot be complied with. What say you, Admiral.

Admiral. As a pilgrim, it would be cruel to refuse him a drop of water. I think he may be allowed to send two ships at a time into port.

Grand Master. So I think too; we can risk nothing by it. Besides, Buonaparte being the *Envoyé d'al Cielo*, we cannot, without incurring God's wrath, mistrust his holy intentions.

Enter a Maltese Officer.

Officer (*in haste*). Most noble Cavalieri di Justizia, di Gracia, three thousand men are landed from the banditti's fleet, and have got possession of Citta Nuova, Cottonera, St. Margherita, the Lazaretta, and the Marsa Muscietta. They have already summoned St. Emo, and threaten instantly to bombard La Valetta. We know not what to do; the Marshal is not to be found.

Admiral. The Marshal being rather indisposed, went yesterday to the country.

Commander. O, treachery, treachery! What is to be done?

Enter an Aid-de-Camp *from* Buonaparte, *with a letter to the* Grand Master.

Grand

Grand Master (*gives it to the* Secretary). Read it.

Secretary (reads). "On board l'Orient.——— "The Grand Master having delayed to answer my "request, I found myself obliged to take possession "of Citta Nuova, Cottonera, &c. By this present, "I further require the Grand Master and the whole "order to repair forthwith on board l'Orient flag-"ship of the noble banditti, there to sign and execute "the following convention, *viz.* The noble Knights "of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, do hereby "surrender, resign, transfer, and solemnly, by these "presents, renounce for ever, all right, title, and "pretension of sovereignty, to the city of La Velatta, "together with the whole island of Malta, and others "thereon depending, *viz.* Comino and Gozo, in "favour of the noble French republic, to have and to "hold from this day forward, for ever more, amen. "Given under our hand and seal, this, &c.——N. B. "This deed shall be executed within twenty minutes "from the delivery of this. In default of which, La "Valetta shall be reduced to ashes."

Grand Master (in seeming alarm). O, gracious God, have I lived to see Malta, after having so many times bravely withstood the combined hosts of Christendom, now tamely surrender.

Admiral (in haste). I see no alternative; either must we submit as slaves, or receive Buonaparte as our friend. Of the two evils I vote for the less. Hark ye! I hear the thundering of cannon and mortars.

Grand Master. Alas! order the gates to be immediately opened; dispatch a messenger to Buonaparte; beseech him to forbear, and to repair here, and we will meet him on his landing, and comply with all his wishes.

Grand Hospitaler. Most noble Eminentissime, I must suspend my vote, although dire necessity may render opposition nugatory. My suspicions are too weighty. Treachery must have been lurking in some hidden corner. [*Exit* Grand Hospitaler.

Re-enter

Re-enter Messenger.

Messenger. Altesse Eminentissime, Buonaparte is repairing on shore.

Grand Master. Well, away to receive him on the pier. [*Exeunt all.*

SCENE III.

COUNCIL CHAMBER.—*Enter* Grand Master, &c. Knights *and* Buonaparte.

Grand Master. Most noble Buonaparte, we are too much flattered at the friendship you do us by your visit, and are ready to comply with your demand.

Buonaparte. The lingering decision of your order in council, renders it incumbent on me to dispossess you of your authority. Here, Altesse Eminentissime, Le Baron Hompesch, sign you first this deed, for the glory of humanity.

Grand Master (signs).

Buonaparte. Pass it round for signature. *(They all sign.)* Now depart in peace. *(To the* Grand Master.) Baron Hompesch, a retreat is assigned you in France. *(To the* Admiral.) You and the Marshal have appointments on the Island equal to your present rank. (*Turning to an* Officer.) Arrest the Grand Hospitaler; he is a refractory subject. (*To the* Quarter-Master General.) Make arrangements for a thousand men to remain here, beside the sick, and carry an equal number of the Maltese on board in their place. Malta will be my point of communication with Europe. I am under no fear of being dispossessed of it. (*To an* Aid-de-Camp.) Go, tell Brueys to prepare for sailing. *(To General* Vaubois.) General, I leave you commander of this important post; establish a provisional government, on the basis and principles of the French, and keep a good look out for advice boats from me. [*Exeunt.*

Adieu, my friends, till we meet again! Intercede for our success against the infidels.

SCENE IV.

IN EGYPT.—*The banditti landing, headed by* Buonaparte.

Buonaparte mustering the troops, says to Kleber, Bon, *and* Menou). March three battalions to the heights which command the city.

Enter an Officer *from the fleet.*

Officer. Citizen General, some vessels were this morning descried in the offing, beating up against the wind, making for the coast.

Buonaparte (in terror and fright). O, Fortune, wilt thou forsake me? Only five days longer. *(To the* Officer.) Go; desire the Admiral to enter the port of Alexandria as quick as possible: tell him the citadel will be in our possession to-morrow.

Enter a Deputation *from the* Pacha *of* Alexandria.

Deputation. Our master, the most noble Pacha of Alexandria, has commanded us to wait upon his Excellency Buonaparte, to know by what good fortune he is indebted for the honour of this visit?

Buonaparte. Brother Musselmen! I am commissioned from the true and only Jehovah, the protector of our holy prophet! I come in pilgrimage to punish vice and reward virtue. One of you return, under a guard of my troops, to the city; present my respects to the Pacha, with this paper. I wish him to see that I am his friend, and adore his prophet. The rest will remain here.

Enter an Aid-de-Camp.

Aid-de-Camp (in haste). Citizen General, during the

the time the Deputation has been out of the city, the treacherous Mahometans have fallen on our left, and had well nigh turned it, had not Kleber's division arrived in time to succour it. The troops were so incensed, that they could not be restrained from scaling the walls, and now they are in possession of the principal forts.

Enter a Musselman *from the* Pacha, *with a letter.*

Buonaparte (reads). "The Pacha of Alexandria "has received the note Buonaparte did him the ho- "nour to address to him. If Buonaparte was in "reality the holy personage he pretends to be, a fol- "lower of our holy prophet, and a friend of the Mus- "selmen, he could not be ignorant that it is repugnant "to their duty, to their virtue, to betray the trust "confided in them by their Sultan. If such princi- "ples are respected among Christians as virtues, may "our holy prophet defend us from any communication "with them. I remit you back your fifty thousand "franks, and remain, &c. Adieu."

Buonaparte. Sacra Dieu! Oh, the insolent rascal! he shall pay for it! What, refuse my generous offer of friendship! *(To the* Deputies.) So ho, friends! your master, then, thinks to outwit the holy banditti, who have outwitted half the world. *(To an* Aid-de-Camp.) Hasten, with one of these Musselmen, to the Pacha; carry this capitulation for him to sign immediately: make him understand it is an act of humanity, and out of respect for his holy prophet, that I refrain from taking vengeance of the city. *(To another* Aid-de-Camp.) Go to Kleber; desire him to order the charge to beat; and Menou's battalion must rush in at the gates as this flag of truce passes. No quarter to man, woman, or child, till the Castle, Phare, and forts are in our hands. I'll shew this execrable Pacha Christian virtue, I warrant him! I'll teach him to refuse my franks!

[*Exeunt* Aids-de-Camp *and* Deputies.

(Alone.) Yes, in half an hour I may surprise the

wretch with my presence. Yes, it is better sacrifice half the inhabitants, than lose an hour of our precious time; lest the cursed English should arrive.

Enter an Officer *from the eastward.*

Officer. Citizen General, the infidels have two or three strong posts to oppose our progress, and which they say will shortly be reinforced considerably,

Enter an Aid-de-Camp *from* Menou, *with a letter.*

Buonaparte (reads). "Citizen General, the danger "is over! you may now come forward. Marmont, with "his brigade, is in the castle, and we are in possession "of all the forts and towers. Hasten, I beseech you, "to feast your eyes on the mangled bodies of between "three and four thousand inhabitants, now strewed in "the streets, to the glory of our invincible banditti. "Health."

(*To an* Aid-de-Camp.) Hasten to Dessaix; order him and Regnier to proceed immediately forwards, with twelve thousand men, for Rahmanieh and Cairo. I shall follow to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

An Apartment in the Castle of Alexandria. Kleber, Menou, *and* Marmont, *sitting drinking.*

Enter Buonaparte, Berthier, *and* Murat.

Buonaparte. What have you done with the Pacha?

Marmont. He fled the moment we made good our position.

Buonaparte. Well, citizen Generals, we must now devise means to make Alexandria an important place. Marmont, I appoint you commander, with a provisional government. To-morrow we shall march forwards for the capital of Delta. I learn that a strong force of Mamelukes is on the way to oppose us. Dessaix

saix and Regnier are proceeding against them; but I am under no apprehension from these Infidels, as I have taken care to treat with the Pacha of Sharkie and two other Beys. They are not all such fools as this Pacha, to talk of virtue; so that I expect to arrive at Cairo without much opposition. Our communication with this post must be kept open. Adieu, Marmont. (*To* Berthier.) Ten thousand men must proceed towards Embale, there to unite with the van.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

AT GRAND CAIRO.—*The Palace of the Grand Pacha of Egypt. The* Grand Pacha, Vizier *or* Minister, *and* Beys, *in council.*

Pacha. It is a positive fact, that they have possession of Alexandria, Rashid, and Damiet; and the chief of the banditti has declared his intention to march for Cairo.

Ibrahim Bey. Tamely to wait for his arrival would betray our weakness, and degrade us in the eyes of our loyal Musselmen. I beg, therefore, to propose, that a strong reinforcement be sent to Omdinar, Menuf, Kudlamie, Chebriesse, and Embabe; and that strong advanced posts be established at Treane and Mut-Kamar.

Pacha. It will be best; Ibrahim, I appoint you to the command at Embabe: Murat-Bey, you command at Chebreisse. You two nominate Bey-Menufie and Bey-Sharkie to the outposts, with proper instructions, to unite as occasion may require. All subsequent arrangements I leave to you both. Depart, and may our prophet attend you. Farewell.

[*Exeunt* Ibrahim *and* Murat Bey.

This chief of the banditti says, he is descended from our most honoured prophet, and is commissioned to regenerate the world, and particularly to purify this

once

once happy country. If so, he can surely have no evil intention.

Vizier. Sublime Highness, Mahomet was the true prophet. Impostors are always liars; and, depend upon it, this Buonaparte is an impostor: ergo, he is a liar. He is a scarecrow, whom God suffers, for a time, to terrify the world, to try their faith.

Enter a Bey.

Pacha. Well, what news, Bey?

Bey. Sublime Pacha, I hasten to lay before your Highness a printed paper, which Buonaparte, chief of the banditti, has caused to be distributed all over Upper and Lower Egypt. It is addressed to the people, exhorting them to rise and shake off their yoke of bondage, and no longer to acknowledge the authority of the Beys, &c. asserting that rebellion is a virtue.

Pacha (*to the* Vizier). Read it.

Vizier (*reads*). "Ye people of Egypt! ye descendants of the holy true prophet, Mahomet, greeting!—In the name of God, gracious and merciful! There is no God but one God; and Mahomet, our prophet, was his true missionary. When the Beys, your tyrants, tell you the French banditti are come to destroy your religion, don't believe them; it is a falsehood. No, we are come to free you from their oppressive bondage. Tell them we worship the Supreme Being, and honour the prophet and his alcoran. The banditti, to a man, are all Musselmen! Have they not overthrown the See of Rome; destroyed the insignia of the Catholic Church, and driven, like thieves, the Pope's minions and satellites from Malta? And all this purely out of respect, and for the glory of our holy prophet. I exhort you, therefore, for your own independence, to resist the commands of your superiors, and to believe that rebellion against them is a sacred virtue! Your friend, Buonaparte."

Grand Pacha. What an abomination! What insolence!

lence! Come here to insult, to ridicule our holy prophet. (*To the* Bey.) Speed to Müt-Demois; desire the Pacha of Sharkie to muster all the forces he can in Dakelie, and establish posts at Sememand and Mansora. [*Exit* Bey.

Enter an Ensign *from* Buonaparte, *with a letter for the* Grand Pacha, *which he gives to the* Vizier.

Grand Pacha (*to the* Vizier). Read it.

Vizier (*reads*). "Dear brother, the Grand Pacha "of Egypt! the Sublime Porte having declared that "the Beys of Egypt were rapacious greedy villains, "void of reason, justice and gratitude; be it known "that I am a missionary from the God of the holy "prophet Mahomet, sent to chastise them. Thou, "O my brother! who art appointed their master, art "disregarded by them, and confined, at their will and "pleasure, in Cairo. Thy authority is despised. "Rejoice, then, at my arrival. Come, and unite "with thy only friend. We will make the Alcoran to "be respected, by the punishment of these imperi-"ous Beys. The French nation is the only sincere "ally of the Sultan: they are all Musselmen. Health, "Buonaparte."

Grand Pacha. Oh, the wretch! the parasite! Go, order a strong guard at the city gates.

Enter another Bey.

Bey. Most sublime Pacha! the people have possessed themselves of the city gates, in defiance of the troops. A deputation of twenty-four, and some of the magistrates, are gone to compliment Buonaparte at Gizeh.

Grand Pacha. Lack! lack-a-day! what is this I hear!

Enter an Aid-de-Camp *from* Murad-Bey, *with a dispatch.*

Grand Pacha (*to the* Vizier). Read it.

Vizier

Vizier (reads).

" Most sublime Pacha, at four o'clock this morning " the banditti attacked my position at Chebreisse, and, " at the same time, Ibrahim, at Embabe, with very " superior forces. After several hours strong resist- " ance, we were obliged to retreat and disperse. I " am in full march to Upper Egypt. Ibrahim, not " having suffered so much, proposes to take post near " Belbeis, to be ready to act according to circumstan- " ces. Your's, with all due reverence, MOURAD " BEY."

Grand Pacha. O prophet, where is thy protection?

Aid-de-Camp. Sublime Pacha, every where on the way I found the people reading this paper: it is addressed to the people of Cairo.

Grand Pacha. Give it to the Vizier to read.

Vizier (reads). " Buonaparte, commander of the " renowned French banditti, to the people of Cairo, " greeting! You have done well not to take part " against me. I am your friend. I am come to de- " stroy the race of Mamelukes, and to revenge your " wrongs. Let those among you who have fled, re- " turn to their homes! Let prayers be offered up and " continued every day! Be under no apprehension " for your families, for your property, or for your " religion. I love and adore your holy prophet! I " will establish a Divan of seven men, chosen from " among yourselves, and it shall meet at the Mosque " of Ver. Drive away your Pacha and your Mufties " send them to hell! The holy prophet has deserted " them. You shall be blessed with a commonwealth " on the true principles of liberty and equality. Open " your gates, then, to receive the embraces of your " friends. Health, Buonaparte."

Grand Pacha. O God! what is to be done with such a daring villain?

Enter the Pacha of Sharkie.

Well, brother Pacha, I greet thee. What news bringest thou?

Pacha

Pacha of Sharkie. Alas! the news I bring, sublime Sir, is comfortless and cold. Our brave Musselmen are dispersed on all sides. I made all speed to arrive here before the banditti should surprise the city. Every where I came I saw the people reading this paper. (*Gives it to the* Vizier). How the devil they could find means to distribute it so far in the country, astonishes me. I cannot think that any true Musselman would be so treacherous.

A Bey. Treachery there certainly is somewhere.

Pacha of Sharkie. God and our glorious prophet forbid it! Most sublime Sir, our present circumstances have led me to reflect, if our people were governed with more lenity, on a more rational principle of justice, they would feel an interest in the preservation of their country. But our Mamelukes and Fellahs can have no interest in the community or government. Their offspring are born slaves, bred up in slavery, and eternally doomed as victims to vassalage and tyranny. The name of freedom never entered their thoughts till the present paper was put into their hands. I affirm that freemen are as much superior to slaves as a coachman is to his horses. Every nation is brave and generous in proportion as the inhabitants enjoy independence. One man, in nature, is not braver than another, but, by as much as he feels his power of intellects and bodily strength surpass and excel his neighbour's. Give to our Fellahs the same advantages as nature allots to man, and we need be under no fear of all the banditti in the world.

Vizier. We have had this paper before.

Grand Pacha (to the Pacha). What force do you suppose Buonaparte has?

Pacha. There are already fifteen thousand arrived before the city.

Grand Pacha (*in astonishment*). Fifteen thousand! and the people assembling to welcome them! Alas,

alas! there is no time to lose; we must away. But whither? If we go to the south, they are there; if we go to the west, they are there also. We must then fly for Syria by Belbeis. (*To an* Officer.) Go, prepare carriages for my wives. Alas! away, away!

[*Exeunt all, in haste and confusion.*

SCENE VII.

MOURAD BEY'S HOUSE, IN CAIRO.

Enter several Banditti, *among whom are* Fauvelet, Menou, *and* Tallien.

Fauvelet. The Bey has left his house almost empty. Come, let us see if there's nothing better in some other apartment. [*Exeunt.*

The scene changes to a large room, where eleven of the Bey's Women *are sitting.—Enter the foregoing.*

Menou (*in astonishment*). Parbleau, there's a feast! (*Advances.*) Ah, charming angels! (*Looks very impudently in their faces.*) The Bey has left you!

Fauvelet. By Mahomet! we will be your protectors.

Tallien. Then these are mine.

Menou (*pushing* Tallien *on one side*). Make room, that is mine, by Mahomet! (*Runs off with her.*) Take which you please for me!

Other Banditti *enter, as* Tallien *and* Fauvelet *run out with their* Women.

1*st Banditto.* This is mine with the blue eyes.

2*d Banditto.* Eyes or no eyes, this is mine.

3*d Banditto.* This is not equality, by Jove! What right had they to run off with the best before we came, and be hanged to them.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

DIVAN CHAMBER, IN THE MOSQUE OF VER.

Enter Buonaparte, Berthier, Murat, Kleber, *and* Lannes, *all covered with dust.* Mufty Abad *meeting them at the entrance of the hall.*

Mufty. Most gracious general Buonaparte! I greet you welcome.

Berthier. The devil a chair, sopha, cushion, or carpet, is here, to sit down on.

Murat. Mr. Mufty, are here no women.

Enter Fauvelet *and* Andreossi.

Fauvelet. Citizen General, Mourad is advancing to Upper Egypt.

Berthier. Ah, the fellow thinks to draw us after him, to give time to the Grand Pacha to get off.

Fauvelet. Ibrahim is in full march towards Syria, and meets the Grand Pacha this day at Belbeis.

Buonaparte. In that case we have no time to lose; we may yet overtake the fellow: but I fear Lannes, Dessaix, and Sebastiani, are too late to intercept the forces from Dekalia, which, Pacha Sarkie informs me are marching to join them. (*To* Berthier.) When think you that Lannes and Bon's divisions will reach Mut Damsis and Basta?

Berthier. I expect these divisions will be at Basta to-morrow. Dessaix has orders to push on by Tineh, as soon as these corps join him.

Buonaparte. Well then, make the dispositions for breaking up the camp, and to march, by two routs, for Belbeis with all speed. Four thousand men remain here. See the printing materials and paper are in good order, for I find our promises in print have more effect than the terror of the bayonet. The Grand Vizier

Izzed, I hear, is on his march to secure the pass of Scandaroon, where he is expected in two months time; but I flatter myself, by the *weighty* considerations I have laid before him and Mahomet Pacha, they will advance by very slow marches, so as to admit of our arrival first to possess Mount Lebanon.

Murat. But, citizen Chief, with our small force, will it not be proper to secure our retreat, by destroying and razing every place of defence on our way, except such as may be deemed proper points of communication with the frontiers and sea coasts of Egypt. I think we need only keep Jaffa and St. Jean d'Acre, which will sufficiently cover our retreat.

Kleber. Ay, these in our rear, and in possession of Tripoli, Babech, Antioch, Scandaroon, and Aleppo, we may bid defiance to all the Sultan's forces. With these, and masters of the passes and defiles Tarsus Cilicia and Amanus, we shall be secure.

Buonaparte. We may follow the example of Alexander of old, and erect the cap of liberty at Illion, at Issus, and wash away our sins in the river Granicus. Suez must not be forgotten; six hundred men must be dispatched thither from Belbeis. (*To* Bourrienne.) Note these points down in the minutes.

Andreossi. If we can but recruit our forces to fifty thousand, we need be under no apprehension: we might then proceed by the Euphrates, Tigris, and Arbela, to Basorah, where, after paying respects to the memory of Alexander, we can proceed, by Basorah, or by Ispahan, to Indostan; or take Constantinople in our return home.

Buonaparte. I approve of the plan; it is a good one. At Ispahan we can disseminate our principles of liberty and equality, revolutionise Persia, appoint a provisional government, and drive before us a host of Persians to Delhi and Agra.

Lannes. Hi, hi, hi! The furious English will stare like stuck pigs, when surprised on their beds of down, in the arms of their Hindoo mistresses.

Buonaparte.

Buonaparte. Meanwhile Berthier, Kleber, Lannes, and Dessaix, advance eastward, by one of these routs, from Aleppo; I, Murat, Menou, Andreossi, and Sebastiani, will proceed *(very quick)* by Adana, Tarshish, Isauria, Iconium, Eski, Hissar, Kutaith, Prusa, Nicomedie, to the Seraglis at Constantinople, revolutionise that odious government, and from thence march straight for Presburg and Cracou; then, with the twenty thousand discontented Sclavonians and Poles, we go straight for Vienna; from thence to Paris, as prodigies of the world.

All. Success, success! Huzza, huzza! Long live the republic, liberty, and equality! Huzza, huzza! [*Exeunt* Generals.

Enter Mufty, Roba, *the President of the Institute;* Tallien, *Director of the Finances,* Monge and Bartholet, Vivant, Denou, &c. *Members of the Institute.*

Mufty. Most gracious Buonaparte! the loyal people of the capital of Delta, convened, have chosen seven persons to compose the Divan. I am deputed to present the list to your Highness. *(Gives the list.)* If the names are approved, the Divan expects the honour of your presence.

Buonaparte (after reading the list). I approve: but the Divan must be presided over by our learned National Institute. *(Turning to* Tallien.) You I appoint President; Monge, Chief Justice. Mr. Mufty, go inform the Divan of my pleasure, that I will honour them with my presence.

Enter Poussieulque.

You are welcome, my dear friend. What news since we left you?

Poussieulque. Ah, citizen chief, I have been witness to a dreadful fight between our brave fleet and the English; but cannot tell the final issue, as I left Alexandria in the evening. But Citizen Marmont has by

andria

this sent off an aide-camp to meet you at Belbeis! expecting you would be there.

Buonaparte (*in confusion*). Members of the National Institute! you are all sensible of the high importance of your trust; we must depart! I have only to request you to keep a strict eye upon the police of this great city. Shoot, hang, or drown, as exigencies require, to maintain peace! Dispatch emissaries in all directions, to discover and investigate. You, *Poussielque*, I expect from your activity, that you will neglect no opportunity of replenishing our chests. I am informed, immense treasures are concealed in divers places! Search, and you'll find them! Where you suspect, spare neither bayonet, nor musket; suffer no prevarication; down with them. I don't know what we may be in need of.

Enter Berthier.

Berthier. Citizen General in Chief, all is arranged for our departure. Eight thousand men are advanced already some miles, the rest march in four hours; quarters for the seven thousand men are prepared in the city, and the hospital is provided with every necessary!

Buonaparte (to the Members of the Institute). Citizens, I must bid you adieu; we march immediately for Syria, in pursuit of the Grand Pacha and Ibrahim! I am resolved to plant the tree of liberty at Jerusalem, on the very spot where the cross of Christ stood; and the first brave banditti that falls, shall do honour to the tomb in which the Saviour of the world was laid. Adieu! adieu! [*Exeunt all.*

SCENE IX.

At Belbeis.—An Inn.—*The* Grand Pacha *and* Ibrahim, *with their Women.*

Enter an Aid-de-Camp.

Aid-de-Camp. Most Sublime Highness! the banditti are within one hour's march of us!

Ibrahim.

Ibrahim (*astonished*). Within one hour's march! *(To the Grand Pacha.)* Gracious Sir! we have not an instant to lose!

Grand Pacha. No! (*to an Aide-Camp.*) Go tell Bey Dado, Bey Mustaf, and Bey Aceba to prepare waggons for twenty-four of my women!! I take the rest with me. Hell and the devil! I had rather the whole of the Mamelukes should fall into the hands of those execrable banditti, than one of my angels!! (*To Ibrahim.*) Speed on to unite with Jussuf Pacha!

Ibrahim. Serene Highness! two divisions arrived at Asselci yesterday! The others are advancing in regular order.

Enter Bey Aceba.

Aceba. Serene Highness! waggons are ready!

[*Exeunt all.*

SCENE X.

THE SAME ROOM.

Enter Buonaparte, Berthier, Andriossi, Murat, *and several others.*

Buonaparte. Holo here! By Mahomet, we are a little too late, Citizen! Bhrr! I am very dry! Bring something to drink here, and cushions to rest upon. Have you any *lachrima christi?* They say there is more of that wine here than in Europe.

Enter Landlord *with some wine.*

Berthier (*fills the glasses*). Come—

Buonaparte. Make the landlord drink first! Who knows but he may have been bribed to poison us, poor pilgrims.

Berthier. Here, Landlord; drink this and be hanged. (*The* Landlord *hesitates.*) I say drink (*draws his sword*), or I'll drive day-light through your hellish carcase.

carcase. (*To Duroc.*) Order centinels at all the avenues of the town.

Landlord (*drinks*). The wine is good, Gentlemen.

Buonaparte. How long is the Pacha gone from hence?

Landlord. About one hour!

Murat. What rout has he taken?

Landlord. By the way of Hebasca!

Enter Menou *and* Fauvelet, *with four Mamelucks prisoners, and six of the Pacha's women.*

Andriossi. Ha! ha! ha! Here comes our stragglers. What, you have been fishing, eh?

Fauvelet. Aye, our net is full, as you see!

Murat. I bespeak two of them! by Jove!

Andriossi. Ha! ha! ha! I another two.

Fauvelet. Stop till we have had our choice.

Caffarelli. I must have one at least!

Menou. They are delicate morsels, I assure you; I married three at Cairo: one, because she was very pretty; another, because she was niece to the Pacha, and of course claimed his property; and the third, because she was the Josephine of the East, and gave me the title of *Abdallah!*

Buonaparte (*to the prisoners*). Approach here (*the* Women *approach.*) Well! What! has the Pacha left you behind?

Women (*fall on their knees*). Most Gracious Vicegerent of our Holy Prophet! Created for the use and pleasure of man! we acknowledge our will to be your slaves, and we implore your mercy upon our bodies!

Fauvelet (*to* Murat, Caffarelli, *and* Andriossi). Are they not beauties eh? What nymphs!

Buonaparte. (*to the* Women). Away with you; fawn not on me! I have more important concerns, worth

ten

(*To the* Officer.) Away with them!

[*Exeunt* Andréossi *and* Caffarelli, *with the* Women.

Buonaparte (*to the* Mamelukes). Approach; fall on your knees, if you wish for your life, and tell us what you know of the Pacha's army. But remember the injunction of your Prophet: speak the truth, and nothing but the truth, at your peril! What force has the Pacha and Ibrahim? Which way are they gone?

Prisoners. About twelve thousand! They are on the way to Calieh, by Habasch. They are to unite at Acre with the Jusuf Pacha, and the main army under the Grand Vizier.

Buonaparte. What? Jusuf Pacha! Izzed Mahomed, you mean?

Prisoners. It was Izzed Mahomed; but he is disgraced for having received bribes from your chief, Buonaparte, as they call him!

Buonaparte (*aside*). Ah! I perceive these fellows don't know me! This is a very unlucky affair. (*Aloud.*) How far a-head do you think the Grand Pacha is now?

Prisoners. The van of the army is at least at Calieh, and is expected to reach El-Erish to-morrow.

Buonaparte (*to Berthier*). Advance the divisions as they arrive. (*To Fauvelet.*) Distribute the order of march to the majors as they enter the town.

Enter an Officer, *with Dispatches from* Marmont, *at Alexandria.*

Officer. Oh, Citizen General in Chief! I have had a hard race to overtake you! I am bearer of sad intelligence from Citizen General Marmont.

Buonaparte (*in haste*). Well, what is it?

Officer (*gives the dispatch*). Oh! I can hardly tell you, Citizen Chief!—The Prophet Mahomet has at last betrayed us! basely deceived us! On your sepa-

rating from us, he changed sides! Alas, we are ruined! undone!

Buonaparte (*reads*). Ruined! undone! What means this?

Berthier. You bring us a comfortless cordial, Citizen.

Buonaparte. Come; the sequel!

Officer. I say, alas! it grieves me to say, that the rascally English have dodged and followed our fleet, till they have found it. They then bribed Mahomet to permit their ships to come between the shore and ours, that they might attack them fore and aft, between two fires!

Buonaparte (quick). But Brueys beat them off surely!

Fauvelet. Aye, surely! and sent them about their business!

Officer. Aye, surely! As long as Brueys was able, he fought like a lion! Poor soul! (*wipes his face.*) Forgive my tears! As long, I say, as he was able, the contest was bloody! But that fox of the sea, Nelson, after having been so long outwitted, was enraged, and would not give our tars time to make their soups! They grew languid and spiritless; the English, on the contrary, continued to fight like devils, and dealt out their fire and ball so unmercifully, that our ships were soon in flames! Finally! Oh! indeed I cannot forgive Mahomet! Finally, I say, brave Brueys was blown up to heaven in a blaze!!

All. Hang and burn the English. How, in the devil's name, are we to return home now?

Buonaparte (*dejected*). Is it possible? It is a cursed affair? Can it be so?

Officer. It is marvellous, indeed; but it is a fact, and the circumstance is corroborated by a Mufty who was on the top of the castle of Alexandria, with a telescope! He saw Brueys and five other officers lodge at the gates of the first heaven, where one remained, and the rest continued their ascent to their respective stations. I must, however, say, that the English Admiral has acted like a humane hero; he sent the prisoners ashore!

Buonaparte.

Buonaparte. Say rather he acted like a fool! What has humanity to do with victory? War is not waged by humanity. However, I am obliged to him, for we may want the men! (*After a pause, sits down to write, then rises, and says to the* Officer.) Return by Damiette; tell the commander there to dispatch orders along the coast as far as *Rosetta*, to prepare for defence against these sea-monsters; Give this letter to Marmont. [*Exit* Officer.
[*To* Berthier) Are the last divisions ready to proceed forwards?

Berthier. They are by this time some miles a-head!

Buonaparte. Come along then, we must follow!
[*Exeunt all.*

SCENE XI.

JAFFA.—*Thunder of cannon and the cries of the people, are heard!*—Dessaix's *corps being united, enter* Dessaix, Augereau, *and* Grenadiers *scaling the walls—the* Mamelucks *are flying in all directions to the Mosques—the* Grenadiers *open the gates, while the rest, conducted by* Augereau, *pursue the fugitives.*

Enter Buonaparte *and others.*

Buonaparte (*seeing* Augereau *pursuing the people, calls out*). No lenity! down with them! These infidels shall pay for their temerity!

Murat (approaching). Citizen General, the prisoners we sent away on parole from El-Erish are among the garrison! Have them shot!

Buonaparte. They shall be all exterminated! We will have no more prisoners. (*To an* Aide-de-Camp) Go, tell Lannes, as soon as he has ascertained the number of the prisoners to bring me the list.
[*Exit* Aide-de-Camp.
(*To* Desaix.) How many have fallen, Citizen General, in the attack?

Dessaix. We killed in the pursuit about two hundred; some few of our men are wounded, and they refused to put any more to the sword!

Enter Lannes.

Buonaparte. Well, Citizen General! How many prisoners are there?

Lannes. Four thousand and eighty, besides the sick and wounded, of which there are two hundred and thirty, besides five hundred and eighty of our troops!

Buonaparte. Well, we must consult how to dispose of them! (*To Fauvelet.*) Summon Augereau, Kleber, Caffarelli, Murat, Andreossi and Regnier to the council, at the Pacha's Mosque.

SCENE XII.

COUNCIL CHAMBER IN THE MOSQUE.—*Present,* Buonaparte, Berthier, Kleber, Lannes, Dessaix, Regnier, Andréossi, Menou, Murat *and* Fauvelet.

Buonaparte. Cisizen Generals! you see the treachery of those infidels whom we permitted to go home from El-Erish, through that foolish principle of humanity that existed in some of you! We must now dispose of them, not to risk being again waylaid!

Kleber. Divide them; send some home by sea, the rest to work at the redoubts, which will greatly ease our own men.

Dessaix. I think that plan would answer well.

Berthier. I object to the plan proposed, because the words of prisoners are not worth a farthing; and it is also very imprudent in so perilous an expedition, to be troubled with prisoners!

Murat. I voted for them to be put to death at El-Erish.

Fauvelet. My opinion coincides with Berthier's, and I doubt not but our worthy chief will see the necessity of dispatching them; it is the shortest method of getting rid of them! No excuse for breach of word!

Buonaparte. It is on this principle it must be decided; the shortest are the best means.

Berthier. Death is the shortest, ergo, the best.

Murat. So say I, death, by law and gospel.

Kleber. Citizen, we should consider that the prisoners at El-Erish were obliged to make this place in their rout, and, on the approach of our forces the garrison would not suffer them to depart. I therefore consider the vote cruel and unjust!

Fauvelet. It is loss of time to discusss more at large, Citizen General! You had better put the question: I heartily vote for death——a leaden death!

Berthier. Ditto.

Murat. Ditto.

Lannes. Ditto.

Caffarelli. Ditto.

Augereau. Ditto.

Andreossi. Ditto.

Buonaparte. Bravo, to death they are doomed, I sanction it with all my heart and soul; Death. (*To Berthier*) Conduct them into the square, let us inspect them.

[*Exit* Berthier.

SCENE XIII.

THE SQUARE.—*Enter Berthier and Prisoners.*

Berthier. March! Quick time; halt; to the right about face!

Enter Buonaparte *and* Officers, *passing the front.*

Buonaparte (Observing a good looking old Janissary, says to him). Old fellow, what brought you here?

Janissary. I can't answer your question better than by asking you the same! You will tell me you came here to serve your Sultan, so did I!

Buonaparte. (With a smile of contempt). You are an impudent rascal! I'll send you all home together.

Kleber.

Kleber. (aside.) That smile is a deadly doom, poor old fellow!

Prisoners all. May our holy Prophet bless and protect your honour's sacred person! Generous Buonaparte, we thank you, and will not cease imploring our prophet to favour your undertakings!

Buonaparte. (To Andreossi). March the prisoners with your batallion to Abel's field! When half way up the rise, form them in a line, and halt.

Prisoners. Heaven bless Buonaparte! Long live Buonaparte!

[*Exeunt* Andreossi *and* Prisoners.

Buonaparte (To Kleber). March your division round the other side of the field to the top, and form parallel to the prisoners. Order to load with grape, and to fire in regular platoons till every one be laid dead.

Kleber. What do I hear, Citizen? Is this the right of war?

Buonaparte. The right of war! Hi! hi! hi! Right of war! and custom of war! Were we to adhere to the general routine of warfare, we could not hope to succeed! No, no, we must proceed upon quite new principles, I'll be troubled with no prisoners, nor will I do as Nelson did,

Send the men away,
To fight another day.

Kleber. But, Citizen General! Justice, honour, humanity, forbid such an act! It is an enormity degrading to a veteran, and to us the champions of liberty and equality it is most disgraceful: for my part, I will never become the murderer of innocence! Neither will such troops as I command obey the order.

Buonapatre. What! do you demur at my command and authority? (*After a pause*). Prepare your division for departure immediately; advance upon Zete and Caiffa! [*Exit* Kleber.
That is a surly fellow! But I cannot quarrel with him neither; I am aware the troops are partial to him! However, as I must not forget this opposition,

(*to*

(*to* Fauvelet) note this circumstance down. (*To* Murat *and* Berthier.) Do you hasten to Abel's field with Bon's division and the Etat Major; Enforce the duty I command. [*Exit* Berthier *and* Murat.

Buonaparte. (*Ascends to the top of a Mosque with a telescope, and, after taking a view round the town, says.*) No vessels yet approaching! (*then turning towards Abel's field.*) Bravo, Berthier! That is a good fire! One, two, three, four, five volleys. Three thousand are already laid sprawling, in two more minutes they will all share the same fate! The troops fire well—The divisions I perceive are returning, it is all over! Now I have only to rid myself of the sick and wounded. (*Comes down from the Mosque.*)

SCENE XIV.

Buonaparte. (*To* Fauvelet.) Go to the Physician-general, desire him to come here; (Buonaparte *walks about, deep in thought.*) We have no time to lose.—(*Exit* Fauvelet—*after a pause*) Yes, they must be dispatched; (*A vision passes—slaps him on the shoulder,—he starts in amazement*) Ah! What is that! something as cold as death. I recollect the same circumstance happened to me in Italy; sure it is not to inform me of any inconstancy of Josephine! What else I cannot guess.

[*A hollow voice calls out* Buonaparte! Buonaparte! Buonaparte! (*he starts*) Be not afraid; I am thy guardian angel. I have constantly accompanied thee to witness thy glorious acts, and estimate thy greatness of soul! Go on, thou favoured of God's creation;—laugh at the hacknied system of humanity. Blood! Blood!—Seal thy deeds with blood. Hesitate not at the sacrifice of a few human beings in one day; the world contains many millions! My right hand, though invisible, upholds thee!!]

(*Buonaparte shews evident marks of terror and sits down in tremor*). What is the matter with me?—What, what can this mean?——

Enter

Enter Fauvelet *and a* Physician.

Buonaparte. (*recovering himielf a little*). Citizen Doctor.

Physician. What, Citizen General, are you ill?

Buonaparte. I wish to have a list of the sick and wounded; How many are there in the hospital?

Physician. When the muster was made there were two hundred and eighty Mamelukes and three hundred and fifty banditti.

Fauvelet. Two hundred and eighty and three hundred and fifty make six hundred and thirty.

Buonaparte. (*Walking to and fro with his arms folded.*) Do you apprehend the contagion will increase?

Physician. No! Upon the whole I find it diminishes considerably; many of the men are convalescent.

Buonaparte. We must depart hence to-morrow-morning. What can be done with these wretches? I cannot risk this malady being transported with the troops.

Fauvelet. Citizen General, I vote for the same recipe as for the prisoners.

Buonaparte. That is also my vote, but another process must be adopted through the Arcanum Medicinæ. I wish the poor devils to be dispatched with the least trouble possible. (*To the Physician.*) Which is the best and quickest mode to effect this?

Physician. What, Citizen Chief! Am I in a reverie, or do my ears report false sounds? Do you seriously desire me to put to death near four hundred of your own troops? men who, in defence of your own sacred person, have been maimed and fallen victims to maladies, through want and fatigue, and to whom you owe all your glory and renown? Have I followed the apostles of liberty and equality to witness such an unheard of atrocity? To see the chief of the banditti metamorphosed into a blood-thirsty ferocious tyger! (*With indignation.*) No, Citizen General; my profession will not allow me to become a savage murderer!

If

If such are the qualities requisite for a hero, I thank God I do not possess them. [*Exit* Doctor.

Buonaparte. That fellow has very great assurance (*To* Fauvelet.) Call an Ensign. (*Enter* Ensign.) Go and desire the attending apothecary to come here. (*Sternly.*) It shall be done.

Fauvelet. Citizen Chief, admit of no hesitation, time is precious; the Vizier's army is approaching, and may reach Acre before us!——

Enter Apothecary.

Buonaparte. (*To the* Apothecary.) What is your name?

Apothecary. Rez, and please your honour.

Buonaparte. Well, in what state do you find the patients?

Apothecary. Rather better than yesterday; many are convalescent.

Buonaparte. Will they be fit to march to-morrow?

Apothecary. (*surprized.*) To-morrow? Oh no! It is impossible!

Buonaparte. How long have you followed the army?

Apothecary. I was two years with the army of the Rhine.

Buonaparte. I perceive you have experience; I shall take care of your advancement.

Apothecary. I thank your excellence.

Buonaparte. As I intend to march from hence to-morrow, I wish some means might be devised to shorten the sufferings of those poor devils, as I am afraid the contagion may spread. If you can contrive some method in secret, be assured of my good will—It will be better than leaving them behind to the mercy of the infidels, to die by inches with hunger and want.

Apothecary. They are in a fair way of recovery.

Buonaparte. (*Looking disdainfully.*) Don't you understand me?

Apothecary. Oh yes, your honour; and as to that indeed, it is very easy.

Buonaparte. I should suppose so from your experience.

Apothecary. To be sure I can mix a potion of strong somnific powder in their evening mess, which will not only give it a relish, but lay them in an everlasting sleep in the arms of death.

Buonaparte. Bravo, bravo; that's just the thing. (*Turning to* Fauvelet.)

Fauvelet. Citizen Apothecary, you will find a friend and protector in our worthy chief.

Murat. Aye, we shall all be your friends.

Apothecary. Gracious General, you may rely on my discretion! [*Exit* Apothecary.

Buonaparte. (*To* Fauvelet.) Well, then, we may depart immediately. Call an Ensign

Enter an Ensign.

(*To the Ensign.*) Speed to Cairo, inform the Divan that I have appointed Jaffa for a depôt and point of correspondence with all our posts on the Mediterranean. That I shall write there in three days from the castle of Acre, and that Djezza Pacha, the Butcher, surely dies. That I am advancing upon Zeté and Caiffa; Abdalla Pacha is in force among the heights of Korosum and Naplonae.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE XV.

St. Jean D'Acre.—*Thundering of cannon is heard. The* Turks *are flying to their Mosques. Enter* Commodore Sir Sydney Smith, *with a company of English Sailors.*

Sailors. Huzza! huzza! huzza!

1st. *Sailor.* Hollo, friends, Turks! What the devil are you afraid of; you sure know we are your friends. courage, my boys, we are come to have a knock at your enemies, the Banditti.

2d. *Sailor.* Come along, Jack!—Look yonder, cock your eye at that Molly, there.

3d. *Sailor.* Aye, we'll have a smack at her chops too.

Enter the Pacha, *advancing to the* Commodore.

Pacha. Thrice welcome to Acre, my dearest Commodore, your arrival is most seasonable. Buonaparte, the chief of the execrable banditti, has had the audacity to summon me to surrender, and has been bombarding us for these two hours; behold, on that hill, *(pointing with his glass)* there stands that worthless scoundrel, observing with his telescope what effect his temerity has on my city.

Commodore. The Pacha may rest assured that Acre is safe while my brave fellows are within the walls.

A Sailor. (*To some others.*) Aye, and all the pretty girls too; Eh, Jack, not a soul of them shall the Banditti have.

Commodore. But Pacha, why do your Janissaries all run from their quarters to the mosques?

Pacha. It is prayer time.

Commodore. *(To some of his men.)* Go drive them to their posts. Tell them they shall pray afterwards.

Pacha. Oh! my honoured best friend, Mr. Commodore, the laws of our prophet forbid Christians to enter the mosques.

Commodore. Mr. Pacha, we are not come here to protect dastardly cowards—out they shall come. I would rather batter down every mosque in your city than suffer Acre to fall into the hands of Buonaparte; and if you demur, you shall go on board my ship. I come here to defend Acre, and it shall be defended. (*To some of his men.*) Go bring a dozen barrels of powder to this cave, we'll blow the whole place up.

Pacha. Pray excuse me, my obligations to your Excellence are great, and I am all submission, I beg you not to be angry.

Commodore. (*To his men.*) Go, haul up the great guns that we took from the enemy yesterday on board the brig. (*To the Pacha*) Come, you remain by my side to see how my fellows play with the balls, as you do at shuttlecock with your mistresses.

Pacha. How fortunate it is you have those guns, our artillery is much out of order.

(*The* Banditti *attempt to scale the walls in two different points, but are hurled down into the ditches by the* English Sailors *as fast as they mount.*)

Pacha. (*In ecstasy.*) Ah! There, there they fall by dozens! Glorious! (*To some Janissaries.*) Twenty sequins per dozen for ears or noses.

Commodore. Hold! That I forbid, Mr. Pacha. In the presence of British tars such acts of barbarity are not allowed; true glory is too sacred to be sullied by wanton bloodshed.

Enter An Officer, *blind-folded, from the* Banditti, *with a flag of truce.*

Officer. Most sublime Pacha! Buonaparte, the chief of the banditti, sues for a suspension of arms for twenty-four hours, to bury the dead; and he sincerely wishes, during the interval, to come to an amicable arrangement with your Excellence.

Pacha.

Pacha. To an arrangement with me! You must address yourself to my most illustrious Ally, here.

Commodore. Mr. Pacha, do as you will, it is your business, but remember with whom you treat. The word of a true soldier is honour itself, but it is not so with that of a banditti!

Pacha. (*After a pause.*) Well, the truce is granted on condition that you clear the trenches of the dead.

SCENE XVI.

The Pacha's Palace.

Enter Pacha, Commodore, *and several* Officers. *They all sit down to drink Coffee.*

An Officer. I forgot, Commodore, you know we have a rifle barrel gun on board, which will carry a mile and half; I will be bound to reach Buonaparte on the top of the hill with it; I should devilishly like to give him a pounce on the nose.

Commodore. I cannot allow it; It is base treachery to single out an individual: let us always act upon the broad basis of honour and true valour! Hark! What firing is that?

Enter a Janissary.

Janissary. Treachery; treachery. The banditti observing that our posts were retired and all quiet, have advanced in great force to scale the walls, under cover of a tremendous fire directed against the Sultan's bastion. Had not our brave English friends sprung like bucks upon the walls, where they lay about them most devilishly with their cudgels and sabres, the wretches would have succeeded.

Pacha. Then did they get up?

Janissary. Yes, they did get up, and the tars, as the honourable Commodore calls them, did get them down

down again in a hurry. Oh! it would have done your heart good to have seen them flourish their bludgeons and sabres. The ditches are almost full of their filthy carcases, and Buonaparte is standing at a distance wringing his hands in despair.

SCENE XVII

On the Sultan's Battery.

The Pacha, Commodore, Officers, &c.

Janissary. Sublime Pacha! Buonaparte, struck with shame at the failure of his treachery, and fearing a sally on our part, is preparing for his retreat.

Commodore. (*To an Officer.*) Order the three gun-boats to go along shore and harrass their march where-ever they can reach them. [*Exit* Officer. (*To the Pacha.*) This is an instance, friend Pacha, of what faith is to be put in a banditti! Eh! eh!

Curtain drops, and changes to the Banditti's Camp.

SCENE XVIII.

The Banditti's Camp.

Buonaparte, Berthier, Kleber, Murat, Menou, Dessaix, *and* Fauvelet.

Buonaparte. It is very vexatious that this bloody butcher, Ahmed, should stop our career, and frustrate our glorious plan, and in such a despicable place as Acre——It is past bearing.

Dessaix. Don't suppose the place has been defended by Infidels, for, when I approached near with my battalion, I heard distinctly the voice of Englishmen crying out, with an oath, "Here they come! have "at them, boys!"

Kleber.

Kleber. I am also well persuaded that the place was defended by Europeans, though we attacked it à la Turque!

Buonaparte. I understand you, Citizen General, —Berthier, arrange immediately for the retreat to Egypt. [*Exeunt* Berthier *and* Kleber. —Murat and Fauvelet, have ye prepared the address to the army?—We must do something to keep up the spirits of the men.

Fauvelet. Yes, here it is.

Buonaparte. Let me hear it.

Fauvelet. (*reads.*) "Soldiers! Citizens! Brothers! "You have overrun the deserts swifter than the Ara- "bians themselves! You have dispersed in the plains "of Mount Thabor, Demen, Hour, and Raomanich, "that swarm of Infidels, collected from all parts of "Asia to enter Egypt and to plunder and despoil it "of all the fruit of our influence in its regeneration! "You have taken from them their equipage, baggage, "and camels, and have secured thereby the springs "and wells of the desest! You have demolished the "fortifications of Gaza, Jaffa, Caiffa, and of Acre! "After these glorious achievements we will return, "by easy journeys, to our friends and brothers in "Egypt. The possession of Acre is not worth the "loss of a day of our precious time, nor of the little "finger of any one of you my comrades. Brothers "in arms! We have still before us a career of far "more illustrious glory! Toils and dangers must "still be endured, but they shall be overcome in order "to accomplish our work! What are past are but "trifling experiments to put our works and republican "virtues to the test, in order to entitle each of you, "on your return home, to your five acres of the finest "soil in the universe!

"HEALTH."

Buonaparte. It will do. (*signs it.*) Put it to press, that it may be distributed in two hours after the camp breaks up. Murat, Destaing, and Lannes, you advance straight for Raminie, and Dessaix and Menou for Birke and Rosetta. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIX.

BANDITTI'S CAMP NEAR THE PYRAMIDS.

Buonaparte *in his tent, with* Berthier *and* Fauvelet.

Enter an Officer *from* Murat *with a dispatch.*

Buonaparte. (Reads.) Those cursed infidels are landing at Aboukir, in consideraole force. Dessaix, and Fiougers are advancing, and Lannes and myself are breaking up; and I intend to cut off their retreat to their ships, so that not one of them shall escape.

Enter an Officer *from* Marmont, at Alexandria.

Officer. Hasten, citizen chief, to share the glory.—Kusses Mustapha is landed at Aboukir, with fifteen thousand men; Citizen General, I lost no time to communicate this to your Excellence.

Buonaparte. I have had notice thereof before.—— Do you speed back, desire Marmont to put Alexandria in a state of defence, although, by this time, the whole horde may be destroyed; I depart immediately for the seat of glory. Berthier, prepare for our march.

Officer. Citizen Chief, I am charged to deliver this letter into your hands; it comes from Europe.

[*Exit* Officer.

Buonaparte (To Fauvelet). Leave me. *(alone, reads the letter.)* What, the devil! Europe is ruined; the Republic disgraced. I must hasten back. But how escape from the corps, and how evade those cursed English! These are difficulties and dangers! I perceive my dearest Josephine and brothers have been very active. *(Reading it over again).* The plan seems well arranged in concert with my good friends, Sieyes and Talleyrand, and the dough-headed Ducos—Well, I will come then.

Enter

Enter an Aid-de-Camp *from* Murat.

Aid-de-Camp. Citizen General in Chief, I am bearer of great news! Our most noble army, under Murat and Dessaix, has acquired everlasting honour and glory. *(Gives the dispatches.)*

Buonaparte. (Reads.) Citizen General in Chief, Glory! Glory! Our toils are now finally crowned with the most brilliant victory! Hasten, Citizen General, to the scene of action and witness that which is your heart's delight! The whole of that abject race of Musselmen have been hurled headlong into the sea by the valour of our brave banditti. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XX.

ALEXANDRIA.——*An Apartment in the Castle.*

Marmont *writing.*

Enter Buonaparte, Murat, *and* Berthier.

Marmont (*rises to receive them with open arms*). Welcome, most worthy chief and brothers in arms, I greet you welcome.

Buonaparte. Once more we are returned from our fatiguing expedition. Marmont, I want an audience with you and Berthier immediately. (*The rest exeunt.*) You two, with Lannes, Caffarelli, and Andreossi, must prepare to go to Europe. Urgent affairs there require my presence. (*To* Marmont.) Order a frigate to prepare for a cruise, without disclosing the object, and to be ready in six hours. (*To* Berthier.) Go; send Menou here; we have no time to lose.

[*Exit* Berthier *and* Marmont.

Enter Abdallah Menou.

Citizen Abdallah, I appoint you to supercede Marmont as Governor of Alexandria. Kleber, being your senior, must be your commander in chief during my absence to Europe. I need not tell you the importance of your trust, nor how necessary it is that my departure be kept a profound secret from the army. Dispatch this (*gives him a sealed paper*) appointment to Kleber two days after my departure. (*After a pause.*) Menou, I shall omit no opportunity to serve you! To tell you the truth, I have had frequent occasion to be dissatisfied with Kleber's sneering behaviour towards me; if you can find out some decent way to supersede him in the command, you may depend on my support. Adieu! (*Embrace.*) Go receive your instructions from Marmont. (*To Fauvelet.*) Write a letter to the Grand Vizier; it will serve to keep him in doubt and suspense concerning my departure. (*Fauvelet writes after his diction.*) "The Sublime Porte has always been a "friend to France while Frenchmen were Christians, "but, strange to say, as soon as they professed "Mahometanism, she wages war against them. My "army is strong; I am invincible; I speak out of "humanity; I will destroy all the armies which may "attempt the invasion of Egypt.

"BUONAPARTE."

(*To Menou,*) Forward this letter to the Vizier, to-morrow. (*To the others.*) Prepare for departure.

[*Exeunt.*

Buonaparte (*alone, holding the letter in his hand*). Aye, to France! To France to embrace my constant Josephine. She tells me, in this letter, that I ought to be crowned Prince of Greatness. Every thing is arranged to take possession of the public authority the moment I arrive. Now, were I to prognosticate on futurity, on the fate of princes and principalities, kings and kingdoms, parblieu! I think myself superior to any hereditary crowned head on earth. Experience has given me skill which none of them can boast of! My knowledge is far beyond the depth of their narrow judgments,

judgments, which are confined within the circle of a few paces round their capital! Their intercourse is only among a few men who have seldom any other pretensions than title and birth. I will condescend, however, to call them brother or cousin, and offer them my protection and friendship.

Enter Berthier.

Berthier. Citizen General, the frigate is ready—The rest are all on board.

Buonaparte. Away! away! then let's away!

[*Exeunt.*

End of the Fourth Act.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ACT FIFTH.

Buonaparte, *Commander in Chief of the universal Banditti Corps.*

Brothers to Buonaparte.

Joseph, Lucien, *alias* Brutus.

Confidents of Buonaparte.

Sieyes, Talleyrand, Rœderer, St. Jean d'Angely, Cambacérès, Le Brun, Regnaud, Fouché.

Fauvelet Bourienne, *Secretary to* Buonaparte.

Portalis, Cicé, *dignified Prelates.*

Generals under Buonaparte *in the Corps of Banditti.*

Berthier, Murat (Joachim), Bernadotte, Le Febvre, Andreossi, Caffarelli, Ducet, Lannes, Moreau, Massena.

Directory.

Barras, Moulins, Roger Ducos, Gohier, Sieyes.

Fouché, *Minister of Police.*

Regnier, *Minister of Justice.*

Josephine (Tascher La Pagerie), *Wife to* Buonaparte.

Hortense Eugene Beauharnois, *Daughter to* Josephine.

Sisters to Buonaparte.

Elisa (Princess Bacciochi), Marie (Paulette, Princess Borgese) Annuncia de Caroline (Duchess Joachim Murat.)

Lætitia, Buonaparte's *Mother.*

Miss Perrigord (Mrs. Marmont), *Niece to* Talleyrand.

Celebrated Beauties of Paris.

Mrs. Recamier, Mrs. Tallien, Mrs. Rœderer.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—AT PARIS.

Josephine's *House. She is sitting at her toilet, with her* Maid *behind her.*

Josephine. Heigho! It is very distressing: I cannot bear a state of suspense. It is now three weeks that my things have been packed up ready to depart; during which time I have had the mortifying affliction of being obliged to absent myself and Hortense from all the balls and routs. By this constraint the poor girl is deprived of the means of getting a husband in France.

Maid. O, dear Madam, Miss Hortense will surely have a better chance among the new Bashaws and Beys of Egypt; for you will certainly be a Cleopatra there.

Josephine. Ay, but when will that be, girl?

Enter Miss Paulette *and* Miss El'za.

Well, sister, how are you this morning? Can you bear this suspence?

Paulette. O dear, oh! it is very cruel! I am so unhappy, not knowing whether I must apply for fresh custom here, or not. I have turned my cap, and ogled several of the Generals lately; but I don't like to come to a permanent agreement, till I hear from Dessaix.

Josephine. I was told that Le Clerc casts a longing eye on thee.

Paulette. Yes, it is true, and we have put our corresponding

responding qualifications to the test; but—here comes my sister Caroline. She and I can never agree.

Enter Miss Caroline *and* Miss Hortense.

Josephine (rising from the toilet). Good morning, my dears. *(Rings the bell for breakfast).*

Hortense. Tallien just now sent to know if you were stirring: she will be here presently. Ah, she is already arrived. *(A knocking at the door is heard.)*

Enter Mrs. Tallien *and* Miss Perrigord.

Mrs. Tallien (*advancing to Josephine*). Good morning, my dear Josephine. Bless me, what dejection! Dear, dear, we are all alike. I have borne it as long as I can, and am now determined to put an end to it. Doctor Cupid tells me a little phlebotomy is an antidote to melancholy, and I am bent on being a sultana in Egypt. There is no time to lose. What say you, eh?

Miss Perrigord. Ah, ah! Tallien is always merry.

Josephine. It is true, sadness seldom preys long enough on her spirits to overcloud her cheeks. She is in the right; I will endeavour to do the same.

Miss Perrigord. Yes; but consider, you and Tallien are married, and have not only exterior charms, but internal experience. By which you have a tenfold advantage over us poor inexperienced girls.

Hortense. Ay, that is true, my dear Perrigord; married women have the advantage of us.

Caroline. Oh, I beseech you, let us put an end to this subject. Here comes Recamier. (*Enter* Recamier.) Let us adjourn to breakfast. [*Exeunt.*

N. B. The tea-table conversation of these ladies was, as may be expected, so offensive to delicacy, that we consider it sufficient to make this remark, and expunge it.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Breakfast Room.

The ladies as before, to whom enter Sieyes *and* Talleyrand.

Talleyrand (advancing). I wish you joy, sweet ladies; I wish you joy!

Josephine. Joy of what? Indeed you are very civil, after refusing last night to abide with me during my fright, and now wish me joy.

Talleyrand. I refuse! By Jupiter, my dear creature, it must be a mistake; I refuse nothing.

Josephine. Well, friend, I expect thou wilt make it good another time (*chucks him under the chin*). (*To* Sieyes.) But what joy, my dear Abbé, do you bring and wish us? Have you any news from Buonaparte?

Sieyes. We have private dispatches at last, which are the triplicate of former ones, that the sharkish English intercepted.

All. I wish that the crawfish Nelson was at the bottom of the sea.

Sieyes. I also; for do you know, after the glorious conquest of Malta, and a masterly marinership to Egypt, that Neptune crept in between the shore and our fleet, and blew it up in the air.

All. O heavens!

Sieyes. Heaven ordained it so.

All. O heavens! O lack-a-day!

Sieyes. Of the banditti all goes well, except that Murat is slightly wounded, but gained honour.

Caroline. O, poor Murat! bless him, I was sure he would shew himself worthy. This is a sad accident, Abbé; I am only sorry he did not make me an honest woman before he went. Of mutual love, my little one is our only pledge.

Talleyrand.

Talleyrand. Oh, as to that, my dear, the honour of a banditto is enough for your security.

Sieyes. Ay, sure is it; and the whole republic is his bail.

Recamier. Alas! citizen Bishop, is it not very hard? She, poor soul, has a conscience, that forbids the indulgence even of innocent pleasures, during the separation from her lover; cannot you give her a soothing absolution, that may stifle her scruples in a fraternal benediction?

Sieyes. Yes, that may be done, to her satisfaction.

All. Bravo, bravo! Mr. Abbé is a man of spirit.

Sieyes. Well, adieu!

[*Exeunt* Talleyrand *and* Sieyes.

Josephine. Come, let us adjourn to the drawing-room; I am quite low spirited.

SCENE III.

DRAWING-ROOM.—*The foregoing.*

Hortense. Mamma, I have heard you say, that dreams are fancies, and that love is a dream.

Josephine. Ay, my dear, I do not put faith in dreams; but, notwithstanding, I know they are vapours and fancies that float in the brain, yet I cannot dissemble but that I am a little troubled at one I have had.

Tallien. Pooh! never believe that tormenting dreams come from heaven.

Josephine. I wish I could forget it.

[*Exeunt all.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

At Trejas.

Buonaparte *in a Room.*

Buonaparte (alone). Once more on Gallic shore! Oh, Fortune protect my destiny, enlarge my views, and grant that success which feeds my ambition, and be still propitious! With a persevering constancy will I pursue my object, till I attain it. Thou, Goddess, hast designed me to be superior to the rest of thy favorites, and hast given me power over other men, who are born for my use. *(After a pause.)* My future greatness will now depend on the tools I can collect around me: they shall hold the mirror, by which the bright rays of my benignity, like the glorious luminary of the day, will spread to every corner of the earth. They shall be the vassals of my pleasure: they shall rob for me, plunder for me, they shall murder for me; and I will kick or caress them, frown or smile on them, as I find it good for my purpose: they shall be the messengers of my desires. From among such I will select, and prefer to my favour, the most daring and iniquitous, the most cunning and treacherous. As for such as profess an upright, godly life, who take virtue for their rule of action, I will cause them to be impeached as traitors to the welfare of the people: they shall be transported or guillotined. I will make them know that mankind are subservient to me, as the supreme protector of civil society.

SCENE V.

Paris.

Talleyrand's *Garden and House.*

(Talleyrand *is seen walking in the shrubbery, with a book in his hand, and deep in thought.*)

Enter Miss Perrigord, *with a guitar; she sits down on a seat, near some rose bushes and honey suckles.*

Miss Perrigord. Ay, dreams are strange things; one night of thieves, next of lovers. Alas! I wish my uncle would allow me to accompany Josephine to Egypt. Hush! I think I see him yonder walking. *(She rises and looks.)* Yes, it is he; he seems to be coming this way. He turns down the cypress alley: I'll attract his ears with his favourite air. *(She sits down again, plays and sings.)*

Hail, Love, sweet Love! first supreme of heaven!
Thou king of worlds, great prince of hearts!
Almighty power to thee is given,
To rule with roses, thorns, or darts.

May thy laws, that ev'ry vicious thought controul,
Conduct me through life's gloomy maze,
To meet the object of my soul,
To adore thy name, and sing thy praise.

(She looks: he stands to listen. She continues:)

Inspiring Love, the universe surrounding,
All do own thy godly power;
Thy works, thy wonders, stars surrounding,
Thy holy altars, wait the hour,
To draw from thee thy genial smiles;
Devoid of which, the world expiring,
Of Love's delight the heart beguiles.

Talleyrand (advancing). Ho, ho! is it thou who art so early tuning to the bulfinches and thrushes in the grove?

Miss Perrigord. Indeed, dear uncle, I thought more of surprising you than of tuning to the birds. How do you find yourself this morning? You were very low-spirited last night.

Talleyrand. Ay, child, I cannot be chearful, for I see,

see, after all my labours and anxiety for the welfare of the republic, it is going headlong to perdition. I lose all hopes.

Miss Perrigord. All hopes! my dear uncle, surely you know that hope is the last of the Christian virtues that forsakes us. I have still hopes.

Talleyrand. Hopes in what?

Miss Perrigord. That my uncle will consent to Marmont, whom he praises as a brave banditto.

Talleyrand (aside). I may safely say yes; for, as things are, I never expect any of them again in Europe. *(To her.)* Well, then, if thou wishest to repair to Egypt, with the rest, with all my heart. Come, let us go in to breakfast.

Miss Perrigord. I thank you, dear uncle. *(Embraces him.)* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

A PARLOUR OPENING ON THE GARDEN.

The foregoing at breakfast, playing on the guitar.

Enter Josephine.

Josephine. Good morning, citizen Bishop. (*To* Miss.) And how dost thou do, my dear Juliette, this morning? hast thou dreamed again of thieves, this terrible stormy night?

Miss Perrigord. I am a little better, thank you; I have been trying to dispel my vapours, with the guitar, in the garden.

Talleyrand. Ay, I found her joining in melody with the birds this morning, in the garden.

Enter Sieyes.

Sieyes. Bravo, citizen! you are a happy man to

have such angelic creatures about you in the morning, as soon as you are up. Now let me wish you joy for the good tidings.

All. Tidings! what news is there?

Sieyes. News! great news!

All. Great news! what is it? Speak. Is Suwarrow driven back?

Sieyes. Greater news than that.

All. Are the Austrians beaten?

Sieyes. Still greater.

All. Are the English driven from the Mediterranean?

Sieyes. Far greater.

(Josephine *and* Miss *clasp him in their arms, and embrace him.*) Do tell us what it is.

All. Is Buonaparte arrived at Constantinople?

Sieyes. Pooh! greater still. Rejoice, I tell you; our plan is now on the point of being accomplished. After having destroyed the army, and granting an armistice to the Grand Vizier, which secures Egypt to France, Buonaparte has once more outwitted the English on the seas, and is arrived safe at Trejas.

Josephine (*swooning away*). At Trejas! (*Falls back in her chair.*)

Talleyrand. Poor soul! Help, help! Quick! some hartshorn! Quick, quick! The joy is too great for her.

Caroline (*holding* Sieyes). Is Murat coming? Is Marmont come with him? (Sieyes, *attending* Josephine, *seems not to hear; they pull him between them.*) Tell us! tell us!

Sieyes. Yes, yes! they are come. (*They kiss him: they carry* Josephine *out.*)

Hortense. Poor mamma! She said this morning that the elements must surely be pregnant with some phœnomenon, she had rested so badly last night.

Enter

Enter Mrs. Tallien, Recamier, *and* Rœderer.

Mrs. Tallien. He, he! what is all this bustle about? What is the matter?

Elisa (*to* Recamier). Did not my brother Lucien tell you the news?

Recamier. I did not have his company last night. I am very angry with him, as he knew I must be terrified at the thunder.

Enter Josephine *and* Talleyrand.

Josephine (a little recovered). Thanks, my dear Bishop, for your extreme unction. The surprise was too great. Alas! I am a little better.

Sieyes. Poor soul! I would have rather the whole of the republic was lost than my poor Josephine should suffer.

Talleyrand. And so would I. Adieu, for a moment; we must go.

[*Exeunt* Talleyrand *and* Sieyes.

Paulette. Well, what a delightful calm after such a stormy night!

Mrs. Tallien. Stormy indeed! I was almost petrified with fear.

Paulette. Indeed 'twas dreadful!

Re-enter Sieyes, *with* Lucien *and* Joseph.

Sieyes. Hollo, ladies! Here, I have brought you two rakes to condole with you for your fright, and rejoice with you at the news.

Recamier (quickly). And those who will not condole with us in the storm, are unworthy of that honour in the calm that has succeeded.

Mrs. Tallien. That is right.

Re-enter Talleyrand.

Josephine. Now Talleyrand is come, let us take a walk in the garden. [*Exeunt.*

Josephine.

SCENE VII.

AN APARTMENT IN JOSEPHINE'S HOUSE.

Enter Buonaparte, *in boots and spurs.*

Buonaparte (to the servant). Where is your mistress?

Servant. She is gone to take her morning exercise.

Buonaparte. Go, seek her. But haste.

[*Exit* Servant.

(After a pause, with his arms folded.) The enterprise is hazardous! There is but one opening, by which I can enter this briery, obscure, pathless maze. Heyday! what is the matter with me? I feel my hair bristle on my head, as if electrified. I feel (*a vision passes, and slaps him on the shoulder*)—Ah! what, what is that my old visitor? (*Looking round in astonishment.*) Some spirit must hover about me.

(A hollow voice calls out) Buonaparte! Buonaparte! thy days are numbered! The measure of thy iniquity is not yet complete. If thou dost hesitate, thou art no more worthy to be called my son.

(He stares wild and frantic.) What, what do I hear? Does the spirit of ill-fortune torment me? O God! where will this passion of ambition lead me? I must go on till it exhaust itself.

(*The same voice cries*). Ay, and then will nature set the bounds of reason in thy bosom. *(After a pause.)* Knowest thou that thou hast thy neighbour Francis? Thou must encircle Frederick, erect new kingdoms, and crown a ——— of the ———, and bid defiance to the world.

(*He is greatly terrified.*) I must proceed in this intricate work. I want no divine assistance. *(After a pause.)* Yes, after so many hardships endured, I must not go back. No, I am, and I will be omnipotent on earth.

earth. Every knee shall bend to me ; every head shall bow at my approach. Honour, reward, and punishment await my nod; and—

[*Enter* Josephine.

O, my angel! my Josephine! (*They embrace*) how dost thou do?

Josephine. Do, my dearest Buonaparte! how could I do without thee? To be sure my friends have been very attentive to my wants, and to my pleasures too ; and, in order to forward our plan, I was obliged to make such returns, by free indulgence, as I knew would operate upon their feelings.

Buonaparte. That was right, my charmer! Thou hast favours enough in store for me. But how goes on the project? Where are Sieyes and my brothers? Do, send for them.

Josephine. Every thing goes on well ; we have distributed two millions in the best manner possible, and promises for ten more. But we were in despair at not receiving news from thee ; our baggage was packed ready these two months to set out for Egypt, where I thought of nothing less than becoming queen to my sultan Buonaparte.

Buonaparte. Thou deservest to be higher exalted, my sweet dear creature! (*Embraces her.*)

Enter Joseph, Sieyes, *and* Talleyrand.

All. Ah, most worthy friend and brother! we greet thee welcome to the land of liberty. Thy arrival is most apropos.

Talleyrand. Alas, the republic! you are come just in time to save it.

Buonaparte. Citizens, I return you thanks for the cares and attentions you have paid to my dear Josephine.

Sieyes. Ah, citizen general, she is the perfection of her sex. The whole merit of our success has sprung from her discretion.

Talleyrand.

Talleyrand. Let us forbear compliments, and proceed to business! Strike the iron while it is hot.

Buonaparte. Ay, let us go, confound the stupid senses of the rabble, ere the surprize of my arrival subside. Where are my brothers and *Rœderer?*

Talleyrand. I shall immediately repair to the council.

Sieyes. I expect them here every moment; *Cambacérès, Roger Ducos,* and *Lefebvre* with them. Ah, here they come!

Enter Rœderer, Lucien Brutus, Cambacérès, Ducos, Lefebvre, &c.

All (*advancing to* Buonaparte). Welcome, welcome, our worthy brother, friend and champion of liberty!

Rœderer. Thus let me kiss the hem of thy garment. (*He kisses the skirts of his coat.*) Now is the welfare of the people secure!

Buonaparte. To your united labours do I owe the grand project before me, which sweetens and effaces from my mind the toils and hardships I have endured to secure your happiness. But let us go to business. (*To* Sieyes.) Good friend, what is the order of our proceedings? we are at the bottom of the wheel of fortune; we shall raise with it.

Sieyes. The Council of Antients will this day vote *Buonaparte* to the command of the interior! *Talleyrand* and *Mercier*, the presidents, have engaged votes sufficient to secure the motion. (*To* Lucien Brutus.) You are president of the Five Hundred; you have no doubt secured a majority!

Brutus. The Council of Five Hundred were refractory; I have worked hard, and at great expense, yet I cannot flatter myself that I have above 150 members secure!

Buonaparte. Fig for the council, secure the ancients; we will not stand on ceremonies with such as wish another convention! Force must be used; dispatch ensures success.

Le Febvre.

Le Febvre. Aye, the public welfare requires it!

Fouché. I'll take care to have some thousand eyes upon them! I'll prevent the rabble from coming in contact with the five hundred!

[*Exit* Fouché *and* Buonaparte.

Re-enter Josephine.

Josephine. Every thing is arranged; *Buonaparte* is appointed commander of the interior, and the councils are ordered to assemble to-morrow morning at nine o'clock at St. Cloud! Talleyrand will be here presently!

All. Bravo! Bravo! Detach some troops!

Le Febvre. Five thousand men must be stationed in that neighbourhood this evening.

Rœderer. But, citizens, remember, there is existing a decree which François de Nantes brought forward last year under the sanction of Talleyrand, *viz.* "That "any public authority or individual, who should at- "tempt directly or indirectly, the liberty of the "legislative body, or any of the members, is outlawed, "as an implacable enemy to the constitution of the "3d year, and to the republic;" therefore I doubt the propriety of this proceeding, and whether the Ancients can legally execute the project!

Re-enter Buonaparte.

Sieyes. O yes! the articles 102 and 3 of the constitution warrant it; and though not quite to that extent, necessity, which is above all law, and the welfare of our dear republic, requires it; therefore legality is quite out of the question.

Buonaparte. Ay, indeed! What, in the name of Belzeebub, has legality to do with our projects?

Cambacérès. It is indeed silly nonsense! Talk of proceeding legally! What legality was there in the breaking out of the revolution? yet it was effected! Was the abolition of the nobility legal? Were the Capets decapitated by law? Have the various succes-

sions to republican sovereignty been legal? Did not the Council of Five Hundred overthrow the Directory on the 30th Prairial? Did not the Elders destroy the constitution, 18th Fructidor, 22d Floreal? Were not all these events sanctioned by declaring they were for the welfare of the Republic? I say, then, legality is a bugbear to keep the rabble in awe and respect; laws are made for those who are to obey, but not for us who frame and enact them; we are above their effect!

Buonaparte. Thou art after my own soul: come to my arms. *(Embrace).*

Enter Talleyrand.

Citizen *Buonaparte*, you must forthwith repair to the Ancients, to renew your oath for the welfare of the people!

Enter Berthier, Moreau, Lefebvre, *and* Macdonald. *The two last felicitate* Buonaparte *on his arrival.*

Sieyes. Here is the address to the people that the council will publish this evening!

All. Read it! Let us hear!

Sieyes (reads). "To the French People! Liberty, "Equality, and Virtue!

"Citizens and Soldiers of Freedom, &c.

"The Council of Elders, the depository of the na- "tional wisdom, has, conformably to articles 102 and "103 of our blessed constitution, ordained, and do "ordain, the sittings of the national representation to "remove from Paris to St. Cloud, under the safeguard "of our invincible hero, Buonaparte, the commander "in chief of the interior!

"This is a measure of safety in this important crisis, "which imperiously demands the union and confidence "of all true patriots. Frenchmen! it is the only means "to establish the Republic on the basis of solid civil "liberty, internal happiness, victory, and lasting "peace!

" Inhabitants of Paris, be easy; the legislature " will speedily return to your bosoms. Long live the " Republic! Long live the People, by whom and for " whom the common wealth only exists!"

Talleyrand. Bravo! It will do! The rabble must be a little cajoled! But come, we must away; the Elders will be waiting. Shew *Buonaparte* the form of the oath! His conscience must not be surprized, you know!

Buonaparte. Ay that's a material thing! for I am very cautious of swearing!

Sieyes. There it is (*gives it to* Buonaparte).

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

THE HALL OF THE COUNCIL OF ELDERS.—*Enter* Buonaparte, *with the Generals* Berthier, Moreau, Macdonald, Lefebvre, *and the foregoing.*

President (to Buonaparte). Most noble, esteemed *Buonaparte*! thou invincible hero of liberty and equality! In the name of the Republic of light and reason, we, the depository of the wisdom of the nation, do appoint thee commander in chief of the interior, to watch over and protect the happiness of the people. Swearest thou to be true and faithful? *(holds the book to him.)*

Buonaparte (*kisses the book*). " Yes, I swear to be " true, I swear everlasting fidelity to the rights of the " people! to maintain the purity of the constitution " of the 3d year, and the rights of election upon true " republican principles!

" May he or they who ever violate these sacred " principles, by usurping the sovereign authority, " suffer the most ignominious death! Amen."

Yes, Citizens Elders, under your auspices will I restore the Republic to order! it shall be saved! Say, then, the revolution is ended; I swear it; yea, I swear it in my own name, and that of my brave

brothers in arms here. (*To* Berthier.) Deliver the brevets to Lefebvre, Andreossi, Caffarelli, Murat, Lannes, Ducet, Marmont, and Durcot! They must instantly repair to St. Cloud with three brigades.

[*Exeunt all.*

SCENE IX.

COUNCIL ROOM OF FIVE HUNDRED.—*Enter* Buonaparte, *accompanied with several Officers and Grenadiers.*

Buonaparte. Citizens Representatives of the Republic! As it is well known, I need not repeat to you how much I adore the altar of liberty! Yes, you know how much I have suffered, and they who deny it are rascals! Think of the unexampled toils, the hardships I have undergone for your regeneration! Yea, I have watched, that you might sleep! I have endured hunger, thirst, plague, pestilence, and famine, that ye might live in abundance and feasting! Yes, by the living gods, have I deprived myself of my natural rest, and prayed till I was hoarse, and contrary to my custom, in order to serve the Republic! But what avails it all? I now find I have laboured in vain! I left you in peace, I find war! I left the treasury full, it is now empty, and misery is depicted in every countenance! What have you done with that Republic I left you? It is asleep. Tell me, where are those hundred thousand Frenchmen, companions of my glory? They are dead. I find all the public authorities disunited, all the constitution going to ruin. Citizens, it is time to save the Republic. The Council of Ancients is endued with great power, but the wisdom by which it is animated is greater still. Citizens, consult it; lose not sight of the two things for which we have made so many sacrifices—Liberty and Equality. Discard from among you those who are more patriotic than brave; away with them; we'll have none who have

have not bled, and are not ready to bleed, for the public good!

Arena (and several members advance towards Buonaparte, *crying)*, Down with the traitor! down with the traitor! (Arena *makes a push at* Buonaparte *with a dagger.)* I'll rid the world of the monster. *(The blow is warded off by a Grenadier).*

Buonaparte. Murder! Murder! Grenadiers! Grenadiers! defend me! defend me! My life is in danger! O Lord! O Lord! they will murder me! Help! help!

(He faints, and falls into the arms of the Grenadiers, who carry him away, and the drums immediately beat, when a body of troops rush into the hall, and disperse the Council, crying, Buonaparte for ever! Buonaparte for ever!)

Lucien Brutus (at the door). Long live the Republic! Down with the assassins, and the welfare of the people is secured! Huzza! huzza!

SCENE X.

Buonaparte's Hotel.

Buonaparte, Talleyrand, Sieyes, Lucien Brutus, Fouché, Berthier, Ducos, *in Committee*, Rœderer, *&c.*

Buonaparte. Well, Citizens, we have had a boisterous day.

Talleyrand. A desperate case requires a desperate remedy!

Sieyes. Thank God, it is over! Let us now shew the people immediately that we wish to consolidate their happiness! *(To* Talleyrand). Have you prepared the project, Citizen?

Talleyrand. Yes, I and Cambacérès have consulted upon the plan, and we submit this list for the final consideration of the committee, *viz.*

Sieyes,

Sieyes, Roger, Ducos, and Buonaparte.	*Consuls of the Republic.*
Berthier	*Minister of War.*
Gaudin	*Finances.*
Fouché	*Police.*
Cambacérès	*Justice.*
Talleyrand *(via* Reinhard*)* . .	*Foreign Affairs.*
Lucien Brutus	*Interior.*

Buonaparte (*to* Talleyrand). Why by proxy, Citizen?

Talleyrand. Excuse me, worthy Citizens, for the present; too close application to business at this moment will be my death; I will, however, superintend as much as I can. I have received applications from my old friends, Barthelemy and Carnot, to be permitted to re-enter the Republic. They are both useful subjects.

Buonaparte. Let us have them!

Sieyes. Well, Citizens, I approve of the arrangement.

All. So be it! So be it! Let it be promulgated. Let us sign it. (*They all sign.*)

Sieyes. Each minister must publish a proclamation. Let us promise much, but be cautious not to perform!

Fouché. Aye, I'll swear to them, that innocence has nothing to fear, and guilt nothing to hope, from the wisdom and justice of their present rulers.

Buonaparte. Tell them, they will shortly awake as from a dream after intoxication!

Cambacérès. Citizens Consuls! The multitude is a many-headed monster, which must be lulled asleep, or duped by flattering marks of respect, by tickling its heart with solemn, fascinating promises! Like a pike on your hook, you must play with it till it be spent!

Buonaparte. Well said! Then we may occasionally make a sacrifice to the gods!

Rœderer. When the public mind has been duly prepared, by high sounding words of national prosperity, by magnifying defeats into victories, vice into virtue,

virtue, &c. the greatest absurdities will be received as solid reason!

Talleyrand. Yes; and by glossing over pride, avarice, and cruelty for a while, the mind will become callous to the most heinous, inhuman crimes, to commit which will be regarded as amiable virtues.

[*Exeunt all.*

SCENE XI.

Buonaparte, Josephine, Sieyes, Roger Ducos, Talleyrand, *and* Berthier, *at table. They all rise up.*

Josephine (*laying hold of* Buonaparte's *hand*). Well, my dear Buonaparte! did I not tell you that we would and could settle these new arrangements? I was convinced our good friends would not be so earnest in establishing the happiness of the people, without seeing it completely effected! Mind, my dear, this is a change of my own fancy. *Sieyes* will retire with a plum, and with the honour of being a dum senator. *Ducos*, God bless him! he says he has no further ambition (*chucks him under the chin*). (*To* Buonaparte.) Don't be jealous, my love. I have given my Louisa to Louis thy brother.

Buonaparte. I thank thee, my charmer. (*To* Talleyrand.) What is your opinion of the change which my angel has so happily traced out?

Talleyrand. Oh, it is admirably well devised!

Buonaparte. You will enter the Consulate!

Talleyrand. Citizen Consul, you will excuse me, and pardon my declining the honour you so kindly offer. I flatter myself, my services as Secretary are more important (at least to myself). Cambacérès is a man versed in the law, and Le Brun is a statesman; they are the fittest associates for the hero of liberty, in order to form an efficient government. We have also strengthened the connection, by proposing Maret, a

veteran

veteran in diplomacy, as Secretary to the Consulate.

Enter Lucien, Rœderer, *and* Brutus.

Buonaparte. So let it be! Let us hear the list.

Josephine (reads). It stands thus:
Buonaparte, *First Consul.*
Cambacérès, *Second.*
Le Brun, *Third.*
Lucien-Brutus, *Minister of the Interior.*
Talleyrand, *Foreign Affairs.*
Carnot, *War.*
Sieyes, *Keeper of his own conscience, and of his château de campagne!*

All. Ha! ha! ha! Bravo! Approved!

Josephine. And I! Am I forgotten? What, shall I be nothing more than Madame la Consuless?

Talleyrand. Dear Madam, do not forget yourself, and you will be exalted.

Buonaparte (*to* Talleyrand). Will you and *Rœderer* wait upon *Cambacérès* and *Le Brun*, and acquaint them with the arrangements?

[*Exeunt all.*

SCENE XII.

A Room in Cambaceres's Hotel.

Cambacérès *and* Le Brun *sitting at a table, with wine and glasses.*

Le Brun. So, I hear it was intended to put down our names; indeed, I am astonished they should have overlooked us so long; they must conceive our importance. You know they are all novices; all as ignorant of state affairs as my empty hat. Ah!

Cambacérès. It is true, *Buonaparte* does not want for talents in the field; but for the cabinet, Lord bless him, that is another affair! To tell you the truth, citizen, he must set the price pretty high, or, by Jove,

I will not listen to him! It is well worth four hundred thousand francs as one pin is worth another, to be perched up like a weather-cock on a steeple, to be hawked at and insulted by every little puppy! I have been pretty well jostled about in the crowd; I will for once venture in the upper regions by way of experiment.

Enter Talleyrand *and* Rœderer.

Le Brun. I agree to abide by the same condition.

Rœderer. Citizens! we are come to announce to you the gracious will of our glorious héro, *Buonaparte*, that you be appointed to the Consulate, for the welfare of the nation!

Talleyrand. Ay, citizens, you are high in the hero's favour and affection; he loves you as brothers; such merit and talents as yours could not escape him.

Cambacérès. I understand you, citizen; I hope he does not mean that we should serve as cyphers to his figure. (*Close to* Talleyrand's *ear.*) Is the cash deposited? That is the main thing!

Talleyrand. Here are two checks from *Josephine*, upon her banker, in her own hand, for two hundred thousand francs each!

Le Brun. She is a most lovely woman! It is time to bring about a settled government; but I know very little of *Buonaparte* personally!

Cambacérès. Personally: oh, as for that, we have long been known to each other personally.

Talleyrand (*to* Le Brun). Citizens, when you see him, you will behold à mortal more than human. Nature ofen makes a striking contrast between the inward arrangements of her workmanship and the outward.

Rœderer. Ay, citizens, just so it is with *Buonaparte*; for, although he should be said to possess a stern, rapacious heart, yet if you examine his prominent features, *i. e.* his nose and chin, they will be found to denote tenderness and humanity! His chris-

tianity appears somewhat dubious to persons of shallow penetration, nevertheless, his sentiments of religious worship are obvious; he grants a liberty of conscience to the greatest extent; he embraces every sect with equal ardour, whether Mahometan, Jew, or Christian; he raises and he debases their influence at pleasure. Although, of intellects, the Creator has been somewhat sparing to him in his dispensation, yet, by experience in the world, and being guided by men of talents, he has obtained the reputation and honour due to a man of genius, courage, and sagacity.

Talleyrand. Ay, and again observe, his stature, although somewhat below the middle size, with an aspect rather mean and forbidding, yet he possesses all the exalted virtues and morals of our republican age, viz. pride, cruelty, insolence, ambition, and avarice; and these are the elements which heretofore were held as crimes, but which, in our enlightened age are consecrated as cardinal virtues. Although his temper be excessively irritable it is nevertheless easily calmed by a seasonable portion of flattery and concession.

Roederer. Such is the man providence has sent to rule over us. But, citizens, be not cast down at his merit; for all these virtues, which the world so much admires will be over-clouded, eclipsed, nay they will vanish in the presence of a Cambacérès and a Le Brun, and Buonaparte himself will become a child—depend upon it Buonaparte will be but the trunk and you two the blooming head of our republic.

Le Brun. As it is for the welfare of the people we are willing to assist in the arduous duty of governing! Come, let us go to be installed!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

COUNCIL CHAMBER.

Berthier, Joseph, Murat, Le Febvre, Ducos, Fouché, Regnaud *and* Lucien Brutus *discovered at play.*

Berthier. I take duplicity against Prussia.

Joseph. I, usurpation against Italy.

Murat. I, presumption against a dukedom.

Le Febvre. I, indiscretion against Austria.

Ducos. I, innocence against Switzerland.

All. Bravo! Bravo!

Fouché. Hang the dice——I throw nothing but deuces.

Brutus. I have very bad luck too.

Murat. There, nothing but quinto. These fellows are a long time a coming; I want to see the Installation.

Joseph. Here comes Talleyrand.

Enter Talleyrand, Rœderer, Cambacérès, *and* Le Brun.

(*All rise.*)

Joseph (advances). Citizens, I congratulate you on the honour our glorious brother, Buonaparte, has vouchsafed to confer upon you.

Brutus. The very identical men for the station.

Rœderer. Ay, the welfare of the people must now be secured! I am glad to see you, citizens.

Enter Siéyès *leading in* Buonaparte *dressed in his robes.* Cambacérès *and* Le Brun *stand on each side the stage.*

Talleyrand (advancing to Buonaparte). Citizen Chief Consul! Behold here the pillars of your consular dignity, *(Pointing to* Cambacérès *and* Le Brun). With them for supporters you will speedily lay a solid foundation for our glory—a free and virtuous republic.

Buonaparte (to Cambacérès *and* Le Brun). Dear friends and brothers, you have been strongly recommended to me.

Cambacérès *and* Le Brun *bow obsequiously.*

Siéyès (to the Attendants). Bring the consular robes, and order some velvet cushions. I suppose, citizens, your knees have not been much accustomed to bend, therefore place them on something soft! [*Servants go out and return with cushions and robes.*]

Talleyrand (takes the cushions of the servants and lays them down, while Siéyès *and* Fouché *help* Cambacérès *and* Le Brun *on with their robes).* Come citizen Consuls, kneel. Hold *(to the attendants)*, bring another cushion, this in the middle must be higher for the chief consul.

Buonaparte. No no, I can better stand between them.

Regnaud. That is the best way *(turning to the others)*. He is a little stiff jointed. [Buonaparte *stands in the middle,* Cambacérès *on his right, and* Le Brun *on his left hand kneeling*].

Talleyrand. That will do. (*He sprinkles them with holy water.*) Citizens, Consuls of the Republic—first, second, third! I anoint you to watch over the rights, and protect the liberty and happiness of the people.—May the holy saints and martyrs of our regenerated nation be with you and remain with you for ever more.

[*Exit* Brutus.

Talleyrand (*to the Consuls, crossing his hand over them.*) Consuls of the republic, may the French people revere you as much as the nations of the world will fear and court you! *(Second and third Consuls lowly bend to* Buonaparte.)

Talleyrand. Now, Citizen Consuls, the oath you must subscribe to is the most solemn, viz. "Each of "you, individually, swear fidelity to the republic one "and indivisible, to liberty, to equality, and to the "system of representation."

All. We swear it and subcribe to it. (*Each signs*).

Buonaparte. Brother consuls, we are now inspired with a spirit of liberty and equality, and called to the arduous

arduous task of fixing the duration and destiny of the glorious revolution. We accept it as a duty. (*Takes each by the hand*). Remember, patience and diligence overcome difficulties. Let us be circumspect! Let us not expose our measures to be scrutinized by the rabble, who move and have their being in us. No appeal to public opinion, say I.——Happiness is best enjoyed in ignorance.

Cambacérès. So say I, and the sentiment is well worthy a Buonaparte. Ay, we must not tread in the old beaten path of politics. We must break through the rusty routine.

Le Brun. I move, that there be forthwith a committee chosen in the councils, to consist of twenty-five members, who shall prepare a project of a new constitution.

Siéyès. The rabble must be told it is founded on the sovereignty of the people and the representative system; that it is to secure their happiness and welfare.

Talleyrand. Oh! we shall never lose sight of that; and I think a senatus consultum should be this very day published to prepare the public mind.

Cambacérès. We must take measures to prevent such long harangues in the sittings.

Talleyrand. I will move in the councils, that no member be allowed to speak longer than one quarter of an hour, and that two persons cannot speak successively on the same side of the question.

Regnaud. That measure will save a deal of our precious time! I have often heard that in the British senate, eight or ten hours are spent in a speech in which all the sound good sense of national policy could have been uttered in five minutes.

Talleyrand. It is true; for it is not the importance of the matter of debate, but the ambition to be thought orators, and to prevent others from exposing their follies, that they stand on their legs so long.

Buonaparte. For this end our dumb senators will be an admirable invention.

Re-enter

Re-enter Brutus.

Brutus. Here is a sad affair! Bills come upon the treasury and can't be paid. What is so be done?—Money is wanted and must be had somewhere!

Buonaparte. We will establish monthly lotteries, encourage gaming, and levy a duty upon the party. Rich fools will become beggars, and beggars in becoming rich will be our friends. Our treasuries will be full, and we, like the porcupine, shall be armed at every point.

Joseph. I have here a list of citizens I beg to propose for senators of the dumb order, viz. Monge, Bertholet, Regnier, Cret, Boulay Du Meurthe, La Gard, and our worthy friend Sieyes here! For their obsequiousness I am sure of.

Brutus. Eh, citizen Abbe, can you be dumb?

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Sieyes. I can be any thing.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIV.

Council Chamber.

The three Consuls sitting at a Table.—Maret, *Secretary.*

Buonaparte. All hopes of peace are over, the proud Emperor of the Romans has never been able to digest the treaty of Campo Formio! We must force it down. I shall away to terminate the business in Italy. The army is assembled at Dijon and waits my arrival. Six thousand emigrants, to obtain their radiation, have joined the standard of liberty; perhaps they expect the repossession of their estates and property, but we avoid this claim: I have ordered these wretches to be placed in the van! The few who may survive, we will appoint as pimps to some inferior officers, or footmen to our mistresses. The haughty English

still

still disdain my kind offers of peace and friendship. I wrote with my own hand to George, I even condescended to call him cousin, and, would you believe it? I was answered by his proud minister.

Cambacérès. What insolence! It is too bad! If we could but contrive to get Pitt, Grenville, and Windham, expelled the councils, we might have some hopes.

Buonaparte. Well, I leave the further intrigues on this matter to you in my absence, Otto has my full instruction. I shall leave his letter on the policy of making peace with Talleyrand, who can explain every thing to you. As to my present crusade, be under no apprehension, we have taken every precaution to secure success. Arrangements with seven of Melas's Etat-Major, procures me every intelligence. A few millions, more or less, in so important an affair, is no object. Health attend you citizens, brothers, consuls. ——Take care of my Josephine.

[*Exit* Buonaparte.

Le Brun. Come, Carnot is waiting for us——Let us go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XV.

In the Thuilieries.

Josephine, Lætitia, *and* Hortense, *at breakfast.*

Hortense (*Turning her tea cup to see the settling of the tea grounds*). Mamma, is it not a sign of riches when the grounds of the tea don't settle regularly round the cup?

Lætitia (*looking at it.*). Bless me, child, there is a group of sage heads surrounded with riches and honours. (*Turning it round*). My dear, thou wilt be the stem of a wonderful race of heroes, princes, kings, and emperors.

Hortense. O dear, indeed! Mamma told me the other day I should be married to Ludwig.

Josephine.

Josephine. Ay, that is if Buonaparte agrees to it. He is already sensible that purer blood cannot be produced to govern the republic, and it is the opinion of the physicians that thou wilt have a blessed progeny.

Enter Caroline, Paulette, *and* Mrs. Baciocchi.

Josephine. Good morning, my dears.

Paulette. Good morning, mamma; good morning, sister. Have you news from Buonaparte?

Josephine. No, not yet.

Caroline. Alas! I dread the issue. Should it prove adverse, we shall be again obliged to make shift to live how we can.

Eliza. Indeed, should it come to that, I would enter a convent, as a repentant sinner, with my mother.

Josephine. Be not dejected, my dear Lætitia; there is no danger; the victory is secured long ago. (*To* Paulette.) So I find General le Clerc is intended to succeed Toussaint in St. Domingo.

Eliza. Yes, so I hear. I wonder at it.

Caroline. What, le Clerc! sure my brother cannot give the preference to him!

Paulette. Preference, indeed! What, could you expect that my brother would be so blind to prefer Murat, who was a common palfrenier to a gentleman.

Caroline. A gentleman! Ha, ha, ha! to a gentleman tailor, you mean. Ha, ha, ha! Why, there is not a steed in the army but Murat can govern with his little finger.

Lætitia. My dears, don't quarrel.

Enter Joseph *and* Brutus.

Brutus. What in the name of fortune is here? (*Lays hold of* Caroline's *arm.*) Come along with me, sister.

[*Exeunt* Caroline *and* Brutus.

Enter

Enter Mrs. Marmont.

Mrs. Marmont. Bless me! I just now met with Caroline. What is the matter? (*To* Pauline.) What is the dispute between you. Fie upon it! I hope it is not about your husbands.

Paulette. Fie upon yourself! Mrs. Marmont; your character is no purer than ours. You remember, no doubt, that——

Mrs. Marmont (very angrily). Don't tell me what I was, but what I am now. I am citizen General Marmont's lawful wife, since eight o'clock in the morning; therefore am an honest woman by all the laws of Christendom. (*To* Josephine.) Is it not so decreed?

Josephine. Come, let us retire; I expect some visitors.

SCENE XVI.

AT THE FOOT OF MOUNT ST. BERNARD.

Buonaparte *and his* Etat Major, *with the* Troops, *lying asleep on the ground.*

Buonaparte (rises; walks about, in great agitation). What, will this night last till doomsday? Ensign, Ensign! where is Duroc? Didst thou not hear the cry of victory? Where is Berthier?

Ensign. I don't know, commander.

Buonaparte. Commander! What dost thou conspire against me, or do I dream? Hollo! who sleeps there? Nobody should sleep at this hour. Do you hear; do rise; don't you see them standing in battle array?

Ensign. Who, my General?

Buonaparte. Who, thou addlepated blockhead! I see them still! How far is it in the night? The

moon is stemming St. Bernado's top! Who, thou ass! Yonder! Look! are they ghosts or devils?

Ensign. I see nought.

Enter a Devil, *and brushes past.*

Buonaparte. Is it a dream? The dead never rise to accuse the murderers, why should I fear? Ensign, seest thou not?——O, that I could but turn night to day, and stone to bread! (*Seeing something glance by him.*) What is that confounds my senses?

Devil. Come away, before it's day;
Before the rising sun,
The race will be past and done;
Marengo lost and won,
By a million of franks;
It's a good round sum!

Buonaparte (*drums beat*). Berthier! Joy to my ear is the sound of a drum! To Marengo, away! away!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XVII.

THUILLERIES.

Josephine.

Enter the Second *and* Third Consuls, *&c. with* Talleyrand.

Consuls. We come, citizen Consuless, to congratulate you on the ascent of our glorious Buonaparte on Mount St. Bernard. Every obstacle is vanquished; we expect every hour a telegraphic dispatch of the particulars.

Josephine. Most worthy citizens, I am sensible of the interest you take in my happiness, and in the heroism of the Chief Consul. It shall not be forgotten.

Enter

Enter Carnot *and* Regnaud.

Carnot. Telegraphic news, citizens! Huzza! It is all over. Not only St. Bernard is overcome, but Melas is vanquished. All Italy is won.

All. Huzza, huzza! Well, proceed.

Carnot. Our friends in Melas's staff gave notice of their march and position; by a fee of a thousand guineas, the banditti got before them to Marengo, near Alessandria. The conflict was dreadful.—Stop, let me take breath—but chiefly among the emigrants, who fell by thousands. Night put a stop to the carnage.—Give me a glass of wine.—During this time, Buonaparte, with more weighty reasons, gained the outposts, and our friends of the staff gave notice when to advance. Buonaparte ordered Dessaix to attack their right, which was carried without resistance. The whole Austrian army stood panic struck, and Melas found himself obliged to capitulate.

All. Huzza! Bravo! Long live the republic! Long live Buonaparte!

Carnot. By this capitulation, all Italy is surrendered to our glorious republic!

All. Long live Buonaparte! Liberty! Equality!

Le Brun. Dispatch messengers all over the world, to announce the glory of the banditti.

Josephine. Worthy citizen Consuls, be assured of my acknowledgments. Your ardent interest in the honour and glory of the republic overcomes me.

Regnaud. I propose, citizen Consuls, that the glorious atchievements of Buonaparte, in Europe, Asia, and Africa, be printed, at the expense of the republic, as a classical school-book for children; Marengo to be the frontispiece. Pyrrhus, Alexander, Hannibal, Scipio, Cæsar, and Charlemagne, were but children to our hero.

All. Bravo, bravo! By all means; order Barrère to compile it.

Josephine. Thou apostle of virtue! adieu, adieu! Bring me news the moment it arrives.

Carnot. That is my duty.

[*Exeunt all.*

SCENE XVIII.

THUILLERIES.

Josephine, *with* Hortense *and* Lætitia.

Enter Carnot *and* Brutus.

Josephine. What, more telegraphic dispatches?

Carnot. One every five minutes, to anounce the arrival of Buonaparte.

Josephine. His arrival, say you?

Brutus. 'Tis true. (*To* Carnot.) We must order illuminations, and a detachment of troops to meet him.

Lætitia. When is my son expected, say you?

Carnot. He will make his triumphal entry at night-fall, when the illuminations are brilliant.

Brutus. Come along, citizen Minister; we must haste away. Adieu, mother! adieu, sister Josephine!

[*Exeunt* Carnot *and* Brutus.

Josephine (rings the bell).

Enter Servant.

Call Hortense here, and tell my maids to come.

[*Exit* Servant.

Enter Hortense.

Come, my dear, we must dress immediately; Buonaparte is expected every hour.

Enter two Maids; *one stands on one side, the other on the other side of their mistress.*

Quick,

Quick, Sophia; dress me as quick as possible. Louisa, go, make haste. (*Sits down.*)

[*Exit* Hortense.

(*To* Sophia.) Here, stick a pin here: another here. Here, now another here. Quick, quick! O dear, O dear! I hear the cannon already. Do, do make haste; he is surely arrived at the gates. For goodness sake, do be quick! Here, here, a patch on the middle of the right cheek; one where the dimple should be on the chin; a diamond formed one on the centre of the forehead; another on the left side of the mouth. (*Looks in the glass.*) That will do. O dear, only hear the cannon! Where is my ointment, Antoinette's diamond, and the Cardinal's necklace? Bring them quickly! haste, haste! (*Puts the diamond bracelet on, and looks in the glass.*) There, that will do! Now, go tell Louisa to make haste. Hark again at the cannon!

Enter Louisa.

Well, let us look at you, Louisa.

Lætitia. My dear, you will rival your mother in the eyes of Buonaparte; but there wants a little coquettish patch at the left side of the mouth.

Josephine. Rival me, indeed! Well, never mind.

SCENE XIX.

THUILLERIES.

Josephine *and* Hortense, *in the drawing room.*

Enter Paulette.

Paulette. Dear sister, I was told my brother was arrived.

Josephine. Not yet, but he is expected every moment. Is the illumination general?

Hortense.

Hortense. Hark! I think I hear the cannon. There! there!

Paulette. Very brilliant indeed! Here, here they are!

Enter Buonaparte, Brutus, Talleyrand, *and* Fauvelet.

Josephine (*runs to* Buonaparte.) Oh, my ever dear hero of Marengo! thou champion of liberty! thou defender of virtue, and inheritor of my chastity!

Enter Second *and* Third Consuls, Sieyes, *and* Carnot.

Buonaparte (embraces them). My worthy friends!

Le Brun. Most worthy chief! your fame has, by this time, reached to the four quarters of the world.

[*Exeunt* Josephine *and* Hortense.

Buonaparte. Well, brother Consuls, what has happened at home in my absence?

Cambacérès. My noble hero, not so much as when you were present. Two suns seldom shine at once.

Talleyrand. The panic is great, both at home and abroad, among our enemies. We must take advantage of the moment.

Cambacérès. Ay, so say I. Hold the olive branch of peace to the despots, as an offer from heaven, and they will lowly bend, and accept it.

Sieyes. But be cautious to disguise your political sincerity.

Buonaparte. We must have in view our national interest. In our treaties, aggrandisement and extent of boundaries must be insisted upon.

Talleyrand. Yes; and the better to secure these, we must frame such *secret articles*, as may operate against any third power, when we think proper to set them by the ears. We may be bountiful in concessions for indemnity of property, and assign over the states

states of the neighbouring countries, which do not belong to us.

Cambacérès. It was by exciting hatred and jealousy among the states of Greece, that Philip succeeded in despoiling them of their independence. It was not the bravery of the Romans that permitted them, by degrees, to subvert every other state, and render themselves the undisputed rulers of the world; but it was owing to the dastardly supineness of their neighbours, who, not perceiving themselves in danger, slept in security.

Talleyrand. That is just the situation of Europe at this moment. The world was never in a more abject, humiliating state than at present; and it is chiefly owing to that supine stupor, jealousy, and a mean system of parsimony, which pervades the administrations of the different states.

Enter a Messenger, *with dispatches for* Talleyrand, *who reads them.*

Talleyrand. Citizen Consuls, peace, huzza! Luneville is proposed for the congress. Cobentzel is there, and has instructions to agree to our propositions. There is no doubt but the pills will speedily operate, and purge the corrupt councils of those despots, who will court us as the arbiters of Europe.

Cambacérès. In the articles of indemnification, we have made every arrangement in favour of our good friends of Bavaria, Baden, and Wirtemberg: they are sensible they have more to expect from our generosity, than from the justice of their old friends.

Carnot. That is true; besides, with these we have an *avant post* to our own frontiers.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE XX.

COUNCIL CHAMBER.

The foregoing.

Buonaparte. Well, citizen Consuls, I then propose our brother Joseph as plenipotentiary at Luneville. I flatter myself his intrigues at Rome will justify the choice. To his abilities we are indebted for the antiques and models of arts of the Vatican, which at present grace our Pantheon.

Talleyrand. He will depart immediately, with definite instruction, so that before twenty-four hours we may chaunt *Te Deum.*

[*Exit* Carnot.

Buonaparte. Apropos, I have received a letter from Otto, at London:* He sets forth the necessity of peace: his observations are just and sensible. (*Lays it on the table.*) He proposes that a plenipotentiary should be sent immediately over: I therefore shall appoint Andreossi to depart with suitable presents to the ministers of the day; for he is apprehensive the sharp nosed Pitt may again come in; then all hopes will vanish.

Cambacérès. Ay, this is the moment to tickle their vanity. Flatter them with the friendship of our regenerated nation. Propose Amiens for the congress, that, as soon as that at Luneville is concluded, this may begin.

Talleyrand. The sentiments of the English are unanimous for peace; which, however, Otto is convinced, will be the most baneful poison for that nation; for while it will seem to exhilerate their spirits, it will secretly destroy their vital parts. Peace, says he, is the only means by which France can unnerve those proud islanders. They will then directly lay up their navy,

* Note. See letter on the peace, from Berlin, to a person of distinction in London.

navy, which is now the terror of the world, and disband their military. Both sailors and soldiers will then be turned adrift on the country, without provision, and become the objects of dread and contempt to their own countrymen.

Buonaparte. But why, brother Consul, fix upon Amiens, and not Paris?

Le Brun. In my opinion Amiens is preferable: it would be unwise to suffer the prodigal English to shew their riches and splendor at Paris. It would not only expose our own poverty, but it would so dazzle the eyes of the rabble, that they might become blind to our interests.

Buonaparte. Your reason is valid; we must insist, as a preliminary, on the cession of Candia, Cyprus, and Malta, to the republic; also our West India islands; and that we will not treat, directly nor indirectly, with Pitt, neither as minister nor plenipotentiary.

Cambacérès. He is a dangerous fellow; his visage is too penetrating: he is like a conductor, to draw the political fluid of Europe to concentrate in London.

Sieyes. But, citizen Consul, you forgot in your preliminaries, to mention our *protégés* Batavia and Spain; they have lost possessions.

Buonaparte. Pooh! let them court us to speak for them. The more they are threatened to be squeezed, the greater will they feel need of our protection. Then we can insist on the restoring the Cape, Ceylon, Trinidad, &c. Spain, Batavia, Switzerland, and Italy must be dependent on us.

Re-enter Carnot, *with* Joseph, *announcing the final arrangements at Luneville.*

Carnot. Hollo! Huzza! Citizen Consuls, Germany is now ours. Now our glory is without bounds.

Charlemagne may look down from heaven with envy, and we may laugh at the machinations of the tyrants of the world.

Joseph. Citizen Consuls, I have lost no time, as you see. Every iota of the Campo Formio treaty is fully confirmed; besides, the Duchy of Tuscany and the Milanese are at the disposal of the republic. I have, in every instance, shewn all the liberality I could in granting indemnity for what we have taken on this side of the Rhine.

Enter Fouché, Rœderer, *and* Regnaud.

Rœderer. We are come to felicitate you, First Consul, on the brilliant talents of yourbrother. The empire of Germany is now incontestibly a province of France. Now the proud English——

Buonaparte. We return you thanks, loyal citizens: my family will shew itself worthy of your good opinion.

Rœderer. Come, citizens, we must drink his health.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XXI.

THE PRESENCE CHAMBER.

Enter Generals Massena, Moreau, Macdonald, Jourdan, Bernadotte, *and* Le Brun.

Massena. I did not think ingratitude could have gone so far; it must be jealousy of our talents.

Bernadotte. Pooh! I tell you he is a poor mean wretch; a fawning hypocrite.

Jourdan. It is really scandalous, he should have selected such men as have done nothing for the public cause.

Moreau. Ay, but weak minds are proud; and he knows

knows with these men he can maintain a superiority, which with us he could not.

Massena. I know of old he never could acknowledge a superior. He must be sensible of the obligation he is under to me in particular.

Jourdan. Would it not, Generals, be prudent to accept of any posts he should offer, rather than risk his displeasure?

Macdonald. It is by such pusillanimous compliances that he holds France in bondage; to our supine forbearance that he owes his treacherous assumption. Shall it in shame be said, that we are fooled by him. Time yet serves; we may still redeem our honour, and re-inherit the applause of the public, in revenging the jeering contempt of this proud upstart, who is studying to pay the obligations he owes us with our own blood.

Enter Buonaparte.

(*The* Generals *stand unconcerned, except* Jourdan *and* Bernadotte, *who bow very obsequiously as he enters.*)

Buonaparte (looking at them with an imperious air). What, citizen Generals, is this the respect you shew to your superior: this the example of subordination you shew to the army? What, not a salute to your chief! who has loaded you with friendship and favours! Off with your hats! this is not a camp.

Macdonald. Citizen General, the salutation of a soldier is not by taking off his hat. We came as veterans to compliment you on the peace with the continent, for which we have so long been fighting. But we are not cringing courtiers, who basely move in the vortex of usurpers; such are fit for slaves.

Buonaparte (*to* Moreau). Your General's coat becomes you well.

Moreau. Yes, citizen First Consul, it suits me very well; but it would become you much better.

Buonaparte. Your behaviour is well known to me. If you could not convey your congratulations in a

more respectful manner, you would have done well to have kept away from my presence.

Massena (*in a respectful manner*). Citizen First Consul, you never spoke of respect at the victories we gained for you.

Buonaparte. Which you gained! Your victories! I suppose you will claim the honour of Marengo next. You mean your robberies, of which you certainly have every honour.

Massena. Then you claim the victory of Zurick and Hohenlinden? As for robberies, we have all shared in them. While we robbed the enemy, against whom we risked our lives and fortune, they were allowable: but, citizen General Consul, you were not content with robbing the common enemy; you even plunder the poor French citizens with impunity; deprive them of their liberty and civil rights, in order to enrich your beggarly family. Your profligate brother Brutus, who, during the whole war, evaded the conscription, is now rioting in riches, of which he defrauded the Queen of Portugal, and drained out of the French citizens' blood. This he does with impunity, because the first magistrate is his brother. However, citizen General, we do not come here to ask favours; so adieu. [*Exeunt* Generals.

Buonaparte. What insolence! (*Beckoning to* Jourdain *and* Bernadotte.) Citizen Generals, I am satisfied with your respectful behaviour. In my future arrangements, you shall not be forgotten. You may attend my levees when you please. As to Massena, he is not worth my attention; he would fall down and worship me for a few livres. Moreau is a lamb-hearted fellow; I have nothing to fear from him. Adieu.

[*Exeunt* Generals.

(*Rings.*) Tell Fauvelet to come here.

Enter Fauvelet.

Note

Note in the journal, Generals *Macdonald*, *Moreau*, *Le Brun*, and *Massena*, with the word insolent; they shall not be forgotten!

Fauvelet. Yes, Citizen Chief Consul, in great letters I will add, disqualifying insolence!! or, *unqualified.*

[*Exit* Fauvelet.

Buonaparte (*alone*). It is very provoking that I must suffer insults from such men. *Massena* is insufferably insolent; but he is mean, and may be bought. *Moreau*, although much less stern, is no less ill disposed towards my person. The devil of it is, they know my origin, and my former indigence; they know how to estimate my merit. I must get rid of them, cost what it will. As to my other more ancient acquaintances, I shall find means to keep them at a distance, some by bounty, others by terror. I must consult *Fouché*, who will quickly send these blood-suckers to the devil. There's *Peter Nicolas Chretin*, the coffee-man, he has lately become troublesome. It is true, he lent me several times a six livre-piece, but I have paid him again; he gave me many a breakfast, for which he would have nothing, and when I had not a sous to bless myself with; but that is no reason why he should think of treating me with so much familiarity! Of those officers who have been the companions of my glory, many of them possess talents beyond me: I must keep them at a distance. Heretofore their wisdom was my oracle, but the case is now altered; I must not expose my ignorance. Berthier I know is sincere, him will I keep; Carnot's abilities are great, but I do not like his sneering; he seems to turn my proposals into ridicule.

[*Exit.*

SCENE XXII.

ROOM IN THE THUILLERIES.

Enter Buonaparte *and* Talleyrand, *with a paper in his hand.*

Talleyrand. Most honoured Chief Consul, I find the

the reasons urged by *Otto*, for a peace with England, unexceptionable; *Fauvelet* has also subjoined some very judicious notes! I hasten to lay them before you. Every iota of your treaty of Campo Formio must be confirmed. Besides this, the dutchy of Tuscany, and the Milanese, and Venetian Islands, will be given up to the disposal of the Republic! These are the grounds of the treaty we must confirm. Let us be cautious in the articles of indemnities to shew our liberality for what we gained on this side the Rhine, which now forms the limits of the Republic.

Enter Cambacérès, Le Brun, *and* Carnot.

Cambacérès. I congratulate you, Citizen First Consul, on the abilities of your brother Joseph, as a diplomatic agent; we must give him as such a public entry! and nominate him to the congress of Amiens, where he will not fail to receive some honourable present from the prodigal English!

Talleyrand. The business is settled at London; the terms we transmitted are accepted; and I expect Andréossi to-day, and the plenipotentiary will arrive at Calais to morrow!

Buonaparte. Who is nominated?

Talleyrand. The veteran Earl Cornwallis!

Buonaparte. Oh, the hero of Yorktown! Well, we have not much to fear from him!

Le Brun. But suppose these islanders should prove obstinate at last, and not agree to cede the Cape, Malta, and Ceylon!

Buonaparte. I'll invade them! The business will then soon be over, I warrant you! Fifty or sixty thousand men will be but a small sacrifice for so——

Carnot. Ay, and we can always excite alarm by marching and counter-marching a few batallions on the coast, with the roaring of cannon, and by galloping a few squadrons of cavalry between Boulogne and Ostend. These demonstrations will sorely terrify the oppressed

oppressed islanders, and finally rouse the people against their perverse administration into civil war and rebellion.

Cambacérès. Even should peace be signed, I would recommend keeping strong encampments on these coasts, and frequent consular reviews, which will draw thousands to see them. In this situation, *Buonaparte* can take any morning a trip over with a few thousands to London, plant his standards in Cornhill, and strip the Bank, while the cockneys are asleep!

All. Most excellent idea! Bravo!

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Please your Highness, the equipage is ready.

Cambacérès. Come then, let us go!

[*Exeunt all.*

Buonaparte *meets a* Servant *with a Letter, and returns to read it.*

Buonaparte (opens and reads).

"Citizen-Consul,—Of thy steps beware; beware of "the hellish plot laid against thy life! Dastardly "emigrants waylay thee! I say, beware; this night "thou art doomed to die!" (*After a pause.*) This is from some well-intentioned republican, who has discovered something of the machine, and little suspects that it is of our own contriving! Well, he has done his duty. [*Exit.*

SCENE XXIII.

Berthier, Talleyrand, Sieyes, Monge, *and* Joseph, *at Pharo.*

Brutus *and* Fauvelet *at Piquet.*

Talleyrand. I stand Prussia against duplicity.

Sieyes. I lay Austria against improvident security.

Berthier.

Berthier. Spain against Portugal, and Portugal to France.

Joseph. Italy loses one King, and takes three.

Sieyes. The crown wins every turn! The prognostic is good!

Brutus. Confound the cards; I cannot get a sequence *au roi!* The devil take the crown; I can never have an union.

Fauvelet. I have horrid bad luck whenever I hold a crown in hand!

Talleyrand (to Berthier). Citizen General, now our Egyptian expedition is destroyed, don't you think we might seek indemnification in Brazil, in the Manillas, or Goa? We expect *Abdallah Menou* every day.

Brutus. But, citizen, we are at peace with Spain and Portugal.

Sieyes. Ha! ha! ha! Friend, don't you perceive the conquest is so much the easier!

Fauvelet. Besides, we must make them believe we only keep them in trust for them!

Talleyrand. Hark! hark! What report is that? (*They all rise.*) What can it be? *(A great tumult ensues in the street.)*

(Fouché *winks at* Talleyrand, *and advances to the window.*)

Enter Rœderer *and a* Police Officer, *with a Letter to* Fouché.

Rœderer. Hollo! hollo! I have brought all the world and his wife. See here.

Fouché (*reads it, then calls to the mob*). Friends and fellow-citizens, behold the treachery of the ungrateful emigrants, who after experiencing the bounty of our gracious chief, still seek his dear life. But this proceeds from English gold. Never mind, be not low spirited.

Monge. Providence still preserves him to us.

Rœderer. The infernal machine waylaid him; the explosion took place just after his carriage was past. The hero advanced; he disdained to retreat. The audience at the Opera shouted, Long live *Buonaparte*, the hero of Marengo!

Fouché. The murderous villains shall soon be in custody, never fear. Adieu. Make room for the retinue.

Retinue arrives from the Opera.

Joseph. Brave citizens, go, retire home; quiet your wives and families.

Mob. *Buonaparte* for ever! Down with the traitors. Huzza! huzza! [*Exeunt Mob.*

Brutus. Hang me if I understand any thing about it.

Fauvelet. Ay, ay! Keep up the wonder in the eyes of the rabble!

Fouché (*to* Talleyrand). I say, citizen, this will give us a noble pretext to seize a score of English agents. Let all those vile, rascally emigrants perish, say I.

Enter Buonaparte, Josephine, Cambacérès *and* Le Brun.

All (*fly to meet them*). Welcome, right welcome, most worthy chiefs. Ye have nobly played your parts; we have witnessed the effects it has made on the multitude; the rabble doat on you as their god!

Cambacérès. Aye, but was it not a very narrow escape, eh? But it is the fate of the best and wisest to be slandered and murdered; as the best fruit is always pecked at by the birds.

Josephine. I was terribly frightened! and indeed I think the experiment was not worth the risk! for had the explosion by chance taken place one instant sooner, what would have become of the crown and my loving husband?

Buonaparte. Dost then think we are such bunglers in scheming destruction, eh?

Fouché. I will order *Te Deum* to-morrow for the interference of Providence in this miraculous escape! It shall be proclaimed to the world, to shew the object of emigrant treachery!

Buonaparte. Well, do order *Te Deum*; and immediately after the Senatus Consultum shall appear, by which the holy Catholic religion and form of worship shall be re-established.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE XXIV.

Council Chamber.

Buonaparte, Cambacérès, *and* Le Brun, *sitting at a table covered with papers, bottles and glasses.*

Enter Talleyrand *and* Rœderer.

Talleyrand. Hola, Citizen Consuls, the work is done; it is all over! Here is the Treaty of Amiens; all is concluded. Joseph will arrive presently; he is an able negociator. Malta, the Cape, Martinique, Elba, all are restored; Luneville Treaty is confirmed and guaranteed *in toto*; and the noble British negociator will in a few days pay the accustomed ceremony to our chief.

Buonaparte. His complaisance will cost me a star to his garter. I well knew the boasting islanders were afraid of me; I was sure they would cede all conquests; it is their custom to conclude *in statu quo*; this, they say, is to have points of attack another time. Thus, then, is ended the first Punic war. Let them beware of the second! *Delenda est Carthago!*

Le Brun. But it seems our allies have been forgotten in the treaty! Not a word of Holland or Spain.

Buonaparte. Oh, let them speak for themselves; the more they are squeezed, the better for us; they

will then feel the importance of our friendship. Let us now endeavour to persuade the English to form a treaty of commerce with us; we will appoint consuls in all their seaports, who will give us every information.

Cambacérès. Yes, it will be good; but a great deal depends on a proper choice of agents! The Directory, our unworthy predecessors in civil liberty, brought upon themselves an indelible disgrace by employing men of low, mean principles! Such men, I mean, as trembled at vice, and were afraid to speak any thing but the truth. By this means their government became vilified, ridiculed; and at last it fell a victim to its own folly!

Talleyrand. No, we will keep clear of those errors. Let us select such men for agents in foreign countries, as have already distinguished themselves in treachery!

Buonaparte. Ay, such as those whose republican virtues have passed the fiery ordeal. Choose them among the most notorious cut-throats, the most rapacious plunderers, the most brutish ravishers of virgin chastity!

Cambacérès. Bravo! These are the characters, the true supporters of regenerated liberty.

Buonaparte. Well! Is there no means of getting such men as possess these extraordinary virtues and talents recommended as secretaries, valets, or cooks to the ministers and great men at court in all the governments?

Talleyrand. A good thought; the last may prove most important in getting a despot out of the way; and they will all unite with the Consuls. But would it not be better to style those sent to the seaports Commercial Agents, to give a pre-eminence to the consuls at home?

Le Brun. It is a good idea; and with this new title we can usher duplicity into the world, as a new system of ethics, in which we will decree that vice is virtue,

and virtue vice. I insist upon it, that every thing which procures us happiness is virtue. By this means our glory, generosity, wisdom, and clemency may be made to shine to the remotest corners of the world.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE XXV.

Dressing Room.

Josephine *at her toilette, with her* Maid.

Enter Comte Luchesini.

Comte. Most honoured, adored Consuless! If I intrude, command me away.

Josephine (turning her head). Oh, my dear Comte, a man of your gallantry is always welcome to the ladies, especially since your royal Queen has vouchsafed to confer on you such distinguished favours. Who can refuse the like?

Comte (bowing obsequiously). Oh, Madame la Consuless, although I am overpowered with the honours I receive from my royal mistress, I am not insensible to the condescension of so adorable a personage as you.

Josephine. Indeed, Mr. Comte, none but a Soubise can equal your gallantry. I am happy to think that we are likely to keep you in the circle of our court, to contribute to our innocent amusements: we should be unrivalled, if you could procure us those conveniences, the invention of which at Berlin does you so much honour. *(Being dressed.)* Come, Sir, you have not breakfasted. Let us retire to the breakfast-room.

Comte (bows).

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE XXVI.

Dining Room.

Buonaparte, Josephine, Joseph, Murat, Hortense, *and* Caroline *at a Table.*

Murat. By Jove, after all the success of negociations, I say it should be so.—Parblieu, your consular levees are already equal to those of any court in Europe, then why should not the etiquette be as respectable.

Josephine (bridling up her chin). Why not, indeed. We need only assume a dignity in title and rank—— When I stand in the drawing room, as the Queen of Sheba in the midst of a circle of ambassadresses, princesses, dutchesses, countesses, &c. &c. who are presented to me, it stings me to the soul to be addressed 'Madame la Consuless,' or plain 'Madame Buonaparte'. Fie upon it, I can hardly find in my heart to be civil to them. 'How do you do, Mrs. Buonaparte?'—It is indeed insufferable, I almost despise myself.

Caroline. I think you are right, and I dare say my brother will consider it right.

Buonaparte. Who, I? I do surely feel the justness of your observation! Thou deservest to be exalted above thy sex. For thou art my oracle and my angel. I will order my obsequious senate to proclaim thee a goddess, with all the attributes of a Juno, a Ceres, and of a Venus! Who will then resist paying thee the honours of an earthly empress?

Joseph. It is indeed disgusting to hear with what disrespect the consulate is spoken of, how unworthy, say they, of the grand republic.

Murat. When a dynasty is established of such noble heroic blood, what then will the crowned heads say?

Josephine. Ay, what indeed,—but we must fix upon the rank. I should like monstrously to be accosted

costed queen, sultaness, or empress! Eh, my dear, wilt thou be my sultan?

Buonaparte. I will adopt the eagle with triple talons, which will keep in awe the other European eagles. I then am determined on being the emperor of the French, and thou shalt be empress of my heart.

Joseph. Bravo! I hope we shall be something.

Murat. Ay, sure.

Buonaparte. As we shall have the hammer and anvil both in our hands, we can fashion you all as we please according to the spirit of the grand nation which must be first worked upon.

Josephine. Oh dear, how I shall like to be called your majesty the empress; Will your majesty vouchsafe! O delicious. For God's sake, my dear Buonaparte, do contrive matters with Cambacérès and Talleyrand. *(Kisses him).* Do, make haste.——Thou hast long been consecrated a divinity descended from heaven for the good of man, why hesitate to accept of a mortal crown! But, à propos, we have no issue to enjoy the succession!

Hortense. Oh! for that, mamma, never fear.—— Leave that to me.

Buonaparte. Well, I am resolved on it, my dear; but I must first be declared consul for life, which I must accept with reluctance. Then we may easily blind the rabble and make them believe there is no difference. Lewis and Hortense shall be first married; eh, Horte, what sayst thou my dear? *(Kisses her.)* Come along.

Hortense. I shall like it above all things—You know what I like.

Josephine (as they go out). 'How do you do, madam consuless! How does Mrs. Buonaparte do!' Fie upon it; it puts me out of all patience.—By jeminy, I cannot bear it. *(As she approaches the door she views herself in the glass and makes a courtesey.)* 'Most gracious majesty, deign to permit me to approach your sacred person!' Ay, that will do! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE XXVII.

Council Chamber.

Buonaparte, Talleyrand, Cambacérès, Le Brun, *and* Joseph, *in council.*

Buonaparte. Well, this will be the last chapter of our glorious revolution. The happiness of the French will now be permanently established.

Le Brun. But the dynasty will be ever liable to be troubled by the Bourbons and their agents.

Talleyrand. We must prevent that by striking them up root and branch. The duke of Enghien is now near our frontiers as it is said to excite insurrection.

Buonaparte. I dread him more than all the rest together, therefore we will have him arrested directly. They call us usurpers, but is not all the world composed of usurpers, and ever has been? Is it not evident, from the meanest handicraftsman to the most eminent merchant and professor of the law, they are constantly endeavouring to usurp the business and property of each other?

Enter Sieyes *and* Roederer.

Cambacérès. Ay, then consider Macbeth and Cromwell were likewise usurpers, but they were children in experience. They kept playing with royalty as a kitten does with a mouse, which at last saves itself in a hole.

Sieyes. Revolutions are always subject to dangers, to avoid which, experience should teach us; nobody can tell the danger to be apprehended from improvident watchfulness better than my friend Cambacérès and I. We are the only active citizens who have honourably kept on deck during all the dreadful storms of the revolution and brought the ship safe into port.

Buonaparte. We will shew the world that, notwithstanding the facility of exciting revolutions, we can put

put a final stop to it. The great Sieyes, himself, has shewn us that revolutions may be continued to infinity, and that the human mind is also subject to change.—For instance, our friend Sieyes proclaimed aloud that the rights of man rendered the citizen independent of all rulers, and the following year he declared monarchy was the best of all governments.—This last decision I approve the best, and now appeal to him to support it.

Sieyes. Most worthy first consul, thou knowest my soul more lowly bends to thee than the forms of outward worship can express. Heaven has marked thee out as the great avenger of the groaning world, the scourge of lawless pride and despotism. Thy sword is the sword of justice which the approving deity will crown with success.

Cambacérès. (Le Brun with a paper in his hand). Citizen first consul, we agree to the arrangement.

Roederer. Yes, most heartily, for the good of the republic.

Cambacérès. That is a matter of course always understood, it being considered in our own good fortune.

Buonaparte. Ay, surely, when we prosper the public good prospers. *(To Talleyrand.)* What, citizen, you remain silent on this important arrangement?

Talleyrand. Citizen first consul, I am not insensible that *amicorum omnia sunt communia*, but———

Buonaparte (laying hold of his hands). O my dear friend, thou knowest we cannot do without thee, fix thy price and rank.

Talleyrand. Oh, my ever esteemed noble chief, be assured of my most cordial exertions to establish the empire in your hands. *(Turning to all).* Now citizens! Now for it. I say conspiracies! conspiracies against the precious life of our chief must be forthwith resorted to. Every cunning we are masters of must be put in motion to alarm the rabble.

Cambacérès. Well, let us then separate and each try his best. [*Exeunt all.*

SCENE

SCENE XXVIII.

Buonaparte, Sieyes, Talleyrand, Le Brun, Cambacérès, *and* Fouché.

Buonaparte. I think the plan of Talleyrand very good, as he says it is much easier to inflame than to assuage the minds of the rabble, therefore let us rouse the public mind by admiration.

Sieyes. It is true the bulk of mankind delight in hearing their superiors accused as traitors and their neighbours traduced and treated as rascals; therefore we need only varnish over falsehood, disguise or conceal truth so as to tickle their fancies, they will then grin, laugh, and be pleased. When the mind is properly electrified, we shall be able to establish a grand system of conspiracies that will not fail to operate favourably in the cause.

Talleyrand. The idea is good but we must endeavour to engage some of those trusty rascals whom the Directory employed in the different countries on the continent. Citizen consul Le Brun knows some of them, eh, don't you?

Le Brun. I know them? to be sure I do;—They are as fine fellows as ever crow fled over, and, as for honour and confidence, by Jove you need not be under any apprehension; for I'll be hang'd if for a few livres they would not stab their own mothers.

Buonaparte. It is enough, thier qualifications are sufficient for us. What are their names?

Le Brun (reads). Chaptal, Chauvelin, Emery, Champagny, David, Lajolais, Daniel, Charles, Thum, Fresnieres, Picot, Emili, Gandin, Rouffe, Fronde, and Regnaud;—these are connected with an hundred others, all of whom have been in high practice of fraud and treachery these seven years.

Sieyes. Yes, I recollect some of the names; they are able men.—From this stock ramifications may be made to reach the remotest corner of the world.

Fouché. It is lucky that most of these men are just now in Paris.

Talleyrand. I propose, as a court of justice must be formed amongst them, that Regnier be appointed chief justice, and that Regnaud do act with him.

Cambacérès. Regnier! sblood, the best man in the world——He and I studied and practised in the same office! He is a treasure. Notwithstanding his talents do not extend beyond the common routine of an ordinary attorney, yet, by persevering industry and application, with a good share of assurance, he is arrived at such perfection that he can condemn a man to be shot, to be guillotined, or hanged, with as much grace, composure, and indifference, as the most learned and experienced professor of the law.

Enter Rœderer *and* Regnaud.

Oh, now we shall hear how our plan is likely to be received. *(To Roederer).* Well, citizen, how does the pulse of the public beat?

Roederer. Rather quick, citizen consul, I perceive symptoms of a fever, but a dose of laudanum will effectually remove them.

Buonaparte. So I think too, we must lull the rabble to sleep or we must force the draft upon them.

Cambacérès. Certainly, it would be degrading in us to ask approbation, much more to appeal to the rabble for sanction to our decrees. They are the party governed and we are the rulers; we enact the laws—they are to obey them.

Fouché. I have most narrowly watched every nod and wink of the eye, every gesticulation and posture of the body, and, by Jove, it is a fact, that at present the republican libertines are become a new race. In the same minute you behold them merry, sad, courageous and fearful, caressing and cruel.

Fouché. Ay, by the holy crown of St. Peter, they are now totally insensible, they will laugh, sing, and cry with an empty belly, swear and chaunt bawdy songs

Buonaparte. Why that delay? Who were officers on duty there? I shall remember them. What, has he confessed?

Regnier. Confessed! He died with a proud stomach, refused to be blindfolded, stood undauntedly before the musket, and cried to the grenadier to level, or he would miss his head!

Buonaparte. Did I not say that I had more to fear from him than from all the rest? Apropos, have you contrived to obtain another letter from Moreau?

Regnier. O yes, two more: one is bitter against the First Magistrate; the other is in direct answer to the one sent him. He is expected in the city every minute, and Fouché has obtained a company of dragoons to arrest him!——Here comes *Fouché.*

Enter Fouché.

Fouché. Holo, citizens! Moreau is now in the Temple; he surrendered himself like a child!

Enter four Police Officers.

1*st Officer (to* Fouché). Where are we to lodge the sixteen rascals that we have caught just landed from England? [*Exeunt three* Officers.

Fouché. In the Temple! Some of you go with Picot, he will conduct you to Pichegru; seize his papers, and keep him close: then go seek Couchery. Beset all the city gates, and be vigilant.

[*Exeunt* Regnier, Fouché, *and* Officer.

Buonaparte. Well, now we shall soon come to the end of the business.

Talleyrand. We must immediately publish a proclamation to calm the minds of the people; emissaries must be ordered to public places of resort, to excite their resentment against the Bourbons!

Re-enter Fouché, *with* Pichegru's *and* Moreau's *papers*.

Fouché. Here, citizens! here are papers of crimination; but hang me in secret if I find one, except of our own inditing, that can make against them.

Buonaparte. No matter, that is enough; they cannot prove they did not write them. I insist on their admittance in evidence; they would hang Christ himself!

Cambacérès. It is right; in court his papers are evidence sufficient.

Enter Rœderer.

Buonaparte. It is true, we were not provident enough with regard to Pichegru; however, to prevent him making a defence *(to* Fouché) order his guards to strangle him in the most ingenious way.

Sieyes. The idea is good, it is worthy of a crown.

Rœderer. Ay, and this business will afford a good opportunity to shew forth his royal clemency in mitigating the judgment of those condemned.

Buonaparte. Well, friends, continue the examinations as vigilantly as possible. Right or wrong, I say, guilty, guilty. Forthwith promulgate our plan of honouring the race of Frenchmen with an Emperor, under the style of *Napoleon the First.* My senate voted me Consul for life; they cannot refuse erecting a new dynasty in my family: remind them of the eminent services we have rendered them, in reforming the laws, equalizing the taxes, re-establishing the holy Catholic religion, and finally in investing St. Peter with the robes of the great Jehovah, whose vicegerent I am. Let them compare me with the bigot Louis the Seventh, with the monster Louis the Eleventh; they will then see I am God's elect.

Talleyrand. Ay, they do perceive that we have purged heaven and earth of all their impurities. Our blessed chief has trampled down the enormities of Clovis, who, to wash away his heinousness, built seven hundred

hundred and thirty churches and monasteries, which we now convert to the more noble use of exchanges, brokers'-shops, &c.

Enter Carnot.

Sieyes. But, citizens, for my friend *Carnot*, who comes very apropos, and also for my own honour, which I hold so dear! I wish *Buonaparte* to understand that I am fully devoted to him and his crown; yet we must, in order to save our apostacy, slightly oppose the vote in the senate of hereditary sovereignty!

Cambacérès. That may be done without bad effect.

[*Exeunt all.*

SCENE XXXIII.

Buonaparte *in his Closet.*

Mrs. Moreau *introduced by an* Attendant.

Mrs. Moreau. Citizen First Consul! Pardon the intrusion!

Buonaparte. Well, Madam, what is your prayer? Be brief; I have no time to dally.

Mrs. Moreau (falls on her knees). My prayer, Citizen Consul, is for your clemency in behalf of my husband! His innocence demands it at your hands! Permit him to return home to his unhappy family.

Buonaparte. Good woman, your interference is useless! Your husband is guilty of a crime against the state. As for his conspiring against my life, I leave that to his own conscience to judge what lenity he ought to expect at my hands. Adieu, good woman; I can do nothing for you, so retire.

Mrs. Moreau. Let me intreat your mercy as chief magistrate of the republic!

Buonaparte. Chief magistrate!——

Mrs. Moreau. Royal Sire! As I am an unhappy subject——

Buonaparte. Madame, those brilliants and diamonds ill become the wife of a traitor!

Mrs. Moreau. Most gracious Emperor, for the grace I demand, I here humbly lay them all at your Highness's feet; they will perhaps better decorate your *Josephine.* *(She tears the necklace off her neck, and the rings and bracelets from her hands.)*

Buonaparte (biting his lips with joy, says aside) I shall have them. (*Turning quick, says aloud*) Well, Madam, all I can do for you is to give you a note to the chief judge. *(Sits down to write.)* Here! but trouble me no more! Adieu!

Mrs. Moreau. But your royal clemency!

Buonaparte. Clemency! Another word, and your husband is dead-shot!

Mrs. Moreau. Away! (*Retiring towards the door.*) Monster, this injustice will hang about thy neck like a millstone, and sink thee to the lowest gulf of perdition! [*Exit.*

Enter Regnier *and* Fouché.

Buonaparte. Well, citizens! how are you? I am pestered to death with petitions in behalf of Moreau and his adherents. My mother *Letitia* even bends her knee in their favour. I desire you would use dispatch, that I may not be tormented with clemency! clemency! to which I am a stranger!

Regnier. Citizen Consul, dispatch is used! Pichegru at four o'clock this morning was dispatched; his guard made his death known at seven o'clock. The city is all in conjecture how he could strangle himself with a cord and a stick, in his bed!

Buonaparte. Ha! ha! ha! That's right! Hang, drown, or shoot the rest as fast as you can. The senate to-day decrees me the imperial crown!

Fouché.

Fouché. But I understand Sieyes and Carnot intend to oppose it! do they?

Buonaparte. That is agreed upon between us.—You mistake the object; I wish every one to appear consistent at least with his avowed principles. To-morrow the decree will be duly promulgated, and the time appointed for the coronation.

Enter an Attendant.

Attendant. Citizen Brutus wishes an audience with your highness.

Buonaparte (to Fouché). Retire, citizens. *(To the* Attendant.) Shew him in.

[*Exeunt* Regnier, Fouché, *and* Attendant.

Buonaparte (alone, with his hands folded, and walking with large strides and starts suddenly). Methinks the world gives way under my feet and shakes to the very center. *(After a pause.)* No, not so neither, the idea is silly; yet I dreamt last night that a brazen image bowed down to me———

Enter Brutus.

Brutus. Honoured brother, Buonaparte.

Buonaparte. You are very familiar it seems; know you not that I am emperor and ruler of the French!

Brutus. I know it! and am come to felicitate you on that dignity. But I wish also to know why, after having raised you to this glory, we are not all to become princes.

Buonaparte. Oh! is that the object of your visit? Well then, I'll tell you—You are cut off from the honours of the family; in the first place, by your extortions on the public, secondly, your prodigality. You must be sensible that blood royal should be pure, or at least it is necessary: where virtue is not, an appearance of being virtuous should be kept up to support the escutcheon.

Brutus.

Brutus. Virtue for supporters! Are not my exertions during your absence in Egypt, and after your return here, to serve you, virtues sufficient?

Buonaparte. Those exertions are your only virtues and have their own reward in your breast, that you did your duty. But, in the public mind you are, I say, cut off.

Brutus. I don't understand your inference.

Buonaparte. Your alliance renders you disgraceful to your family. You married a whore.

Brutus. What do I hear? married a whore!

Buonaparte. Yes! and that debars you from the rank and dignity of my family, you must divorce her, if you expect my friendship.

Brutus. Divorce her! If she was a whore she was one of my own making! never was she the prostitute of another! Besides, she is pretty. Pray what was Josephine? was not she a whore of many others before you took her? yet she is your virtuous supporter and you owe her great obligation. She even condescends to allow you to kiss her daughter, your own brother's wife! Her first born is your own child.

Buonaparte. Insolence! begone from my sight.

Brutus. Not so hasty, I am a republican, and thou shalt not be emperor. Were thy body as gigantic as thy ambition the world could not contain thee. Consider, that great oaks are long in coming to their glory, yet they are liable to be cut down in an hour! Remember also, that the robber, the thief, the murderer escape sometimes years, but at last they are tucked up as rascals in a moment. Learn then to moderate thy desires. Adieu. [*Exit Brutus.*

Buonaparte (alone). I must, I will exile him. — What insolence. *(After a pause.)* I cannot nor will I bear it. He will certainly betray me to the world. (*Rings the bell*).

Enter an Attendant.

(*Stares distracted*). What noise is that? What galloping

loping of cavalry is that? Where is Lucien—Brutus I mean? Answer me quickly.

Attendant. I don't know, and please your highness.

Buonaparte. What! not know Brutus, my brother! No, not my brother, he is not. Do beggars dare also conspire against me? I say, answer me quickly, or I will tear thy heart out!

Attendant. (*Trembling*). I do not understand your highness. Yes, I do know Brutus, your brother.

Buonaparte. No brother of mine, rascal! darest thou———

Attendant. No, your highness, I tremble! ———

Buonaparte. I tremble. Thou liest, scoundrel! the dead never rise to confront their murderers. Thou liest! this arm never killed mortal man. Am I pale, eh? Get thee gone!

[*Exit* Attendant.

(After a pause.) What, do I dream? Nothing is real. *(A rustling is heard near the wainscot.)* What is that? Am I beset with fancies. *(Something passes close to him; he starts.)* It is surely my old visitor. *(Staring in wild amazement.)* Heaven, Hell, and Brutus all conspire against me. *(He receives a slap on the shoulder.)* Father Barbœuf, is it thou? Art thou come to congratulate me? I am now beyond the frown of fortune, of heaven and earth! Hollo! who or what art thou? Am I asleep? My grandfather I know was a butcher, but not a bloodsucker! I have been a bloodsucker, but not a butcher. Who accuses me of murder and treachery, unworthy of being an emperor? Where am I?

[*Vision (in a hollow voice calls).* Prepare for thy crown of glory! What, thou knowest not now, thou shalt hereafter know.]

Buonaparte (joyful). What delightful sound is that? how sweet to my ears! Prepare for thy crown! Eh! eh! eh! I'll this minute to my Josephine.

[*Exit* Buonaparte.

SCENE

SCENE XXXIII.

Buonaparte, Josephine, *and* Hortense.

Josephine. Are you better, my Buonaparte?

Buonaparte. Yes, I shall soon recover my spirits again; but why does your tailor not come?

Josephine. He is ordered at this hour to try on the robes.

Enter an Attendant.

Attendant. Please your excellence the Robe Maker is here.

Buonaparte. That's well; shew him in.

Enter Robe Maker, *unfolds his bundle.*

Josephine. Well, let us see. Superb! Eh, Hortense?

Hortense. Elegant! What think you, my dear father! I like it vastly.

Josephine (*tries hers on*).

Buonaparte. It is too long, my dear Josephine, it will throw thee down.

Josephine. Oh, thou novice! Dost thou not know that we must have train bearers, who will hold up our skirts as high as their noses.

Buonaparte. Well, come try on mine. It fits well.

Josephine (putting him before the glass). Ha! ha! ha! It's too short by a skirt. Thou lookest for all the world like Jemmy Jumps, without skirts.

Buonaparte. I like things a little out of the way! What sayest thou, my Hortense?

Hortense. I have often heard mamma say, that little things were sweetest, and therefore she loves thee to distraction.

Buonaparte. Thou art right, my dear, and I think I shall mount the throne better with a short skirt.

Josephine.

Josephine (to the Tailor). Put more flounces to the skirts of my robe, and embroider a double crown between the shoulders and bring it back immediately. [*Exit* Taylor.

Josephine (*to* Buonaparte). When dost expect the Pope? I am so impatient for the coronation.

Buonaparte. Ay, my dear, we will celebrate it.—(*Taking* Hortense *by the hand.*) We must arrange for the etiquette to be observed by our visitors, dependants, &c. Talleyrand has written to invite the sovereigns of Europe to the coronation feast.

Josephine. Excellent! I think we shall be somewhat more brilliant than our predecessors.

Bouonaparte. Aha! The Pope is already arrived.

Enter Talleyrand, Cambacérès, *and* Le Brun.

Well, my worthy colleagues, here is the arrangement I have made for you. Cambacérès, you are Grand Chamberlain of the Empire and President of the Senate. Le Brun, Arch Treasurer. Talleyrand, you like your present post. My brothers and sisters, of course, must be Princes of the first rank, you of the second. Are you satisfied?

All. Yes! Long live Napoleon the first!

Buonaparte. Well, as soon as the ceremony is over, meet me in the council chamber, we must come to some arrangements with respect to our exterior relations.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XXXIV.

THE CORONATION.

Buonaparte, Josephine, Pope, Cardinal Fesche, *and* Spina.

Buonaparte *is seated on an elevated seat, in the middle;* Josephine *on his right hand, a step lower; and on his left the*

Pope (with his little bell, for all knees to bend). Father, Son, and Holy Trinity, unity, eternity, &c. I anoint thee, Buonaparte, in the name of the most high glorious Deity, Emperor of the French, regenerated race of God's creation. Amen, amen! NAPOLEON, NAPOLEON FIRST, rise! Rise, thou descendant of the gods, rise! and receive from my hand thy benediction, to make thee as holy as the son of the Jews.

Buonaparte. What, father, wilt thou insult the deity thou worshippest? Darest thou, who hast received thy existence from me, been created by me, thus presume to sanctify me with thy hand, after I am inspired with the spirit of Emperorship. If thou wishest my protection and friendship, thou must leave the Vatican, ahd retire to Venice, as a common patriarch or almoner. Presume not henceforth that thou hast any merit in sanctifying me. I am my own creator, self-existent, and hold the destiny of the world. Adieu, papa! adieu!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE XXXV.

Council Chamber.

Napoleon, Talleyrand.

Talleyrand. Your Majesty will be pleased to observe, that if, on the signing a peace with a power, we take pains to introduce a few persons of respectability from among the emigrants, &c. who are the most renowned for intrigue, and that have some connections, it may have a wonderful effect. Some may be employed as secretaries to ministers; some as tutors to young princes; all of whom will have it in their power to obtain secrets. Some again, and not the least important part, may be cooks to the royal family, and when at any time we wish such a person out of the way, he will be always ready to season his ragout in a proper manner.

All. Bravo! bravo! Admirable!

Buonaparte. With these precautions, and some high flavoured promises, we shall not be under the least apprehension of any hostile disposition. There is only that cursed England that we cannot come at, and Russia, that will appear of consequence. I have long thought it as impossible for me and Alexander to subsist in Europe, as for two suns to shine in the same sphere. One of us must quit the field. I will be sole arbiter of Europe, of the world. We will arrange matters so with Bavaria, Wirtemburg, Baden, Genoa, Milan, Rome, Holland, Spain, &c. that we may place our thumb on them in an instant. Who then shall dare to contest the preponderance with us? We shall see whether the peace and tranquillity of Europe cannot be established on a firm and lasting foundation. How ridiculous is the word *balance* of power, where there never was an equilibrium! Europe cries aloud for redress. The beneficent hand of the Creator is now uplifted to guide my steps. States, who cannot

form and preserve their own happiness, shall have my assistance and protection; and the grace of Napoleon shall descend upon them as the manna, the honey dew in Egypt. I must away to Boulogne to my flotilla, which is to make the English tremble. Adieu.

[*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

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